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GIFT OF THE HEIRS O
WILLIAM HENRY WA





A MANUAL

OF

CLASSICAL LITERATURE,

COMPRISING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE

PRINCIPAL GREEK AND ROMAN AUTHORS,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE EXTRACTS FROM THEIR WORKS.

ALSO,

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE VARIOUS FORMS OF LITERATURE,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MINOR AUTHORS,

By CHARLES MORRIS.

SECOND EDITION.

CHICAGO:
S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.
1881.



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Gift
Henry J.
W. H. Wait
Oct. 6. 91

PREFACE.

WHILE, under the new ideas concerning education, much less stress is laid upon the acquirement of the ancient languages, even in a University course, than of old, the mass of students in our high schools and academies have always been unable to become sufficiently versed in these languages to enable them to fluently read the classic authors in the original. Yet all scholars acknowledge that some acquaintance with these authors is essential to any high degree of education, and that the culture which leaves out this important department of knowledge is necessarily one-sided and incomplete. In this dilemma recourse must be had to translations and critical treatises, which, fortunately, have reached a stage of perfection that obviates in great measure the necessity for the study of the original tongues. But the versions referred to occupy a considerable number of volumes, and are not adapted to school purposes, for which there is needed a treatise sufficiently concise to be included in one volume of moderate dimensions, while comprehensive enough to yield a glimpse of the whole field of ancient literature.

In recognition of this necessity, and of the fact that there is no work extant giving a general view of the whole subject, with criticisms of and illustrative extracts from all the more important authors, this volume has been prepared. It was written at the request of the Principals of some of our chief educational institutions, who have been greatly retarded in their literature classes by the need of such a work; and is offered to the school world, and to the general reading public as well, with the hope that it may, to some useful extent, supply the deficiency.

While giving special attention to the most celebrated authors, an effort has been made to include a general view of all minor authors of any renown; and, by aid of chapters describing the

rise and progress of the various forms of literature, with a close grouping of all writers on similar subjects, to give a continuity and cohesion to the whole work impossible in any strictly chronological mode of treatment. The pronouncing vocabulary of authors' names will also, it is hoped, prove a desirable feature, and save both teacher and scholar the sometimes difficult task of seeking elsewhere the correct pronunciation.

If this work succeeds in giving a just, though necessarily very concise idea of the history, genius and style of the various Greek and Roman authors, and thus saves, in many instances, the necessity of a much more extensive course of study, the author's purpose will be gained; while, if an extended course is desired, this manual may prove of utility as a handbook to the broad realm of the Classics.

CHARLES MORRIS.

2213 SPRING GARDEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA:
August 1880.

ALPHABETICAL AND PRONOUNCING LIST OF AUTHORS.

Ænesidemus (Ee-nes-ĭ-dē'-mus).
Æschines (Es'-kĭ-nēz).
Æschylus (Es'-kĭ-lus).
Æsop (Ee'-sop).
A-grip'-pa.
Alcæus (Al-see'-us).
Alc'-man.
Al-ex'-is.
Al-ĭ-men'-tus.
A-melp'-sĭ-as.
A-nac'-re-on.
An-ax-ag'-o-ras.
An-ax-an'-dri-dēs.
An-ax-ĭ-man'-der.
An-ax-im'-e-nēs.
An-dro-ni'-cus.
An-tip'-a-ter.
An-tiph'-a-nēs.
An-to-ni'-nus.
A-pol-lo-do'-rus.
A-pol-lo'-ni-us Per-gæ'-us.
A-pol-lo'-ni-us Rho'-di-us.
Ap'-pi-an.
Apuleius (A-pu-lee'-yus).
A-rē'-tus.
Ar-ce-si-lā'-us.
Archilochus (Ar-kil'-ŏ-kus).
Archimedes (Ar-kĭ-mē'-dēz).
Ar-ĭ'-on.
Ar-is-toph'-a-nēs
Ar'-is-totle.
Ar'-ri-an.
Ath-ĕ-næ'-us.
Attius (At'-she-us) *
Au-re'-li-us.
Au-so'-ni-us.
A-vi-ē'-nus.
Bas'-sus.
Be-ro'-sus.
Bī'-on.
Bo-ē'-thi-us.
Cæ-cil'-i-us.
Cæ'-sar.
Cal-lim'-a-chus
Cal-pur'-ni-us.
Cal'-vus.
Cassius (Cash'-e-us).
Cā'-to.
Cā'-to Cen-so'-ri-us.
Ca-tul'-lus.
Cel'-sus.
Charon (Kā'-ron).
Chionides (Ki-on'-i-dēz).
Chry-sip'-pus.
Cic'-e-ro.
Cin'-na.
Clau'-di-an.
Clau'-di-us.
Cle-an'-thēs.
Col-u-mel'-la.
Co-lu'-thus.

* Two vowels connected with this sign ⌣ are to be pronounced almost as quickly as though they formed a single vowel.

Cor'-dus.
Cras'-sus.
Cra-tī'-nus.
Curtius (Kur'-she-us).

De-moc'-ri-tus.
De-mos'-the-nēs.
Din-ol'-o-chus.
Di-o-do'-rus.
Dionysius (Di-o-nish'-I-us).
Dionysius Halicarnas'sus.
Diph'-i-lus.
Dī'-us.
Domitian (Do-mish'-I-an).
Dre-pā'-ni-us.

Em-ped'-o-clēs.
En'-ni-us.
Ep-i-char'-mus.
E-pic'-ra-tēs.
Ep-ic-te'-tus.
Ep-i-cu'-rus.
Er-a-tos'-the-nēs.
E-rin'-na.
Eū-bu'-lus.
Eu'-clid.
Eu'-po-lis.
Eu-rip'-i-dēs.
Eu-tro'-pi-us.

Flac'-cus.
Flo'-rus.
Fron-tī'-nus.

Gā'-len.
Gal'-lus.
Gellius (Jel'-li-us).

Hec-a-tæ'-us.
Hel-la-nī'-cus.
Her-a-clī'-tus.
He-rod'-o-tus.
Hesiod
Hip-par'-chus.
Hip-poc'-ra-tēs.
Ho'-mer.
Hor'-ace.
Hortensius (Hor-ten'-shI-us).

I-am'-bli-chus.
Isæus (I-see'-us).
I-soc'-ra-tēs.

Jo-se'-phus.
Jus'-tin.
Ju'-ve-nal.

La-be'-ri-us.
Læ'-vi-us.
Lī'-nus.
Liv'-y.
Lon-gī'-nus.
Lu'-can.
Lucian (Lu'-shI-an).
Lu-cil'-i-us.
Lucretius (Loo-crē'-shI-us).
Lyc'-o-phron.
Lysias

Ma-cro'-bi-us.
Mæ-cē'-nas.
Mag'-nēs.
Man'-e-tho.
Mar-cel-li'-nus.
Martial (Mar'-shI-al).
Me'-la.
Me-le-ā'-ger.
Me-nan'-der.
Mos'-chus.
Mu-sæ'-us.
Myl'-lus.

Næ'-vi-us.
Ne-me'-si-an.
Ne'-pos.
Non'-nus.

O'-len.
Op'-pi-an.
Orpheus (Or'-fŭs or Or'-fe-us).
Ov'-id.

Pa-cu'-vi-us.
Par-men'-i-dēs.
Pa-ter'-cu-lus.
Pau-sā'-ni-as.
Persius (Per'-shĭ-us).
Phæ'-drus.
Phi-le'-mon.
Phi-lip'-pi-dēs.
Phor'-mis.
Phryn'-i-chus.
Pic'-tor.
Pin'-dar.
Plā'-to
Plau'-tus.
Plin'-y the Elder.
Plin'-y the Younger.
Plo-ti'-nus.
Plu'-tarch.
Pol'-li-o.
Pol'-lux.
Po-lyb'-i-us.
Por'-phy-ry.
Pos-i-dip'-pus.
Pro'-clus.
Propertius (Pro-per'-shĭ-us).
Ptolemy (Tol'-e-me).
Pyr'-rho.
Py-thag'-o-ras.

Quin-til'-i-an.
Quin'-tus.

Ru-til'-i-us.

Sal'-lust.
San-cho-nī'-a-thon.
Sappho (Saph'-o).
Scipio (Sip'-I-o).
Scri-bo'-ni-us.
Sen'-e-ca.
Sex'-tus.
Sil'-I-us.
Si-mon'-I-dēs.
Sī-sen'-na.
Soc'-ra-tēs.
Soph'-o-clēs.
Statius (Stā'-shĭ-us).
Ste-sich'-o-rus.
Strā'-bo.
Sue-to'-ni-us.
Sym'-ma-chus.
Sȳ'-rus.

Tacitus (Tas'-I-tus).
Ter'-ence.
Ter-pan'-der.
Thā'-lēs.
The-oc'-ri-tus.
The-o-phras'-tus.
Thes'-pis.
Thu-cid'-i-dēs.
Ti-bul'-lus.
Tī-mæ'-us.
Tī'-mon.
Tro'-gus.
Tryph-i-o-do'-rus.
Tyr-tæ'-us.

Val'-gi-us.
Val'-gi-us Ru'-fus.
Vā'-ri-us.
Var'-ro.
Vic'-tor.
Vir'-gil.

Xanthus (Zan'-thus).
Xenophanes (Ze-nof'-a-nēz).
Xenophon (Zen'-o-phon).

Zē'-no.



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NOTES.

[a] Many critics believe that the Odyssey is by a later author than the Iliad.

[b] There exist some fragments ascribed to Callinus, but very questionably. See Mahaffy's *History of Greek Literature*, Vol. I, p. 158.

[c] Alcman arranged the Strophe and Antistrophe, and Stesichorus added the Epode, thus completing the choral ode.

[d] The brother of Jocasta who had succeeded Œdipus upon the throne.

[e] Other authorities say he was born two years later.

[f] A play named Rhesus, believed to be spurious, occurs in nearly all editions of Euripides.

[g] Late critics doubt this story and place the birth of Xenophon at about 429 B.C.

[h] Some recent critics think he was born about 435, and died at 55 years of age.

[i] An act was passed to make him a citizen, but was set aside as illegal.

[j] This story is by some considered doubtful.

[k] Or, rather, of being bribed by Harpalus, who was seeking to organize a revolt.

[l] Or, possibly, he was born in the island of Cos.

[m] By Roman chronology, about 350 B.C.

PART I.

THE LITERATURE OF GREECE.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THREE thousand years ago the boundaries of the civilized world were strikingly different from what they now are. In fact, despite man's long previous residence upon the earth, he had only fairly commenced to exist as a civilized being at the opening of this period. The origin of civilization was probably farther back in the past; but it had, at that time, attained a very imperfect development, and was confined to a very limited region. And though literature undoubtedly had its beginning in the preceding period, it is very doubtful if any of this primitive literature still exists. More probably all extant relics of ancient literature are products of the subsequent epoch. Though rooted in a preceding soil of human thought, they did not earlier attain their matured form.

India, Persia and China may have possessed earlier literatures. The Chaldeans, the Hebrews, the Phœnicians and the Egyptians undoubtedly did. Yet it is very probable that these products of human thought, at least in their original form, have perished, and that no extant literature can claim a greater age than the above-named period of thirty centuries.

At the beginning of this epoch, Greece, the destined birth-place of classic literature, had not yet emerged from

The early annals of Greece, in fact, are in a
icable confusion, being chiefly composed of leg
ch the element of the supernatural enters so lar
troy their historical value.

nly know that the Pelasgians, who are the
ossessors of Greece, had yielded to the pressu
quering Hellenes, who, at the opening of his
as the undisputed masters of the peninsula,
olonies are quietly settled on the neighboring c
Minor. What had become of the vanished Pe
ther the Hellenes themselves are not of Pela
on, are questions as yet unsettled.

this conquering tribe partook, to some degr
llectual activity of the nations of southwestern
theastern Africa, cannot well be doubted. The
an was a means of ready intercourse, of whic
l nations of that age freely availed themselves,
ns for purposes of conquest; the Phœnician
rcial objects: and the alert mind of the He
ot fail to be aroused to action by contact with
hen, ancient civilizations. The Greeks them
robably daring navigators at the same early
v judge from the evidence of Homer and H

Grecian literature, which was so soon to flower into the full vigor of the classical era.

Just when the life of the Hellenes, as a literary people, began, or what was the value of their earliest efforts in this direction, we have no means of ascertaining. The names of many writers previous to Homer have been preserved; such as Olen, Or'pheus, Musæ'us, etc.; but of their writings not an authentic trace remains, and to us the literature of Greece emerges from the darkness of time in the sudden burst of glory with which Homer rises into the literary firmament, shedding his lustre through all the succeeding ages. But no sun ever rose without a preceding twilight, of longer or shorter duration; and a long previous culture is as plainly evidenced in the rare structure and admirable language of Homer's poems as it could be in our possession of the works of these vanished authors.

As to the form of these earlier literary labors, both its culmination in the Iliad, and the example of other primitive literatures, incline us to believe that it was poetic. Highly as poetry deserves to be estimated in its fullest development, the fact remains patent that it is the product of that phase of mentality which is earliest ripened, both in individuals and in races. The reasoning faculties, whether innately superior or not, are of later development than the imaginative, and are necessary to the toning down of the exuberant and inartistic spirit of the latter.

Thought dawns upon mankind in the form of imaginative wonders and terrors. Time tames and widens the range of these, purifying and invigorating the imagination. But its products cannot properly be called poetry until an artistic faculty is developed. This is the element of discretion added by reason to the wild figments of the imagination, perfecting the crude fancies of the primitive mind into artistic and pleasing forms.

Such is the origin of poetry. How long it may have



been incubating in Greece it would be difficult to tell; but Homer dawns upon us as the refined product of such a long continued growth of the poetic art.

Of the various forms which poetry assumes in its development, the earliest, in all cases, appears to be the epic. We class here under the epic all poetry which has for its object the exterior world, in contrast with the other great division, the lyric, which is subjective in its tendency, and employs as its material the mental conditions of the writer.

To the mind of a people just awakening to the sublime mysteries of nature; deifying a thousand processes which we relegate to the domain of the physical sciences; making heroes of its chieftains, and demigods of earlier heroes; full of the spirit of its legendary tales, and alive to the most apparent and the grandest of Nature's analogies; the epic is the form which its highest thought would naturally assume, as the lyric is the mode in which more fully cultured peoples sing of their loves, hopes and aspirations,—while leaving their achievements to the historian, their faiths to the priest.

The highly imaginative tendency of the Hellenic mind is markedly shown in the Grecian mythology, which is, in itself, a succession of crude poems, the silent growth of long ages of mental activity. No other people has wrought the phenomena of nature into such a wealth of attractive personifications; the tribes of the north, with their sledge-hammer mythology, falling far short of the grace and beauty of these southern conceptions, which have ever since formed a storehouse of poetic symbolism.

But the dainty and fanciful use of the mythical tales of Greece by modern poets differs essentially from the vital influence of their deific fancies upon the minds of the earlier Grecians. Instead of using them as neat embellishments, or pretty similes, they wove them so deeply into the web of their conceptions, that to destroy the super-

natural element in their works would almost be to annihilate the works themselves.

Thus specially adapted by their strongly imaginative character, and by the wealth of their legendary and mythologic treasures, the Hellenes early gravitated to the epic poem as the most complete mode of expression of their mental aspirations. That this form of literary composition was long practiced in those far-off ages which yield us alone the bare names of their authors, we have highly satisfactory evidence in the works of Homer. For, like all things else, the epic poem cannot have reached its highest ideal of form, imagery, and mode of treatment, without a previous period of development; and such an ideal we have in the Iliad, the flower of the vanished earlier literature of Greece.

But the epoch of the wandering minstrel, in which Homer sang his stirring verses from court to court, and from city to city, passed away, as Greece rose from the half civilization of the prehistoric epoch to the full enlightenment of Athenian glory. In its early days the literature was national in character, each tribe cultivating that form best suited to its disposition and capacities, while a common language rendered it the common property of all. The fame of the best writers soon spread over all Greece, and the poets and sages were in the habit of visiting certain cities, which served as theatres for their songs. Among these Sparta stood highest in the earlier period, the Lacedæmonians, while producing little themselves, being thought good judges of art and literature.

But Greek literature took a different form when Athens, by political power, and by the mental supremacy of her citizens, became a capital of art; not only her copious native productions being received with admiration throughout Greece, but her judgment and taste predominating, and deciding what constituted literary excellence.

The Athenians spoke the Ionian dialect, and partook of

first Grecian literature of note came fron
of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands. T
epic, iambic and elegiac poetry; there arose h
ilosophy. In the soft and mild climate and
valleys of Asia, in the warm suns and limpi
islands, the restless and mobile Ionic spirit
tion and blossomed into song, while yet the rock
le Attic soil was barren of literary growth.
luxury took captive the strength and intell
onists, and they in time fell before the Lydia
rsian invasions.

Attica preserved the old Ionian spirit. Free
, and alert against conquest, she offered a ferti
e winged seeds of thought. After Solon can
yranny of the Pisistrat'idæ, who reigned fo
but who did their utmost to encourage a
ure. The gentle and refined Hippar'chus i
from all quarters to Athens. Yet the literary
vas slowly maturing in Attica seemed repres
espotic rule, despite its mildness, and did not
uxuriance until the fall of the tyrants allow
ratic spirit to prevail.

t it was the peril of the Grecian race, the strug

tory in Pherecy'des, and art in other men of genius. But with the final overthrow of the invaders, while all Greece was spurred into mental activity, Athens, the first in glory and power, became the leading spirit in literature, and appreciated and delighted in intellectual talent to a degree which no other ancient people ever displayed. It was not a cultivated class, it was the whole free people of the state, who thus felt the charm of literature and art, and constituted themselves warm critics of the works of their poets, dramatists and artists, sitting in judgment on the labors of the contestants for their favor in a manner which has never since been emulated.

As Greece had undoubtedly been full of the vigor of ballad-writing bards before it bloomed into the epic of Homer, so, doubtless, during the long dark period between Homer and the lyric artists, the intellect of the Hellenes was not at rest, but was gradually building itself into a home for the poets whom we find so suddenly singing on all sides their ringing songs. The lyric grew as the epic had done, born in Ionia and the Ægean islands, but finding its true home in Athens. "Those busy Athenians, who are never at rest themselves, nor are willing to let any one else be," wrought up these writers to the highest pitch of attainment, with the assurance that their noblest works would be best received by their critical hearers.

The lyric reached its culmination during the rule of Hippar'chus, and was succeeded, after his death, by the sudden advent of the drama, which had for a century been slowly taking form in the rural districts of Attica. The birth of tragedy dates from the Persian war, in which Æs'chylus, the first great tragic artist, won high honors as a soldier in the conflict against Dari'us and Xerx'es. He was quickly followed by Soph'ocles and Eurip'ides, and by Aristoph'anes, the greatest of ancient comedians.

During the same period philosophy and history moved westward from Asiatic Ionia, and found a home in Athens, oratory grew, art flourished, and architecture reached its highest development. In short, for a period of one hundred and fifty years Athens was the seat of an intellectual outburst which remains the greatest of all "the wonders of the world."

The Athens of the Persian war was little more than an ordinary town, the capital of a district of the size of an English county. Pisis'tratus and his sons had begun to adorn it with some temples, and built a part of the Diony'siac theatre; but the town itself was but a cluster of villages with a common wall, a wooden rampart being the only defense of the citadel.

The Persians left it a heap of ruins, with walls flung down, houses leveled, gardens destroyed. About 459 B.C. under the influence of Per'icles, the common treasure of the Grecian allies was removed to Athens, and seems to have been largely employed in rebuilding the city. Temple and hall, colonnade and theatre, gymnasium and court, sprang up together under the fostering care of Per'icles, while such sculptors as Phid'ias, and such painters as Zeux'is, adorned the city with the noblest products of their art.

The Athens that thus rose in place of the old city was a marvel of beauty and art, adorned with statuary until its marble inmates almost equaled in number its living inhabitants, the resort of strangers from all quarters, of workers in marble and metal, of artists, poets and philosophers, drawn thither as to a common center of the human intellect.

A few years passed, and the devastating Peloponnesian war stopped this architectural growth, and left the Athens of old frozen into marble, a thing of beauty forever. But its intellectual growth continued. Despite the gradual moral debasement which was coming upon the city, its

dramatists continued to write, its artists to produce, while philosophy took its new and highest form in the speculations of Soc'rates and Pla'to, oratory reached its culmination in Demos'thenes, intellectual and physical science gained a noble exponent in Ar'istotle, and the chisel of Praxit'eles gave birth to a less heroic but most charming form of sculpture.

This Athenian supremacy was not undisputed. Other cities strove to win the favor of the muses. Sicily, in particular, displayed a considerable degree of intellectual activity, and, in the early comedy, even surpassed Attica. Several of its monarchs sought to make their courts centers of literature, particularly King Hi'ero, who surrounded himself with such writers as Æschylus, Pindar and Simon'ides. Yet the favor of a court dies with the monarch, the favor of a people lives with the race, and Athens continued the home of literature and the arts.

But Philip of Macedon, who conquered Greece, and his son Alexander, who conquered the world, conquered literature as well. The grand efforts of Demosthenes were the expiring throes of the supreme Athenian intellect, the fire that burns brightest before being extinguished. Literature existed after his death; but it was, in great part, a literature without a soul. Only its empty form survived.

The conquests of Alexander produced their best fruits in the establishment of Alexandria, where the fostering care of the Ptol'emies did its utmost to rejuvenate literature, and succeeded in adorning their reigns with the genius of such writers as the pastoral poets Theoc'ritus, Bi'on and Mos'chus, and the less original strains of Callim'achus, Apollo'nius and others. But the literature thus fostered was not the spontaneous growth of an intellectual people. It was exotic in character and artificial in development, forced in the hot-bed of royal patronage beyond the merit and simplicity of nature.

The greatest aid of the Ptolemies to literature lay in the establishment of their immense library, in which all that was yet obtainable of the ancient Greek literature was saved from destruction; the library of Aristotle being purchased and placed on its shelves, the original copies of the great dramatists brought from Athens, while every book brought by captain or merchant to Alexandria was copied, the original being retained and the copy returned. For the same purpose Man'etho wrote his valuable history of Egypt, and the Hebrew Scriptures were translated — the important Greek version of the Pen'tateuch at least, if not the whole Sep'tuagint translation.

In the aisles of this great library grew up a race of grammarians, chronologists and literary critics, who, while changing, often for the worse, the works of their great predecessors, yet did most important labor in collating, editing and arranging the scattered and confused remains of the ancient writings.

Deme'trius, the Phale'rian, a disciple of Theophras'tus and friend of Menan'der, passed from Athens to Alexandria, and gained great influence over Ptolemy Soter, whom he induced to encourage literature. The study of grammar and criticism established by him was pursued by Zenod'otus, who prepared an elaborate edition of all the poets except the dramatists; but whose greatest work was his edition of Homer, in which the numerous and discordant manuscripts were first brought into a consistent form. He was followed by his pupil Aristoph'anes, who edited the poets and philosophers. But the complete establishment of the Alexandrian school of grammar and criticism is due to Aristar'chus, the greatest critic of ancient times, and a wonderfully acute and accurate compiler. All his works are lost; but the poems of Homer, as they now exist, are chiefly in the form left by his revision.

Under these most eminent of the critics was a host of

literary pedants, who compiled glossaries, grammars and commentaries, fixed the Greek language in a uniform state, and added to and remodeled the ancient works. We have them to thank for the preservation of many of the best specimens of Greek literature.

The great librarians of the Alexandrian library, as Callimachus, Eratos'thenes and Apollo'nius, distinguished themselves likewise in these critical arts; while the liberal endowments of the monarchs and the establishment of the Museum gave an encouragement to science which resulted in many valuable discoveries. These we will consider in a future chapter.

With the works of a few writers of some eminence, scattered at intervals over the succeeding centuries, Greek literature ends, never regaining the wonderful power it displayed during the brief century and a half of Athenian glory.

HO'MER.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 850 OR 900 B.C.

Out of the utter silence and shadow in which dwells the remote past of the great Grecian people, comes the voice of this renowned writer, and straightway a broad landscape of human history lies revealed to us, lit up as it were by the lightning flash of genius.

For the touch of Homer is one to which the chords of human nature in all ages thrill and vibrate; and the immunity of his works from the destruction which overcame those of his predecessors is, no doubt, largely due to this supreme merit, and to the lofty estimation in which they were, in consequence, held by his countrymen. In fact, the Iliad and Odyssey formed, to a certain degree, the Grecian Scriptures, and were as religiously preserved and as reverently studied as though they indeed possessed a sacred character.



As to the personality and history of the poet, he is to us simply Homer, the epic singer, a name only; which has come to us out of the past, without date or history. There are, it is true, many legends concerning him; and, indeed, a detailed life, which has been attributed to the historian Herod'otus. This makes him a native of Asia Minor; a traveler to Egypt, Italy and Spain; losing his sight at Ithaca; and afterward singing his lays, as a wandering minstrel, in the towns of Asia Minor, the islands of the Archipelago, and even the streets of Athens.

With these stories, however, criticism has dealt unsparingly. It is now generally admitted that there is no authentic external evidence of his history, and that we have but the poems themselves, with the internal evidence which they present, from which to glean any trustworthy knowledge of the life and times of the author.

These partly corroborate the traditions which make him a native of Asia Minor, and which point to Smyrna as the city having the greatest claim to his nativity. The dialect in which they are written was an old form of that used by other great writers of the same region, as Herod'otus, the noted historian, and Hippoc'rates, the celebrated physician. The frequent allusions, also, to the vigorous northwest winds blowing from Thrace, indicate the coast of Asia Minor as the home of the poet.

The period in which he lived is as uncertain as are the events of his life. As to the Trojan war, if it had any more real existence than the fabled exploits of the Knights of the Round Table, its epoch is utterly buried in the clouds of the remote past. The poet himself certainly lived considerably before the date of the first Olympiad, 776 B.C. Yet from what we know of the civilization of the Grecian people, at their first appearance within the historic horizon, and their rapid subsequent progress, it does not appear as if we can retire many centuries beyond

this horizon without finding them not yet emerged from barbarism; or, at least, in such a crude social condition as is evidenced in the Pelasgian remains; partially penetrated, no doubt, by the spirit of the active neighboring civilizations, but not yet roused to literary emulation.

It appears, then, as if we have a certain range of time within which to limit the age of Homer. Herodotus estimates his period at 400 years previous to his own, or about 850 B.C. This date, however, is purely conjectural, though it is not improbable that the poet lived at some period within the 200 years succeeding the time of Solomon, 1000 B.C. The polish and richness of the language he uses, and the degree of national culture manifested in his poems, seem inconsistent with an epoch previous to the earlier of these dates, and he certainly did not live much after the later.

In estimating the position of Homer as a writer, we must start with the conception that he was not the epic poet of a literary age,— not a Virgil, Dante or Milton. He belonged, rather, to the minstrel epoch of literature, being the popular bard of a bookless era, instead of the poet of a period in which well stored libraries and literary culture at once enrich and impoverish the writer,— enrich him by the garnered thought of the past, impoverish him by the fact that the field of visible nature, that field so fertile in striking allusions, grand similes, and sublime imagery, has been already gleaned.

To Homer it was virgin soil, and he has wrought it with the free grasp of a master of expression, and of a mind in intimate sympathy with nature. But his poems plainly appertain to the age of minstrelsy, and indeed, in some degree, lack the consecutiveness of a self-originated plot, seeming to some critical writers to be simply a skillful combination of numerous popular ballads extant before his time, and welded by him into a rich epic form.

This is the theory originated by Wolf, the German critic,



and since maintained by many of his countrymen; some of them viewing the Iliad as the patchwork labor of one or more compilers of these floating ballads of the heroic age of Grecian fable.

But the more moderate critics dissent from this view. The Iliad bears too evidently the marks of a single hand, and is, moreover, infiltrated with a rich simplicity and a vigorous genius which reach far beyond the ordinary grasp of the vagrant bards of a half-civilized age.

That Homer owed much of his material to his predecessors, there is no reason to doubt. He availed himself of the legends of his country in the same spirit that Shakespere used the earlier drama, and with as wonderful a result. It was crude ore that he threw into the furnace of his mind: it was refined gold that flowed from the crucible of his genius. The Iliad is one work, filled with one spirit, instinct with one thought, equally pure in its language and elevated in its style, and as fully the culmination of the minstrel epos as Hamlet is of the romantic drama.

It is doubtful if there are any works of an imaginative character extant which possess a double interest to the same degree as the Homeric poems; an interest in themselves as noble works of art, and an equal interest in the graphic picture they give us of a state of society of which we have no other record, but which they so accurately photograph that we seem to live again the life of that prehistoric age. The labors and tools of the husbandman, the life in cities, the modes and instruments of war, the social habits of the people, are drawn with vivid minuteness; while scenes of domestic life, and details of social intercourse, yield us striking glimpses of the home existence of this far removed people.

In their religious features the poems of Homer were an authority with the Greeks. They constantly quote his deistic views and stories with all the deference due to sacred

dogmas, and never seem to recognize the grotesque and ridiculous character of the situations in which he often places their gods and goddesses, accepting these legends in the same spirit of simple faith in which he relates them.

As for the primitive history of the Hellenic race, Homer is as valuable as Herod'otus and Thucyd'ides are for the later periods. In fact, he yields us an important record of the early stages of civilized society which is valuable to all ages, and second in merit, in this respect, only to the books of Moses, and perhaps some of the oldest of the Vedas.

But it is as an epic poet that he should chiefly be considered, and in this field he stands unrivaled. No later epicist has equaled him in the inventive faculty, and in the fire and energy of his verse, while he is equally beyond them in the variety and exactness of his character-drawing. In this respect, indeed, he is a master; his varied sketches of Ulys'ses, Agamem'non, Achil'les, Hec'tor, A'jax, Nes'tor, etc., rivaling the great dramatic writers of a subsequent age.

He is dramatic, also, in the graphic skill with which he spreads the field of the poem before us, making us rather the excited spectators of its stirring incidents than quiet listeners to a tale of adventure.

If even *we* are stirred by his concise and graphic descriptions, how must the excitable Greeks of that partly barbarous age have been roused by his tales of battle, so full of the turmoil, rush and terror of actual war, and by the vehement flow of the current of his song, which pours onward impetuously as a mountain torrent, bearing everything forward on its irresistible flood! We can fancy them, with their fervent belief in the reality of the poet's tales, springing excitedly to their feet, adding the clashing chorus of sword and shield to the tones of the singer's harp, and drowning his song in their wild shouts of approbation, till



the hall of minstrelsy seemed itself transformed into the battle-field of the bard's warlike ode.

The Od'yssey has a more quiet movement. It is the mountain stream of the Il'iad after it has reached the plain and is spread out into a broad and placid flood. Both are, however, enlivened by the same apt and often very beautiful similes, and display the same simplicity of diction, purity of language, and skill in versification; though it must be admitted that in epic vigor and dignity of tone the Odyssey falls considerably short of the Iliad. This is necessitated, in some measure, by the change in character of the story, and possibly, also, by a difference in the age of the writer. Some authors, at least, perceive in the Iliad the impetuous youth, and in the Odyssey the placid old age, of the poet.[a]

The subject of the Iliad is happily chosen. The traditional ten years' siege of Troy was, doubtless, far the most stirring of the legendary tales concerning the prehistoric Greeks, and included, as actors in its scenes, the most interesting of the early heroes of the Hellenic race. Homer has, with true judgment, limited his poems to a small portion of this long siege, though probably the fifty days of the Iliad include the choicest of these legends.

This treatment has given him the advantage of unity in his subject; of one principal hero, namely Achil'les; and of a single determining theme for the action of the poem, namely, the anger of this invulnerable warrior.

The main cause of the Trojan war, the recovery of the beautiful Helen from her abductor Paris, the son of Priam, becomes but one of the various episodes of the poem. It may be well, however, to give the previous history of Helen, leading up, as it does, to the most tragic climax in the legends of Greece.

This most celebrated of beauties was of godlike extraction, being the daughter of Jupiter by Leda. She had two brothers, Castor and Pollux, who were alternately immor-

tal, and have been transferred to the heavens as the constellation Gemini, or the Twins.

The first notable event in her history was her abduction by the hero The'seus, who carried her off to Attica. Her brothers made an expedition for her recovery, and while Theseus was absent in Hades they captured Athens and brought their beautiful sister back to Sparta. After this return she was courted by princely suitors from all parts of Greece. She was eventually married to Menela'us, king of Sparta, her other royal lovers entering into an agreement to mutually combine for her protection against future abduction.

Meanwhile Paris, a son of Priam, of Troy, had been given the pleasant task of deciding in the contest for beauty between the goddesses Juno, Minerva and Venus. He decided in favor of the latter, who had promised him, as guerdon, the possession of the most beautiful woman in the world. In fulfillment of this promise she aided him in abducting the beautiful wife of Menelaus.

The next event in the story is the embassy of Menelaus and Ulys'ses to Troy. This failed in its object — the recovery of the stolen wife. And then Menelaus, and his brother Agamem'non, called upon the chieftains of Greece to redeem their pledges of assistance.

This call was not responded to with alacrity by all the princes. The shrewd Ulys'ses, who knew the peril of leaving his kingdom for an indefinite period, feigned madness, and was found plowing a field with an ox and an ass yoked together, and sowing the furrow with salt. His ruse, however, was discovered by his turning aside the plow when his young son Telem'achus was laid in the furrow.

Achilles, also, whom an oracle had destined to death in the Trojan war, was concealed by his mother, disguised as a woman, among a bevy of fair maidens. Ulysses discov-



ered him by the stratagem of laying in his way the implements of female industry and the weapons of war. The disguised hero chose the latter.

Thus, one by one, the malcontents were forced to keep their pledge, and the Grecian hosts sailed for Troy. During this voyage they were delayed by stress of foul winds, which were changed to fair by the sacrifice of Iphigeni'a, the young daughter of Agamemnon, to the opposing deities. And for nine years the war raged, with varying success, and still Troy lifted its walls and towers, as yet impregnable.

At this point the story opens. Achilles, the invulnerable leader of the Myrmidons, falls into a furious rage with Agamemnon, the head of the Grecian hosts, in consequence of the latter having robbed him of a beautiful captive. He retires sullenly to his ships, refuses to permit his troops to take part in the war, and continues to sulk while battle after battle is progressing with varying fortunes between the opposing hosts.

The fighting is preceded by an episode, in which Helen sits beside old Priam, on a watch-tower of Troy, and names to him the Grecian heroes as they appear at the head of their hosts on the plains below. Ante'nor, one of the Trojan chieftains, describes some of these heroes, as he remembered them when they came to demand the restoration of Helen. We give the version by Lord Derby.

"For hither, when on thine account to treat,
Brave Menelaus and Ulysses came,
I lodged them in my house, and loved them both,
And studied well the mind and form of each.
As they with Trojans mixed in social guise,
When both were standing, o'er his comrade high,
With broad-set shoulders, Menelaus stood;
Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form.
Then, in the great assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they framed,

In fluent language Menelaus spoke,
In words, though few, yet clear; though young in years,
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech.
But when the skilled Ulysses rose to speak,
With downcast visage would he stand, his eyes
Bent on the ground; the staff he bore, nor back
He waved, nor forward, but like one untaught,
He held it motionless. Who only saw,
Would say that he was mad, or void of sense;
But when his chest its deep-toned voice sent forth,
With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow,
No mortal with Ulysses could compare;
Then, little recked we of his outward show."

The fighting opens with a duel between Paris and Menelaus, in which the indignant husband of Helen so vigorously assails her abductor that the latter is only saved from death by the active intervention of Venus. This interference of Venus, and the subsequent wounding of Menelaus by an arrow from the bow of a Trojan archer, breaks the truce which had been established while the duel progressed. There is instant mustering of the troops, and preparations for a general battle.

Old Nestor, the patriarch of the Greeks, directs the formation of the lines, in words which possess great interest, as clearly showing the character of military tactics in those days of the spear, the shield and the chariot.

"In the front rank, with chariot and with horse,
He placed the mounted warriors; in the rear,
Numerous and brave, a cloud of infantry,
Compactly massed, to stem the tide of war.
Between the two he placed th' inferior troops,
That e'en against their will they needs must fight.
The horsemen first he charged, and bade them keep
Their horses well in hand, nor wildly rush
Amid the tumult. 'See,' he said, 'that none,
In skill or valor over-confident,
Advance before his comrades, nor alone



Retire; for so your lines are easier forced;
But ranging each beside a hostile car,
Thrust with your spears; for such the better way.
By men so disciplined, in elder days,
Were lofty walls and fencéd towers destroyed.'"

—*Derby*

The lines thus arrayed, and the hosts meeting, face to face and hand to hand, the first day's battle bursts with an individual fury scarcely known in modern warfare. Especially Di'omed, one of the Grecian leaders, becomes the hero in this day's fight, ranging the field with unequaled fortune and fury, slaying Trojans by the score, and finally engaging with the great Æne'as, who has advanced to meet him. Diomed breaks the thigh of this mighty chieftain with a huge stone, and would have slain him outright but that Venus, whose son Æneas is, again interferes, and bears the wounded warrior from the field.

But the furious Greek, whose eyes have been opened by another of the deities to the recognition of Venus, vigorously pursues, and even succeeds in wounding, the immortal Queen of Love with his impious spear. We give this scene, as showing the grotesque nature of the constant interference of the Gods in this affray.

"Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand,
Piercing th' ambrosial, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear grazed the palm below the wrist.
Forth from the wound th' immortal current flowed,
Pure ichor, life stream of the blessed Gods;
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become.
The Goddess shrieked aloud, and dropped her son;
But in his arms Apollo bore him off,
In a thick cloud enveloped, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life.
Loud shouted brave Tydi'des, as she fled,

'Daughter of Jove, from battle-fields retire;
Enough for thee weak women to delude;
If war thou seekest, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it named.'
Thus he, but ill at ease and sorely pained,
The Goddess fled; her Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin soiled with blood."

—*Derby.*

And with a ridiculous continuation of this story, the fair Goddess of Love is shown hiding her weeping face, like a hurt child, in the lap of Father Jove, and sarcastically taunted by her lady enemies upon Olympus.

In the next scene Hector, the most noted of the Trojan heroes, arms to aid his countrymen in their disasters, and takes leave of his wife Androm'ache and his son, in a scene which has excited general admiration. We append the passage, in the epigrammatic version of Pope.

"Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child,—
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kissed the child, and lifted high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferred a father's prayer:
'O thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son;
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the town,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age.
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame,—



While, pleased amid the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed;
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear;
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling tears."

Hector's appearance turns the tide of battle in favor of the Trojans. Jupiter has strictly forbidden the Gods to interfere, and the Trojan hosts, in the second day's fight, drive the Greeks back to their ships, and almost force them to take flight by sea from their victorious foes.

The Trojans bivouac upon the field. This night-watch the poet describes in a beautiful piece of word painting, of which we append Tennyson's charming translation.

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So, many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And, champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn."

At this perilous juncture in the affairs of the Greeks, Achilles listens to the prayer of his friend Patro'clus, lends him his armor, and permits him to lead the Myrmidons to the field. By such a timely reinforcement the tide of battle is turned, and the Trojans are driven back in the next day's fight with great slaughter.

But the contest ends in the death of Patroclus by the hands of Hector, and the capture of the armor of Achilles.

And now, at length, the sullen hero is roused to action. New armor being forged for him by Vulcan,— with a wonderful shield, which is minutely described,— he takes the field in person. From that moment the fortunes of war turn sadly against the Trojans. Having escaped from the deluging waters of the river Scamander,— which, as an indignant god, pursues and attempts to overwhelm the scornful hero, who has choked its stream with corpses,— he makes great slaughter of the foe, and at length meets and slays Hector, the youthful bulwark of Troy.

This fatal disaster to the cause of Priam, in the death of his so far invincible son, concludes the poem which ends with a detail of the imposing obsequies of the slain Patroclus, and of the redemption and funeral of the body of Hector.

The Odyssey takes up the story of the adventures of Ulysses, the shrewdest of the Grecian leaders, during his long and dangerous voyage home from the Trojan war. Though covering the incidents of years, it is skillfully limited in time by introducing the account of the marvelous sea-voyage of the hero in the form of an episodical narrative. This gives us in dramatic form many odd and curious superstitions of the Greeks, and their grotesque notions concerning the inhabitants of the Mediterranean islands.

The poem opens with an account of the condition of affairs at Ith'aca, the island kingdom of Ulysses, where his castle is occupied, and his substance wasted, by a throng of insolent suitors of his faithful wife Penel'ope. His son Telem'achus complains of this before the council of the lords, but obtains no redress. He next, under orders from the Gods, sets sail for Pylus and Sparta, to inquire of Nestor and Menelaus as to the fate of his father.

He finds the latter living with his recovered wife Helen, in a magnificent castle, richly ornamented with gold, silver

and bronze; and learns from him that his father is detained by the nymph Calyp'so in the island of Ogy'gia.

Meanwhile Mercury, the messenger of the Gods, has been dispatched to command the nymph to give up her rather willing captive. Leigh Hunt has very prettily translated the description of the island, as visited by this swift speeding messenger.

"And now arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'mid the tall, green rocks,
Where dwelt the Goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused; and there came on him as he stood
A smell of cedar and of citron wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a low, sweet song that made him hark and smile.
A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark, round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
Four fountains clear and crisp refreshed the place;
While all about a meadowy ground was seen
Of violets mingling with the parsley green."

Commanded by Mercury, the nymph reluctantly sets Ulysses adrift upon a raft of trees. But Neptune, the persistent foe of our hero,—not having been present at the council of the Gods, through his absence in Ethiopia upon some private business of his own,— now first learns of its result, and raises a storm that scatters the raft of the floating navigator. Ulysses succeeds, however, with the aid of a sea-nymph, in swimming ashore to the island Phæa'cia.

Here he is rescued by Nausic'aa, the king's daughter, and brought to her father's palace. King Alcin'ous wel-

comes him with a sentiment which does honor to his royal heart:

"The stranger and the poor are sent by Jove."

This monarch dwells in a sumptuous abode, which is warmly described.

"For like the sun's fire, or the moon's, a light
Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
From the long basement to the topmost height,
There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
Zoned on the summit with a bright, blue mass
Of cornice; and the doors were framed of gold;
Where, underneath the brazen floor doth glass
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished gold.

And dogs on each side of the door there stand,
Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
Hephæstus wrought, with cunning brain and hand,
And set for sentinels to hold the way.
Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay;
And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
On to the far room where the women met,
With many a rich robe strewn, and woven coverlet."

—*Worsley.*

Having excited the curiosity of King Alcinous by his prowess in wrestling and other games, Ulysses proceeds to satisfy him by an account of his adventures.

He tells of the encounter of himself and companions with the one-eyed giant Polyphe'mus, who makes his breakfast and supper on the fattest of the Greeks, while the rest escape by boring out his single eye, and clinging under his long-wooled sheep. They touch also at the land of the Lotus Eaters, to whose magic some of the Greeks yield.

"For whoso tasted of their flowery meat
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave

Fast to that tribe, forever fain to eat,
Reckless of home return, the tender lotus sweet."
—*Worsley.*

Another serious danger is met in the island of Cir'ce, the enchantress, by whom several of the companions of Ulysses are converted into swine. But the hero proves too shrewd for this interesting lady, and conquers her in turn. After spending some time in her pleasant society, he, under her directions, visits the realms of the departed, and raises a host of the shades of the dead, among whom come his mother, Achilles, and other old friends.

The departed hero of the Iliad does not seem to enjoy his present quarters, and gives a description of the condition of the Greek ghost not likely to be alluring to the living Greeks. The Hellenic ideas of the future state were very crude, and certainly not at all attractive. Achilles seems to consider a living dog as better than a dead lion, when he says:

"Noble Ulysses, speak not thus of death
As if thou wouldst console me. I would be
A laborer on earth, and serve for hire
Some man of mean estate, who makes scant cheer,
Rather than reign o'er all who have gone down
To death." —*Bryant.*

The next adventure of our navigators is their escape from the grisly dangers of Scyl'la and Charyb'dis. They are also entertained by the wind-god Æ'olus, who gives them a fair wind for their voyage home, and the remainder of the winds tied up in a bag. But the restless curiosity of the Greeks is not satisfied till they have opened this bag, while Ulysses is sleeping, and set free all the winds. In consequence they are blown back to the island of Æolus, who indignantly refuses to receive them.

They afterward kill the sacred oxen of the Sun, for which sacrilege they are wrecked, and all lost, save Ulysses,

who has a nine days' float on a mast to the island of Calyp'so. With this charming immortal he resides seven years.

The next scene in the story brings us to Ithaca, where Ulysses has been landed by the Phæa'cians. Here the goddess Pallas transforms him in appearance to an old beggar, and instructs him what course to pursue. Thus disguised he is entertained by Eumæ'us, his master of the swine, to whom comes Telemachus, on his way home, having escaped the plot laid by his mother's suitors for his destruction.

Making himself known to his son, Ulysses is brought into the palace, where the insolent suitors are at their revels. The poet here introduces an exquisite touch of nature. Among all present the long-absent wanderer is recognized only by his old dog Argus, who staggers to his feet, feebly expresses his joy in his master's return, and falls dead.

> "And when he marked Ulysses on the way,
> And could no longer to his lord draw near,
> Fawned with his tail, and drooped in feeble play
> His ears. Ulysses, turning, wiped a tear."

Meanwhile preparations are being made by Telemachus for the overthrow of the suitors, all arms being quietly removed from the hall. In the next scene Penelope brings forth the bow of Ulysses, offering her hand to him among the suitors who can bend it. One by one they strive in vain with the stubborn ash. But the disguised hero bends it with ease, and with wonderful skill sends an arrow whizzing through the rings of a row of twelve axes set up in line.

Then follows a scene as exciting and warlike as the battle scenes of the Iliad.

> "Stript of his rags then leaped the godlike King
> On the great threshold, in his hand the bow,
> And quiver filled with arrows of mortal sting.
> These with a rattle he rained down below,

Loose at his feet, and spake among them so;
'See! at the last our matchless bout is o'er!
Now for another mark, that I may know
If I can hit what none hath hit before,
And if Apollo heed me in the prayer I pour."
—*Worsley.*

The indignant lord of the castle turns his bow now with deadly effect upon the suitors, the arrows whizzing among them with death upon every shaft. He is ably seconded by Telemachus and Eumæus, and an awful scene of terror and bloodshed ensues, the insulted dignity of the husband being fearfully avenged in the terrible death of his enemies.

The story ends in the hero making himself known to his faithful wife, Penelope, and his old father, Laertes, in the defeat of the friends of the wooers, and the full recovery of his kingdom by its long-absent lord.

There are numerous translations of the works of Homer which possess very various degrees of merit; though it is conceded that the full spirit and character of the original has not yet been reproduced.

The principal English translations are the spirited though imperfect one of Chapman, the elegant but modernized version of Pope, and the blank-verse translations of Cowper, of the Earl of Derby, and of our American poet Bryant.

Of foreign translations the most noted is that by Voss into German hexameters, which reproduction of the Homeric versification has been performed with wonderful skill.

HE'SIOD.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 800 B.C.

This writer, the second Greek author whose works have descended to us, is as obscure, so far as chronology is concerned, as Homer, though the events of his life are much

better known. His period, like that of Homer, is placed at about 850 B.C., and with as little substantial reason. As to which of these two authors preceded the other in point of time nothing is known, though Hesiod has not as stable a claim as Homer to be considered the earliest of the classic writers.

In the character of his works he deviates widely from Homer, and possesses, in common with him, the merit of establishing a special school of literature. This field, however, like the field of the warlike epic, may have been cultivated by many previous authors, these earliest extant writers reaping the harvests sown by their vanished predecessors.

However that be, Hesiod is markedly original in style, ignoring the sanguinary struggles of the heroic age and preferring to sing of gentler themes. He is emphatically the poet of peace, treating of such homely subjects as the pursuits of the husbandman, the holiness of domestic life, the duty of economy, the education of youth, and the details of commerce and politics. Indeed, he tells us that he was first instigated to the pursuit of poetry by a vision, in which the Muses appeared to him and commanded him to write "the poetry of truth."

Although some of his countrymen scornfully termed him "the poet of slaves," in comparison with Homer, "the delight of warriors," yet to our less warlike dispositions his writings indicate a distinct advance in civilization and morality over the trumpet-like strains of the Iliad.

In language and versification Hesiod and the poets of his school do not differ essentially from Homer, but are antagonistic in theme and treatment, the beauties of peace in their pages being contrasted with the clash of swords and shields in the strains of the warlike epics. So far as poetic merit is concerned, his works do not challenge any high estimation, though they possess the virtue of sim-

plicity, so characteristic of early writers. They were held in great veneration by the Greeks, his theologic writings in particular being highly valued, and viewed as authorities in the Hellenic cosmogony.

The poet himself gives us many points in his personal history, detailing the emigration of his father from Kyme, in Asia Minor, where he had with difficulty made a living, to Ascra, in Bœo'tia. This the poet describes as a cold, barren country, at the foot of Mount Helicon. We will give the account in his own words, as translated by Elton.

"O witless Perses, thus for honest gain,
Thus did our mutual father plow the main.
Erst from Æolian Cy'me's distant shore
Hither in sable ship his course he bore;
Through the wide seas his venturous way he took,
No revenues, nor prosperous ease forsook.
His wandering course from poverty began,
The visitation sent from Heaven to man.
In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
Of Helicon, he fixed his humble seat;
Ungenial clime, in wintry cold severe,
And summer heat, and joyless through the year."

Modern travelers have not found the region of Helicon so bleak, and it is possible that our author was affected by nursery tales of the delights of the ancestral home when drawing this picture of the drear Bœotian realm. He was himself born in Ascra, and seems at first to have been a poor peasant, or herdsman. He afterward went to Orchom'enos, on Lake Copa'is, where the remainder of his life was passed. It was an uneventful life, being principally occupied in poetic labors. He tells us of but one journey, in which he went to take part in a poetic contest. This, like Homer's description of the bard at the court of King Alcinous, is of interest as showing us to what extent poetry was cultivated at that period.

The works ascribed to Hesiod are seven in number, of which the most important are the "Works and Days," the "Theogony," or "Generations of the Gods," and the "Catalogues of Women;" which last work, and also the "Shield of Hercules," are probably by later authors.

The Works and Days is essentially didactic in tone, being a sort of farmers' chronicle, in which he tells when to plant and how to reap, describes the form and the use of plows, explains grape gathering and wine making, gives a list of lucky and unlucky days, and enlivens the whole with stories, which are introduced somewhat at random into the text. We give an extract from the interesting episode of Pandora and her celebrated box.

"The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter filled his secret soul:
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic and the breathing breast;
Fair as the blooming goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness, with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colors in the gliding threads;
He called the magic of love's holy queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress, that prey upon the frame;
Adored Persuasion, and the Graces young,
Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung;
Round her fair brow the lovely tressèd Hours
A golden garland twined of spring's purpureal flowers.
. . . The woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid — she scatters ills in air.
Hope still remained within, nor took her flight,
Beneath the casket's verge concealed from sight."—*Elton.*

The Works and Days seems especially written for the edification of his brother Perses, to whom he constantly

appeals, pointing out to him the blessings of honest contentment as compared with the worries of an idle life. This brother seems to have been a sharp-dealing and worthless fellow, who gave our poet incessant trouble. He took delight in idling about the courts of law, instead of engaging in industrial pursuits, and applied his knowledge of the law to litigate his poet brother out of his portion of their father's estate, after having previously secured to himself the lion's share.

It is surprising to see, from the Cimmerian gloom of early Greece, so much emerging that still exists in our modern civilizations. Appeals to the law and the doubtfulness of justice, the difficulties of making a living, the active pursuit of agriculture, busy commerce in all seaports, and the dim remoteness of the age of gold.

The following is the recipe of the poet for wine making.

"The rosy-fingered morn the vintage calls;
Then bear the gathered grapes within thy walls,
Ten days and nights exposed the clusters lay,
Basked in the radiance of each mellowing day.
Let five their circling round successive run,
While lie the grapes o'ershadowed from the sun;
The sixth express the harvest of the vine,
And teach the vats to foam with joy-inspiring wine."
—*Elton.*

Another illustration, full of homely wisdom, we append from Chapman's spirited version.

"Make then thy man-swain one that hath no house;
Thy handmaid one that hath nor child nor spouse;
Handmaids that children have are ravenous.
A mastiff, likewise nourish still at home,
Whose teeth are sharp and close as any comb,
And meat him well, to keep with stronger guard
The day-sleep-night-wake-man from forth thy yard."

The Theogony, which many critics deny to be a genuine work of Hesiod, though, as it appears, without any suffi-

cient reason, was greatly esteemed by priests and philosophers, being considered the highest authority on questions of mythology. Numerous commentaries were written on it by the Alexandrian philosophers.

This work collects together the many flying shreds of mythologic legend with which the memories of the people were doubtless filled, and weaves them into a sort of consecutive story of the earliest creation, and of the genealogies and quarrels of the Gods, down to the final triumph of Zeus. Or'pheus and Musæ'us, according to tradition, had written Theogonies, of which Hesiod may have availed himself. However that be, he has done his work with great skill, and with an epic vigor which at times rises to a high poetic strain.

His work is a complete storehouse of the origin and doings of the Gods, the terrible warfare between Jupiter and the giants, and the birth of the various deities, down to the very river and wood nymphs of the godlike line. Of the first appearance of Aphrodi'te he very beautifully says:

> —"Where her delicate feet
> Had pressed the sands, green herbage flowering sprang,
> Love tracked her steps, and beautiful Desire
> Pursued." —*Frere.*

But it is in his battle scenes that he rises to a vigor and graphic energy that rival Homer. Many of his descriptions prefigure Milton's "warfare in heaven," and seem to have lent suggestions to the later bard. Thus:

> "All on that day roused infinite the war,
> Female and male; the Titan deities,
> The gods from Cronus sprung, and those whom Zeus
> From subterranean gloom released to light;
> Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
> A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
> From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
> O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed

Against the Titans in full combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war,
Tremendous then the immeasurable sea
Roared; earth resounded; the wide heaven throughout
Groaned shattering; from its base Olympus vast
Reeled to the violence of the Gods; the shock
Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus; the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit."—*Elton.*

And in like strain the war goes on, till Zeus overwhelms the Titans with his lightnings and imprisons them in a deep abyss, at whose gate stand sentry Day and Night, in alternate watchfulness; Night aided by her sons Death and Sleep. This strongly reminds us of the grisly guardians of Hell's gate, in Milton's poem.

Hesiod's "Shield of Hercules" describes a fierce fight of the hero with a robber named Cycnus, in which, of course, Hercules bore off the honors. The shield of the hero is described with a close detail equaling that of the memorable description of the shield of Achilles by Homer.

Throughout the works of Hesiod are numerous bits of proverbial philosophy, the adages extant before his time, and which he worked into his poems in the manner of all primitive authors. We subjoin a few specimens of this proverbial wisdom of the early Greeks.

"Hard work will best uncertain fortune mend."

"Ever with loss the putter-off contends."

"When on your home falls unforeseen distress,
Half clothed come neighbors; kinsmen stay to dress."

THE EARLY LYRIC POETS.

In the development of human thought, reflection follows observation. Men's eyes, so long taken captive by the wonders and charms of the exterior world, at length turn inward upon their own mental world, viewing its varied phenomena.

Epic poetry is, in its general sense, the poetry of observation, relating the deeds of men, the phenomena of nature, the fables of primitive theology. The lyric, in the same general sense, is the poetry of reflection, describing the thoughts of men and the changeful processes of the human mind.

The epicist deals with things and events in the third person; the lyricist in the first person. It is the ego that occupies his attention — I, and the influence of the world upon me as a thinking being. Whatever his subject, we perceive himself always in the foreground; the living, subjective being, to whom all things besides are subordinate. The epicist, on the contrary, stands in the background, unseen, the hidden relator of events with which himself is no more nearly concerned than the rest of mankind.

Necessarily, then, the lyric is of later development than the epic, and is significant of a fuller unfoldment of man's mentality. The first barren chronicles of events, and disconnected cosmogonies, are followed by poetic imaginings, weaving these legends and superstitions into connected narratives and theogonies, gradually adorned with all the graces of language and imagery. Next, men begin to record their own reflections, and to sing the thoughts which spring like unbidden flowers in the human mind; and the lyric is born.

There are many early specimens extant of this phase of poetic thought; particularly in the Hebrew Scriptures, in which a high degree of lyrical fervor is reached by many of the prophets of Israel. We may instance Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, David and Solomon.

For how long a period the lyric may have been cultivated in Greece we know no more than we know of the origin of the epic. There were probably many public minstrels, whose works have been lost, and whose first rude strains gradually took on the polish and finish which we find in the songs of Archil'ochus, the earliest extant lyricist.

The name of Calli'nus has been handed down as the originator of elegiac poetry; but the first name which comes to us, sufficiently fortunate to be accompanied by illustrative remains, is that of Archilochus, who is viewed in Greek literature as the father of lyric poetry.[b]

ARCHIL'OCHUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 670 B.C.

This author, who takes up the thread of literature from one to two centuries after it was dropped by Homer and Hesiod, was a native of Paros, in Lydia.

But few glimpses remain of his life, and these few not greatly to his credit. Thus, as we are told, in a battle with the Thracians, he lost his shield in the contest, or threw it away that it might not impede his flight, as his enemies declare. Subsequently he was banished from Sparta; some say, because he had vindicated his conduct in running away from the fight; others say, on account of the licentiousness of his verse. He afterward returned to his native town, and took part in a war which ensued, in which he lost his life, either in battle or by assassination.

As a poet he ranks very high, being classed by the ancients with Homer. They dedicated the statues of both

on the same day, and even placed the head of Archilochus on the same bust with that of Homer. The few fragments of his poetry which are yet extant give us no proper means of deciding how far this lofty estimation was justly applied; but the general verdict of antiquity must be accepted as evidence of marked ability.

His style is praised by the ancients for its novelty, variety, and satirical bitterness. This latter quality, in fact, seems to have been a distinguishing characteristic of his works, "Archilochian bitterness" having become a byword in ancient Greece. His enemies he assailed without mercy, maliciously satirizing their most sensitive points, and taking the sting from their counter-accusations of cowardice by himself humorously describing the loss of his shield in battle.

> "Rejoice, some Saian, who my shield may find,
> Which in some hedge, unhurt, I left behind.
> Farewell my shield; now I myself am free.
> I'll buy another, full as good as thee."

One story, which strikingly shows the unbounded violence of his satire, is that Lycam'bes, a citizen of Paros, who had broken his promise to give his daughter Neobu'le in marriage to the poet, was so bitterly assailed that both father and daughter were driven to suicide to escape this merciless ridicule.

Judging, however, from the very high position assigned him, this vehemence of satire could not have been the whole of his merit, but must have been combined with a lofty degree of poetic skill. The extant fragments of his poetry, in fact, display only a philosophic spirit, with no indications of satire.

He is the reputed inventor of Iambic verse, the word Iambus being employed before his time to denote a species of rude raillery, to which the inspiration of the Bacchic and other festivals gave rise. These irregular forms of verse he first reduced to fixed rules. We subjoin a few of his remaining verses.



ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

"Nought now can pass belief; in Nature's ways
No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
Th' Olympian Father hangs a noon-day night
O'er the sun's disk, and veils its glittering light.
Fear falls on man. Hence miracles before
Incredible, are counted strange no more.
Stand not amazed if beasts exchange the wood
With dolphins; and exist amidst the flood;
These the firm land forsake for sounding waves,
And these find pleasure in the mountain caves."— *Elton.*

EQUANIMITY.

"Spirit, thou Spirit, like a troubled sea,
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,
Sustain the shock: a daring heart oppose:
Stand firm, amidst the charging spears of foes:
If conquering, vaunt not in vain-glorious show;
If conquered, stoop not, prostrated in woe:
Moderate, in joy, rejoice; in sorrow, mourn:
Muse on man's lot; be thine discreetly borne."— *Elton.*

EXHORTATION TO FORTITUDE UNDER CALAMITY.

"Groans rise on griefs, O Pericles! nor they
Who feed the woe, in wine or feast are grey.
The billow of the many-roaring deep
Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
Our grief-swollen hearts now draw their breath in vain;
Yet blessings, O my friend! will smile again.
The Gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
A balm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
In turn the cure and suffering take their round,
And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound;
Now other breasts the shifting tortures know;
Endure; nor droop thus womanish in woe."— *Elton.*

THE STORM.

"Behold, my Glaucus! how the deep
Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl;
And round the promontory-steep
The big black clouds portentious scowl,

With thunder fraught, and lightning glare,
While terror rules, and wild despair." —*Merivale.*

THE MIND OF MAN.

"The mind of man is such as Jove
Ordains by his immortal will;
He moulds it, in the courts above,
His heavenly purpose to fulfill."—*Merivale.*

TWO MILITARY PORTRAITS.

"Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measured stride,
Glorying in his well-trimmed beard, and
Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he that's short of stature,
Firm of foot, with curvéd knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And a courage bold and free."—*Merivale.*

TYRTÆ'US.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 670 B.C.

Tyrtæ'us, the second of the lyric poets, was in part the contemporary of Archilochus. Like all the poets whom we have so far considered, he appears in a new field, being celebrated for his political elegies and marching songs.

His history lies hidden under the same cloud of past time which obscures the lives of all these early writers, more fable than truth showing through the mist of oblivion. According to one account, he was a native of Attica, while another tradition makes him a Lacedæmonian.

The story goes that the Spartans, humiliated in their war with the Messenians, applied to the Delphic oracle to learn how they might become successful. The oracle replied that the Messenians would continue to triumph until the Spartans headed their troops with an Athenian general.



With a bitter swallowing of their pride, the haughty Spartans obeyed the oracle, and applied to Athens for a leader. The Athenians sent them, in derision, it is said, the lame schoolmaster and poet Tyrtæus as the leader of their armies.

Whatever was the purpose of the Athenians, he rendered the Lacedæmonians most efficient service, stilling their discords at home with his elegies, and rousing their spent courage with his war lyrics, till, inspired to ardor by the stirring songs of their poet leader, they became everywhere victorious, reducing the Messenians to complete submission and servitude. The following is one of his war elegies.

"Not on the lips, nor yet in memory's trace
Should that man live, though rapid in the race,
And firm in wrestling; though Cyclopean might
Be his, and fleetness like a whirlwind's flight;
Though than Titho'nus lovelier to behold;
Like Cin'arus, or Mi'das, graced with gold;
Than Pe'lop's realm more kingly his domain;
More sweet his language than Adras'tus' strain;
Not though he boast all else of mortal praise,
Yet want the glory of the warrior's bays.
He is not brave who not endures the sight
Of blood; nor, man to man, in closest fight,
Still pants to press the foe; here bravery lies;
And here of human fame the chiefest prize.
Firm and unyielding when the armèd man
Still presses on, and combats in the van,
He breaks the bristling phalanx from afar;
His foresight rules the floating wave of war;
Fallen in the foremost ranks, he leaves a name,
His father's glory, and his country's fame.
Old men and youths let fall the sorrowing tear,
And a whole people mourns around his bier.
But if, escaping the long sleep of death,
He wins the splendid battle's glorious wreath,
Him, with fond gaze, gray sires and youths behold,
And life is pleasant, till his days are old."—*Elton.*

Contemporary with these were several poets of less fame, yet each of whom, as, in fact, all the early Greek writers, of whose works we possess examples, can claim the honor of originating a special school of poetry. Such was the activity of the Hellenic mind at this epoch, that, with rapid succession, it originated and excelled in every form of poetical literature.

The poets in question were Terpan'der, Alc'man and Stesich'orus. Of these, Terpan'der invented the gay and festive kind of lyric poetry. He is credited with having gained the musical prize in many successive contests. He was not, however, highly esteemed by posterity, and we are unable to judge of his merits, as his works have all perished. Alc'man was a native of Sardis; was a man of very amorous disposition; was the earliest writer of love songs, and is thought to have been the first to introduce the practice of singing them in public. The fragment which follows is nearly the whole of his poetic remains:

TO MEGALOSTRATA.

"Again sweet love, by Venus led,
Hath all my soul possessed;
Again delicious rapture shed
In torrents o'er my breast.
Now, Megalostrata the fair,—
Of all the virgin train
Most blessèd,—with her yellow hair,—
Hath brought me to the Muse's fane."—*Merivale.*

Stesich'orus, a native of Sicily, is said to have received this name from being the first to teach the chorus to dance to the lyre. Hence the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the chorus became associated throughout Greece with his name.[c] He has been extravagantly praised by ancient writers, but of all his works only a few scattered fragments have been preserved. We give the following specimens.

THE PROCESSION.

"Before the regal chariot, as it passed,
Were bright Cydonian apples scattered round,
And myrtle leaves, in showers of fragrance cast,
And many a wreath was there with roses bound,
And many a coronal, wherein were set,
Like gems, rich rows of purple violet."—*Merivale.*

A FRAGMENT.

"Vain it is for those to weep
Who repose in death's last sleep.
With man's life ends all the story
Of his wisdom, wit, and glory."—*Langhorne.*

ALCÆ'US.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 610 B.C.

This poet, one of the most famous of the lyric writers of Greece, owes the subjects of his poems, if not his poetic inspiration, to the misfortunes of his country, and to the active career into which he was forced by the troubles of his times.

He was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, and took part in the civil war which arose; being at first on the side of Pittacus (one of the seven wise men of Greece), in his overthrow of a tyrannical oppressor of his native city. When, however, Pittacus seemed, in his turn, to become tyrannical, Alcæus opposed him. Being banished from the city, he attempted to force his way back, at the head of a band of exiles. He was taken prisoner in this effort, but his life was spared by Pittacus, who seems indeed, despite his autocratic rule, to have been as worthy as he was "wise."

The odes of Alcæus, written in the Æolian dialect, are chiefly invectives against tyrants, and mournful lamentations over the troubles of his native land, and his sorrows as an exile. He also sings, in a more festive spirit, the praises of love and wine.

He invented a form of verse known, after him, as the Alca'ic, which was happily imitated by Horace, and introduced by him into the Latin tongue. He is said to have been an admirer of Sappho, of whom he was a contemporary. Of the ten books of odes ascribed to him, only fragments remain.

CONVIVIAL.

"Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the God of Wine,

The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet — one and two:
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase, the last pursue."—*Merivale.*

POVERTY.

"The worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who, with her sister mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristode'mus old,—
'Wealth makes the man.' On him that's poor
Proud Worth looks down, and Honor shuts the door."
— *Merivale.*

THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement, nor labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate:
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned:
No;— Men, high-minded men,—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain."

—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

SAPPHO.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 600 B.C.

This writer, so celebrated in the past for the richness and passionate fire of her lyric genius, of which we have evidence in the few existing fragments, may also claim celebrity from the fact that she stands first among the few women who attained to literary eminence, and won a place among the renowned writers of Greece.

Of her genius, Coleridge observes that "the very shreds remaining of her works seem enough to prove her the greatest of lyric poets after Pindar."

She was a native of either Mitylene or Eresos,* in the island of Lesbos, the birthplace of Alcæas, who is credited with having been a warm suitor of the fair poetess. According to Aristotle, he took an opportunity to declare his passion in the following couplet.

"Fain would I speak, but must, through shame, conceal
The thought my eager tongue would soon reveal."

To which Sappho immediately replied:

"Were your request, O bard! on honor built,
Your cheeks would not have worn those marks of guilt;
But in prompt words the ready thoughts had flown,
And your heart's honest meaning quickly shown."

* "The native place of Sappho, the poetess, was Mitylene; while that of Sappho, the courtesan, was Eresos. The fame of the one and the infamy of the other became blended in history from the identity of name, and from the circumstance of Mitylene and Eresos being towns in the same island." Page 11 of Mary Cowden Clarke's *World Noted Women.*

She was soon after married to another suitor, but losing her husband, and growing weary of Mitylene, she is said to have repaired to Athens, which then held out every encouragement to genius. The tradition goes that she fell in love with Phaon, a youthful attendant upon the Athenian court. This youth, not returning her passion, left Athens for Sicily, whither the poetess followed him. Finally, driven to desperation by his coldness, she is said to have thrown herself from the Leuca'dian promontory, the celebrated "Lovers' Leap" of Greece. From this lofty rock, as the story goes, lovers were in the habit of casting themselves into the sea, and were either drowned or came out drenched, bruised — and cured. Sappho made the dangerous leap and was drowned.

This story, however, is believed to be an invention of later times, there being almost nothing known of her real history. She is also credited with having established, at Mitylene, a poetic coterie, composed of females, her own pupils in the lyric art.

No ancient poet was more highly esteemed than Sappho. The Mitylenians paid sovereign honors to her name, gave her the title of the "Tenth Muse," and placed her image on their coins. Even the Romans, centuries afterward, erected and inscribed to her name a magnificent porphyry statue.

Only a few fragments of her poetry remain. We give the following, which has been highly praised as displaying accurately the symptoms of the passion of love. It is supposed to be addressed by a lover to the lady beloved.

"More happy than the Gods is he
Who, soft reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes thy sweetly dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas! alarmed my breast,
And robbed me of my golden rest;

While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtle flames my bosom glows,
Quick through each vein the poison flows;
Dark dimming mists my eyes surround;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize,
And, losing color, sense, and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death."—*Fawkes.*

HYMN TO VENUS.

"O Venus, beauty of the skies!
To whom a thousand altars rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O Goddess, from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferred,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddess, hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charm confest.

Thou once did leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above;
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismissed (while you remain),
Bore back the empty car again;
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And asked what new complaints I made,
And why I called thee to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom raged?
And by what care to be assuaged?

What gentle youth I would allure?
Whom in my artful toils secure?
'Who does thy tender heart subdue?
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who!

'Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.'

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief;
Favor thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires." —*Phillips.*

The following are some of the remaining fragments of her poems:

TO THE ROSE.

"Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,
The rose the queen of flowers should be.
Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;
The meadow's blush; earth's diadem;
Glory of colors on the gaze,
Lightning in its beauty's blaze;
It breathes of love; it blooms the guest
Of Venus' ever-fragrant breast;
In gaudy pomps its petals spread;
Light foliage trembles round its head;
With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair
It laughs to the voluptuous air."

TO VENUS.

"Venus, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, oh! quit the skies above;
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend;
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crowned;

None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus and of me."—*Fawkes.*

Erinna, another Mitylenian poetess, was a contemporary of Sappho, and is said to have been her intimate friend. She was highly esteemed, rivaling Homer himself, so we are told, in hexameter verse.

There is ascribed to her a fine "Ode to Rome,"—which, however, was most probably of later origin,— and one or two well-written epitaphs. No well-attested example of her poetry remains in existence.

ANA'CREON.

BORN ABOUT 562 B.C.

This poet, whose genius, "like good wine, needs no bush," was a native of Teos, in Ionia. He was of good family, and learned in all the learning of his time. Flying from the Persian invaders of Asia Minor, he sailed, with many of his countrymen, to Thrace, where a settlement was formed.

But as the war, which arose between the Greek colonists and the Thracians, rendered life in that land uncomfortable, Anacreon, who had already become famous as a poet, accepted the invitation of Polyc'rates, tyrant of Samos, and lived luxuriously at that monarch's court. After the death of Polycrates he was invited to Athens, the state galley being sent as a special mark of honor to convey him thither. Here some of his finest odes were written; but his habits of inebriety so increased as to unfit him for aught but voluptuous enjoyment.

He died in the eighty-fifth year of his age; being choked, according to Suidas, by a grape-stone in some new wine he was drinking. The Athenians so greatly admired his poetry that they erected to him an imposing statue, which was, however, dedicated more to his habits

than to his genius, since it represented him as an old man in a state of intoxication.

Few poets have been more the delight of readers, both ancient and modern, than Anacreon. Scaliger, a distinguished critical author, speaks of his verses as "sweeter than Indian sugar." The French critic Rapin says of him: "The odes of Anacreon are flowers, beauties and perpetual graces. It is familiar to him to write what is natural unto life; he having an air so delicate, so easy, and so graceful, that among all the ancients there is nothing comparable to the method he took, nor to the kind of writing he followed."

These poems, however, are now known to be imitations of his style by later authors, while only a few fragments of his genuine works remain. We quote from these Anacreontics.

CUPID WOUNDED.

"Once as Cupid, tired with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slept unseen
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With his little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps and sobs, and runs and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame;
Then he thus began to plain:
'Oh! undone — I die with pain —
Dear mamma, a serpent small,
Which a bee the ploughmen call,
Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
Oh! has stung me to the heart.'
Venus thus replied, and smiled:
'Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep,
Think, Oh, think! what cruel pains
He that's stung by thee sustains!'"—Fawkes.

THE TRIUMPHS OF WINE.

"When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep;
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king.
Give me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy wreaths my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away.
Arm you! arm you! men of might;
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, O my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine;
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war."—*T. Moore.*

CUPID SWALLOWED.

"As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy; a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring;
Oh! then I drank the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast."—*Moore.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Fly not thou my brow of snow;
Lovely wanton, fly not so;

Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee—
Blest if thou couldst sigh for me.
See, in yonder flowering braid,
Culled for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose of orient glows,
Mingled with the lily's snows;
Mark how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me."—*Moore.*

SIMON'IDES.

BORN 556 B.C.

Contemporary with Anacreon were two other poets of distinguished merit, the three forming the most remarkable trio of lyric poets that any country ever simultaneously produced. Simonides and Pindar, however, differed essentially, in their style and choice of subjects, from the gay, rollicking, wine-loving, yet soft and delicate Anacreon.

Simonides is always serious and impressive, while Pindar indulges in daring flights toward the sublime to which no other ancient lyricist ever approached.

Simonides was born in the island of Ce'os. Of his family and early life we know nothing. For some time he conducted a school, for the purpose of preparing the youth of distinguished families to take part in the public choruses, which were employed in religious exercises. He soon afterward removed to Athens, whither his fame had preceded him, and was there received with every mark of honor and distinction.

Athens was, at that period, the center of all the literary excellence of Greece, and our poet found there Anacreon, Pindar, and many other eminent authors, enjoying the patronage of the splendid court of Hippar'chus.

After the death of Hipparchus he spent some time at the court of Sco'pas, tyrant of Thessaly, and passed the

last years of his life with Hi'ero, tyrant of Syracuse, at whose court he died at the age of ninety-one.

He has been accused of great avarice; for which his own excuse was that he would rather leave a fortune to his enemies at his death than be compelled through poverty to seek assistance from his friends while living.

His works consisted chiefly of Elegies, Odes, Epigrams and Laments, the chief characteristics of his poetry being sweetness, expression and elaborate finish, with no effort at sublimity. His elegies have a tone of melancholy pathos that render them strikingly similar to the strains of the Prophet Jeremiah, while his odes have more tenderness than energy. Only limited fragments of his works remain, of which we give the following examples.

THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

"Jove rules the world, and with resistless sway,
Demands to-morrow what he gave to-day;
In vain our thoughts to future scenes we cast,
Or only read them darkly in the past;
For Hope enchanting points to new delights,
And charms with dulcet sounds and heavenly sights.
Expecting yet some fancied bliss to share,
We grasp at bubbles that dissolve in air,
And some a day and some whole years await
The whims and chances of capricious fate;
Nor yet the lovely visions are possest—
Another year remains to make them blest,
While age steals on to sweep their dreams away,
And grim diseases hover round their prey.
Our very sweets possess a secret harm,
Teem with distress, and poison while they charm.
The fatal Sisters hover round our birth,
And dash with bitter dregs our cup on earth;
Yet cease to murmur at thy fate in vain,
And in oblivion steep the shaft of pain."—*Bland.*

VIRTUE.

"Virtue in legend old is said to dwell
On high rocks, inaccessible;
But swift descends from high,
And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.
No man shall ever rise
Conspicuous in his fellow mortals' eyes
To manly virtue's pinnacle,
Unless within his soul he bear
The drops of painful sweat that slowly well
From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care."

—*Elton.*

ON ANACREON.

"Bland mother of the grape! All-gladdening wine!
Teeming inebriate joy! whose tendrils blown
Crisp-woven in winding trail, now green entwine
This pillar's top, this mount, Anacreon's tomb.
As lover of the feast, th' untempered bowl,
While the full draught was reeling in his soul,
He smote upon the harp, whose melodies
Were tuned to girlish loves, till midnight fled;
Now, fall'n to earth, embower him as he lies,
Thy purpling clusters blushing o'er his head;
Still be fresh dew upon the branches hung,
Like that which breathed from his enchanting tongue."

—*Hay.*

Simonides is also celebrated for his epitaphs. There is one in particular, on the dead who fell at Thermopylæ, of which Christopher North said: "It is but two lines, but all Greece for centuries had them by heart. She forgot them and 'Greece was living Greece no more.'" We give this noted epitaph.

"Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie."

PIN'DAR.

BORN 522 B.C.

The third of the great lyric trio of Greece was a native of Bœotia, and was born either at Thebes or at a neighboring village called Cynoceph'alæ. Tradition tells us that his future poetic glory was foreshadowed by a swarm of bees, which, in his infancy, rested upon his lips while he was asleep. It was as if the honey of Parnas'sus was already upon those song-destined lips.

He was sent early to Athens by his parents for instruction in the poetic art, to which he showed an inclination. The Greek lyric poet, in fact, needed no small education in his art, the song or ode being intimately connected with music, dancing, and the whole training of the chorus.

Having completed his studies at Athens, Pindar, in his twentieth year, returned to Thebes, where he became intimate with Myr'tis and Corin'na, two poetesses of celebrity in that day. Corinna is said to have had great influence over the youthful poet. Having advised him to use mythical narratives in his poems, he composed a hymn in which he introduced nearly the whole Theban mythology. Corinna smiled, and said: "We ought to sow with the hand, and not with the whole sack."

Pindar, however, soon broke from lighter strains into the noble and sublime odes with which his name is associated. His first Pythian ode, composed at the age of twenty, extended his fame throughout Greece, and gave him such reputation that he was employed to write heroic and choral songs for states and princes throughout the Hellenic world. He continued to pour forth these unequaled odes during a long life, and died finally in his native city, in the eightieth year of his age.

The only poems of Pindar which have come down to us entire are his Epinicia, or triumphal odes. These celebrate

respectively the victories gained in the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. They were sung in the procession or the banquet succeeding the games, and extolled the wealth and skill of the victor, and the worth of his family, usually tracing his race back to the heroes of mythology, with whose deeds those of the victor were compared.

Pindar wrote many works of a different character from these, as Hymns, Panegyrics, Drinking Songs, Dirges, etc. Of these we have numerous fragments, but no entire piece.

So highly was he esteemed that there was placed in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, an iron chair, expressly devoted to his use when he went thither to sing the praises of that deity. And the Priestess of the temple, to do him the highest honor, directed a part of the firstfruit offerings to be dedicated to the divine poet. On two occasions his residence in Thebes was spared when all the rest of the city was laid waste,—first, by the Lacedæmonians, and afterward by Alexander the Great.

His poems have a severe and chaste style; but this is relieved by their copious thought and expression, their abundant imagery, and their picturesque descriptions. Throughout them all a religious tone predominates. The old myths were to him realities, and he accepts them with full credence, and without any of the scepticism which was beginning to take root in Athens. We give the following specimens of his poems:

FROM THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

"O lyre of gold,
Which Phœbus, and that sister choir,
With crispéd locks of darkest violet hue,
Their seemly heritage forever hold:
The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime;
Spontaneous joys ensue;
The vocal troops obey thy signal notes;
While sudden from the shrilling wire

To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
In its preluding flight of song;
And in thy streams of music drowned
The forkéd lightning in Heaven's azure clime
Quenches its ever-flowing fire.

The monarch-eagle then hangs down
On either side his flagging wing,
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head:
Hovering vapors darkling spread
O'er his arched beak, and veil his filmy eye:
Thou pourest a sweet mist from thy string;
And as thy music's thrilling arrows fly
He feels soft sleep suffuse
From every pore its balmy-stealing dews,
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's ecstasy.
Stern Mars has dropped his sharp and barbéd spear;
And starts, and smiles to hear
Thy warbled chaunts, while joy flows in upon his mind;
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm
The demons of celestial kind,
By Apollo's music-charm,
And accent of the zoned, full-bosomed maids
That haunt Pieria's shades." —*Cary*.

FROM THE SECOND OLYMPIC.

"The deeds that stubborn mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
All find their meed, and there's a judge below
Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.
O'er the Good, soft suns awhile,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure; vex not they
Stubborn soil or watery way,
To wring from toil Want's worthless bread:
No ills they know, nor tears they shed,
But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share;
Meanwhile the Bad, in bitterest woe,
Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures bear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged has stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,
They, by Jove's mysterious road,
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy isle, that holds the Blest;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely showers;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers."
—*A. Moore.*

FROM THE THIRD NEMEAN.—INNATE WORTH.

"Great is the power of inbred nobleness;
But he that all he has to schooling owes,
A shallow wight obscure,
Plants not his step secure;
Feeding vain thoughts on phantoms numberless,
Of genuine excellence mere outward shows.
In Phillyra's house, a flaxen boy,
Achilles oft in rapturous joy
His feats of strength essayed.
Aloof, like wind, his little javelin flew;
The lion and the brindled boar he slew,
Then homeward to old Chiron drew
Their panting carcasses.
This, when six years had fled.
And all the aftertime
Of his rejoicing prime
It was to Dian and the blue-eyed maid
A wonder how he brought to ground
The stag without or toils or hound:
So fleet of foot was he." —*Cary.*

With Pindar the lyric poetry of Greece culminated. It had reached its utmost height of fervor and polish, and seemed to suddenly become extinguished in the death of this poet.

A few bards followed him. Onomac'ritus, the first plagiarist on record, published certain poems which he ascribed to Or'pheus and Musæ'us. He professed to have discovered them in the secret archives of the city, and they are written with such artless simplicity that it is still a question if part of these hymns do not belong to the genuine Orphic era.

Bacchyl'ides, a nephew of Simonides, wrote with great polish, delicacy and ornament, but with none of the fire of his great predecessors. He had the excellence which education gives, not that of poetic inspiration. With his death the first age of lyric poetry died. More than fifty years passed before Greece produced another lyric poet of any eminence.

Æ'SOP.

BORN ABOUT 620 B.C.

Famous and popular as the name and works of Æsop have become, we have so little authentic knowledge of his history that some critics have even denied his existence. The fables which are ascribed to him are certainly not entirely of his production, as some were known in Greece anterior to his date, while others are evidently of later origin; but many of them possess internal evidence of being the work of one hand, and since the discovery of the copy of Babrias, in 1842, it is known that they are of ancient Greek origin.

The somewhat doubtful knowledge we possess of the life of Æsop rests on the authority of Herod'otus, Dio'genes Laer'tius, and Plu'tarch, and is as follows: As Homer was claimed as a native of seven cities, Æsop is claimed by four localities, namely: Sar'dis, the capital of Lyd'ia; Sa'mos, a Greek island; Mesem'bria, a Thracian colony, and Cotiæ'um, a city of Phry'gia. He is said to have been born a slave, and to have belonged in succession to two inhabitants of Samos, Xanthus and Jadmon, the latter of whom gave him his liberty as a reward for his wit and learning.

With a desire for instruction he is said to have traveled through many countries, visiting Pisis'tratus at Athens, and Crœ'sus at Sardis. At this city he is reputed to have met and conversed with Solon, Thales, and other sages, so pleasing Crœsus by the part which he took in these conferences that the monarch applied to him an expression which has become a proverb: "The Phrygian has spoken better than all." Fixing his residence in Sardis, he was employed by Crœsus in delicate state embassies, some of which took him to the republics of Greece. In this manner he reached Corinth and Athens, where he endeavored, by the recital of applicable fables, to reconcile the inhabitants to the rule of their respective monarchs, Perian'der and Pisis'tratus.

One of these missions was the occasion of his death. Having been sent by Crœsus to Delphi with a large sum of money, to be distributed among the citizens, they so provoked him by their covetousness that he refused to divide the money, and sent it back to his master. This enraged the Delphians to such an extent that he was thrown over a precipice by the infuriated mob.

Whether this person was the author of the Æsopian fables or not, we know, from Aristophanes and other authorities, that fables bearing his name were popular in the brilliant period of Athenian literature. These were probably handed down by oral tradition. Socrates turned such of them as he could remember into verse, and the same was done by Demet'rius Phale'reus, the Alexandrian critic. The only Greek version, however, of which any entire fables remain, is that of Babrias, already mentioned. The collection of this writer, who probably lived in the age before Augustus, was found in 1842, in an Eastern convent, the manuscript containing in all two hundred and twenty fables, of which one hundred and twenty-three were previously unknown.

The resemblance between some of their fables and the personal peculiarities attributed in common to Æsop and

the Arabian fabulist Lokman, have led some persons to conclude that the two men were identical, or that the fables common to both belong to the same Eastern source. It is very possible, indeed, that many of those attributed to Æsop obeyed the inevitable tendency of oral literature to accumulate about one name; but that Æsop lived and composed many of the fables ascribed to him, there is no sufficient reason to deny.

The universal favor with which the fables of Æsop have been received, is to be accounted for by their close observance of the twofold aim which the true fable should possess. The object of the fabulist is to create a laugh, but yet, under a merry guise, to convey a moral, and impart an instructive lesson. "The fable," says Professor Müller, "originated in Greece in an intentional travesty of human affairs. The 'ainos,' as its name denotes, is an admonition, or rather a reproof, veiled, either from fear of an excess of frankness or from a love of fun and jest, beneath the fiction of an occurrence happening among beasts; and wherever we have any ancient and authentic account of the Æsopian fables, we find it to be the same."

The true fable should involve three requisites; the narration itself; the moral to be deduced; and the preservation of individual characters in the animals introduced. The narrative should relate to one simple action, and not be overlaid with extraneous circumstances; the moral should be so plain, and so interwoven with the story, as to force itself on the attention of the reader; and the animals should preserve their natural attributes, or such as are given to them by popular consent, the fox being always cunning, the lion bold, the wolf cruel, etc. Many of the fables in the Æsopian collection closely observe these rules, and those that do not are probably interpolations in the true Æsopian work.

"'Tis the simple manner," says Dodsley, "in which the

morals of Æsop are interwoven with his fables that distinguishes him, and gives him the preference over all other mythologists. His 'Mountain delivered of a Mouse' produces the moral of his fable in ridicule of pompous pretenders; and his crow, when she drops her cheese, lets fall, as it were by accident, the strongest admonition against the power of flattery. There is no need of a separate sentence to explain it; no possibility of impressing it deeper, by that load we too often see of accumulated reflections."

When the fables of Æsop became known in Europe, in the fifteenth century, after an eclipse of many centuries, they became immensely popular, spreading rapidly through Italy and Germany. Luther translated a number of them, and is said to have valued them next to the Holy Scriptures. Their popularity has continued to the present day. We give a few of the most noted.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE ASS.

The Lion, the Fox, and the Ass entered into an agreement to assist each other in the chase. Having secured a large booty, the Lion, on their return from the forest, asked the Ass to allot his due portion to each of the three partners in the treaty. The Ass carefully divided the spoil into three equal shares, and modestly requested the two others to make the first choice. The Lion, bursting out into a great rage, devoured the Ass. Then he requested the Fox to do him the favor to make a division. The Fox accumulated all they had killed into one large heap, and left to himself the smallest possible morsel. The Lion said: "Who has taught you, my very excellent fellow, the art of division? You are perfect to a fraction." He replied: "I learned it from the Ass, by witnessing his fate."

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.

The Frogs, grieved at having no ruler, sent ambassadors to Jupiter petitioning for a King. He, perceiving their simplicity, cast down a huge log into the lake. The Frogs, terrified at the splash made by its fall, hid themselves in the depths of the pool. But no sooner did they see that the log continued motionless, than they swam again to the top of the water, and came so to despise it

as to climb up, and to squat upon it. After some time, thinking themselves ill-treated in being given so quiet a ruler, they sent a deputation to Jupiter, praying for another sovereign. He then gave them an Eel to govern them. But the Frogs, discovering the easy good nature of their new ruler, sent a third time to Jupiter, begging that he would once more choose them a King. Jupiter, displeased at their complaints, sent them a Heron, who preyed upon the Frogs day by day till there were none left to croak upon the lake.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A Hare one day ridiculed the short feet and slow pace of the Tortoise. The latter, laughing, said: "Though you be swift as the wind, I will beat you in a race." The Hare, deeming this to be simply impossible, assented; and they agreed that the Fox should choose the course and fix the goal. On the day appointed for the race they started together. The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course. The Hare, trusting to his native swiftness, cared little about the race, and lying down by the wayside, fell fast asleep. At last waking up, and moving as fast as he could, he saw that the Tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

A certain house was overrun with Mice. A Cat discovering this, made her way into it and began to catch and eat them one by one. The Mice, being continually devoured, kept themselves close in their holes. The Cat, no longer able to get at them, perceived that she must tempt them forth by some device. For this purpose she jumped upon a peg, and, suspending herself from it, pretended to be dead. One of the Mice, peeping stealthily out, saw her, and said: "Ah, my good madam, even though you should turn yourself into a meal bag, we will not come near you."

DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREEK DRAMA.

The sudden decline in lyric poetry had its cause in the intense devotion which the pleasure-loving Athenians displayed for the drama, which, at the epoch of these brilliant lyric poets, had reached its highest stage in the writings of Æschylus and his successors.

This growth of the dramatic art evidenced a new advance in the progress of literature, so rapidly developing in the hands of the alert and active-minded Greeks. The epic, in which the poet stands at a distance, calmly observing and quietly narrating the deeds of former heroes, is a more primitive literary form than the drama, in which the artist throws himself into the midst of his characters, and makes them live, act and talk in his very presence, and in that of his hearers.

It is a severer art than the epic. It has no background of narration, none of that aerial perspective which draws on the imagination of the spectator to eke out any insufficiency in the story. Suppressing these aids, it must depend for effect on its unity and simplicity, on its power of awakening the sympathy of an audience, of unfolding the depths of human nature, and of making visible to the eye and palpable to the touch what the epic poet displays wrapped in the glowing veil of imagination.

In Greek drama, too, the lyric art is almost as fully cultivated as the dramatic, in the songs of the chorus, which forms such an essential feature of the classic stage. In this, and in other respects, the ancient drama differs essentially

from the modern; its peculiar features arising from the character of its origin, and from the marked differences in mental requirement between the Greeks and the moderns. Our tendency to the romantic and imaginative was in them replaced by a severely artistic spirit, whose demands chiseled their plays into the cold stateliness of marble statuary, while they lacked the plastic and vital exuberance of the recent drama.

As the dramatic art, moreover, originated in Greece, it necessarily needed time and experience to ripen into its most attractive and life-like form; and we find the cold and statuesque severity of Æschylus gradually softening and widening, till, in the later comedy, the art of the playwright much more closely approximates to its modern representative.

In seeking the origin of this art we must go back to the early rural festivals of the Greeks, and particularly those connected with the worship of Bacchus. Twice each year, at the opening of the spring, and at the joyous season of the vintage, the villagers and country people were accustomed to gather around a rustic altar dedicated to this merriest of the gods, at the foot of the warm hills on which the grapes grew so richly. Here they would dance, sing, and indulge in games, which, however simple, were full of that graceful spirit which seemed innate with the Greeks. Nor was it an idle or half-hearted worship they thus paid. They fervently believed in their gods, believed that every hill, every stream, almost every tree, was the seat of a distinct deity; and their worship was conducted with an enthusiasm unknown to our colder natures.

In the goat, which was offered in sacrifice to Bacchus, or Dionysius, during these games, we have the supposed origin of the word Tragedy, whose literal meaning is "Goat Song." They accompanied their jovial sports by the singing of extemporized hymns in honor of the god, dancing around

the altar of the deity, and chanting choruses in his praise. Most probably certain villages grew famous for their skill in these games, and bands of such expert performers may have gone from place to place, or matches have arisen between different companies of singers, giving to the festivals something of the character of musical contests.

In the hands of one Ari'on, of Lesbos, the dithyrambic dance and song (as this performance was called) became an orderly and solemn ceremony. The number of the chorus was increased to fifty, and the extemporized song was replaced by set music and words. In this form the ceremony was kept up for many years in different parts of Greece.

But it was in Attica, the native land of the drama, that the first essential addition was made to the simplicity of the chorus. This consisted of a rude dialogue, introduced into the pauses of the choric song, and maintained between a single speaker and the leader of the singers. The origin of this improvement is attributed to Thes'pis, a native of the country districts, who flourished about 535 B.C.

The Thespian performances were, however, ludicrous and homely in character, and much more akin to the comic than the tragic. To Phryn'ichus, a disciple of Thespis, must be given the honor of forming, out of these farcical elements, the earliest approach to Tragedy. Forsaking the humors of the rustic festivals, he selected for his subjects solemn mythologic legends, which he handled with the feeling of a poet. But his works, as yet, failed to exhibit the true dramatic form, being essentially lyrical in character. It was not until after the advent of Æschylus as a dramatist that the productions of Phryn'ichus became in any just sense dramatic, borrowing the improved methods adopted by this great artist, to whose genius we owe the earliest tragic drama of Greece.

These performances, originating, as we have seen, in the country districts, soon made their way into the city of

Athens. After the period of the Persian war, when this city took the lead among the Grecian States, we find the drama thoroughly acclimated there, and received with an enthusiasm, and a critical judgment as to its truth and beauty, which insured its rapid development. Whatever was most solemn in religion, enthusiastic in national feeling, or correct in an artistic sense, found expression in the rival dramas, which twice in every spring were offered, in rapid succession, in the great theatre of Bacchus, in contest for the tragic prize.

The stage on which these performances were presented, at first a mere platform, then an edifice of wood, eventually became a splendid theatre, which was built into the sloping height of the Acrop'olis. It formed a vast semicircle of seats, cut into the solid rock, rising tier above tier, and capable of containing an audience of thirty thousand persons. This great edifice was open to the heavens. Before the spectators lay the broad sky, the temples and harbors of the city, the rocky cliffs of Sal'amis, and the sunny islands of the bright Ægean Sea. Nor did it matter if the sun shone fully into their faces, for a Greek audience was never fastidious about the weather.

It may seem incredible that any actor could make himself distinctly heard, in the open air, by such an immense audience; and that his critical hearers could distinguish the various expressions of passion, discriminating between the accents of grief and joy, the tones of submission and command. To meet this difficulty the Greeks contrived artistically formed masks, which inclosed the whole head, and were fitted with some acoustic arrangement by which the powers of the human voice were greatly reinforced. Also, that the persons of the actors might not appear diminutive to the spectators, their height was increased by thick-soled shoes, and their apparent size by a judicious

adjustment of the dress, while the mask probably increased the size of the head in due proportion.

This vast theatre was not without its scenery, sometimes of a very costly and artistic character; while the modern appliances for mechanical effects, such as the simulation of thunder and lightning, and the appearance of apparitions, seem to have been well understood.

Here, at the festivals of Bacchus, and particularly at the great Dionysia, held at the end of March and beginning of April, the principal tragic contests took place. On these occasions Athens was crowded, and the great theatre thronged with eager spectators. For the whole day this critical audience sat, applauding or condemning, and often deciding in advance of the judges what play of all those presented was best entitled to the prize.

One play seldom occupied more than an hour and a half in its performance, but often three such plays were connected together in one grand whole called a trilogy. These were usually followed by a comic piece by the same poet, to relieve the seriousness of so much tragedy. A drama which had once gained a prize was not permitted to be exhibited again, unless as a special favor. Thus the "long runs" of modern plays was not a characteristic of the Greek stage. Nor were the authors permitted to accept pay for their works. They must be content with the approbation of an Athenian audience as their sole and highest reward.

A main distinctive feature of their drama lay in the employment of the chorus. These choristers, from twelve to fifteen in number, and representing persons immediately or remotely connected with the characters of the drama, entered in procession, or in a complicated dance, grouping themselves around the altar to Bacchus, which stood just before the stage.

Frequently the leader, or the whole chorus, took part in

the dialogue. Their principal duty, however, was to diversify the movement of the play by hymns and dirges, sung to the music of flutes, and by artfully contrived and expressive dances.

It may thus be seen that the Athenian drama differed essentially from the productions of the modern playwright. A reference to the works of the great Hellenic authors will show this still more clearly.

ÆS'CHYLUS.

BORN 525 B.C.

Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was born at Eleu'sis, near Athens, B.C. 525. His family was one of the most ancient and distinguished in Attica. The future poet received every advantage of education, and from childhood was distinguished for mental ardor and boldness of spirit. He is said to have committed the entire poems of Homer to memory, and to have attempted to rival, in his own peculiar field, the great epic poet.

His attention, however, being turned to the drama, he so far surpassed all previous efforts in this field as to make his first work a notable epoch in the tragic art. To the monologue of Phrynichus he added a second actor, diminished the importance of the chorus, and in other ways improved the form of the play. As to its spirit, that he may be said to have originated.

Æschylus joined the armies of Greece during the Persian invasion, fought at Mar'athon, Sal'amis, and Platæ'a, and attained such distinction for courage that he and his two brothers were selected for the prize of preëminent bravery at Marathon.

He afterward devoted himself closely to the drama, producing, according to different authorities, from seventy to one hundred tragedies. Of these, but seven are still in

existence. For some reason not well known he left his native city in his old age and went to Sicily, where he was warmly received by King Hiero, a noted patron of literature. Here he passed the remainder of his life, in company with Simonides, Pindar, and other poets of renown. He died at Ge'la, B.C. 456.

The fable goes that, while seated in a public park at Gela, in deep contemplation, an eagle dropped a tortoise on the old poet's bald head, mistaking it for a stone,—

"And crushed that brain where tragedy had birth."

Æschylus added new and essential features to the drama, but the plots of his pieces are very simple, and lack ingenuity of construction or solution. His merit lies in his bold, earnest, and elevated tone, in the sublimity of his expressions, and his rich imagery. He represents destiny in its sternest aspect; gigantic heroes, Titans and gods, rather than men, appear on the scene; and his strong and vigorous diction is in accordance with his characters. He excelled in describing the awful and terrible, rather than in displaying the workings of varied motives in the human mind. Yet the subordinate characters in his plays use language fitting to their stations, and less removed from that of common life.

The names of his extant tragedies are, the *Prome'theus*, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Agamem'non*, the *Choeph'ori*, the *Eumen'ides*, the *Supplicants*, and the *Persians*.

Of these dramas the Prome'theus is, perhaps, the most remarkable. For pure and sustained sublimity it is unsurpassed in the literature of the world. Two vast demons, Strength and Force, accompanied by Vulcan, appear in a remote, unpeopled desert. There, on a lofty rock, near the sea, Prometheus is chained by Vulcan, "a reward for his disposition to be tender to mankind." While Vulcan binds him, Prometheus utters no sound—it is Vulcan alone that

complains of the terrible task which Jupiter has assigned him. Not until the ministers of doom have departed does the prisoner burst forth with his grand apostrophe:

"O Air divine! O ye swift-wingéd Winds,—
Ye sources of the rivers, and ye waves,
That dimple o'er old Ocean like his smiles,—
Mother of all, O Earth! and thou the orb,
All-seeing, of the Sun, behold and witness
What I, a god, from the stern gods endure.
* * * * * * *
When shall my doom be o'er?—Be o'er!—to me
The future hides no riddle—nor can woe
Come unprepared! It fits me then to brave
That which must be; for what can turn aside
The dark course of the grim Necessity?"—*Bulwer.*

While he thus soliloquizes the air becomes fragrant with odors, and faintly stirs with the rustle of coming wings. The Daughters of Ocean—the chorus of the play—come to console the Titan, and utter their complaints against the tyranny of Jove. Ocean himself appears and vainly counsels the chained captive to submit to Jupiter. Prometheus is unyielding. He tells how his giving fire to the human race and infusing hope into the minds of men, was the cause of his punishment, and predicts a terrible danger to the Olympian deities, which he will never reveal till released from bondage. The Ocean'ides again sing:

"One have I seen with equal tortures riven—
An equal god; in adamantine chains
Ever and evermore,
The Titan Atlas, crushed, sustains
The mighty mass of mighty heaven;
And the whirling cataracts roar
With a chime to the Titan's groans,
And the depth that receives them moans;
And from vaults that the earth are under
Black Hades is heard in thunder;
While from the founts of white-waved rivers flow
Melodious sorrows, uniting with his woe."—*Bulwer.*

Prometheus continues to detail the benefits which he has conferred upon mankind, and finally discourses on the power of Necessity, which is sovereign over Jupiter himself. Even this supreme god cannot escape his doom. "His doom," ask the Oceanides, "is he not evermore to reign?" "That thou may'st not learn," replies the prophet. "In the preservation of this secret depends my future freedom."

Finally Mercury arrives, charged by Jupiter to learn from Prometheus the nature of the danger that awaits him. The Titan haughtily defies the threats and warnings of the herald, and declares that whatever may be done to him, he is at least *immortal* — he cannot die.

Mercury departs, and the menace of Jupiter is fulfilled — amid storm and earthquake both rock and prisoner are struck by the lightning of the god into the dark abyss.

That is the whole. A god chained to a rock; listening to sympathizing visitors; sternly refusing to yield to his great foe; and, in the spirit of his name, which signifies *forethought*, beholding in the far future ruin, prepared by unchanging destiny, for the Olympian deities themselves. Yet in this captive Titan we have a conception unequaled in literature, if we except the Satan of Milton's great epic.

The extant play was probably but the second of a trilogy, the first of which may have shown the crime of Prometheus, while the last may have had for its subject Prometheus Freed, his restoration to his godlike station.

One trilogy of Æschylus is fortunately preserved to us, that comprising the "Agamemnon," the "Choephori," and the "Eumenides." The first represents the death of the great Argive King, the second the vengeance of his son Ores'tes on his murderers, and the third the trial and deliverance of Orestes from the pursuing Furies.

Since this trilogy has been considered one of the greatest works of human art, we will give a concise description of

it, though the work itself must be read to show its true claims to greatness.

In the "Agamem'non" the leader of the Greek host is on his way home from the conquest of Troy. For ten years has a lonely watchman "looked forth into the night" for the gleam of the beacon fire that is to bring to Queen Clytemnes'tra the signal of her husband's triumph and return. But it is not with loving anticipations that she now awaits him. Weary of his long absence she has married his cousin, Ægis'thus, and it is with dark designs that the guilty pair expect the coming of the king.

This ancient "Lady Macbeth" is utterly without the human weaknesses of the dark Scottish Queen. She has the guile of a deceiving tongue, but none of the yieldingness of a woman's heart. There is in her no relenting and no remorse. Has she not cause for vengeance? He has sacrificed her daughter Iphigeni'a; he brings home the captive Cassan'dra, as a rival in her affection. With a heart hard as the nether millstone, but a tongue smooth with professed love, she meets her returned lord. She will do him special honor. She says:

> "Stay, nor set
> On the bare earth, O king, thy hallowed foot;
> That which has trampled upon ruined Troy.
> Why tarry ye, my damsels? 'Tis your office
> To strew the path with gorgeous carpetings;
> Like purple pavement rich be all his way;
> That justice to his house may lead him in —
> The house he little dreams of. All the rest
> Leave to my care, that may not sleep. So please
> The Gods, what's justly destined shall be done."
>
> —*Milman.*

The king fails to detect the subtle irony of this speech. He will have none of this uncalled-for show. He answers:

> "Treat me not like a soft and delicate woman;
> Nor, strewing with bright tapestries my way,
> Make me an envy to all-jealous Heaven.

As a man honor me, not as a god.
Though she wipe not her feet on carpetings,
Nor variegated garments fine, Fame lifts
High her clear voice. To be of humble mind
Is God's best gift. Blessed is only he
Who in unbroken happiness ends his days.
Still may I prosper, thus not over bold."—*Milman.*

But at last he is persuaded to tread on the purple, and enter the fatal house. Then is the seeress Cassandra seized with her fatal gift of prophecy. She sees the curse that hangs above the house, and that has for generations pursued the race of Agamemnon. She looks in horror at the palace gates. Her beautiful face is disfigured with fear and passion as the dark vision forces itself upon her mind, with all its dread details,—the fatal bath, the lifting of the murderous weapon, the slaughter of the too-confiding king.

Suddenly a cry is heard within:

"Woe's me, I'm stabbed! stabbed with a mortal blow!"

It is repeated, fainter and fainter, as the voice of Agamemnon sinks in the agony of death. The deed is done.

Then the stage opens, and the queen, terrible in her triumph, is revealed, standing by the side of her murdered lord, the fatal axe still in her hand, and boldly and with stern defiance glorying in her deed.

A fiercer, darker nature, more unrelenting in her fell purpose, more majestic in her unremorseful pride in the dark accomplishment, does not exist, in history or tragedy, than this terrible woman, who thus stands, axe in hand, detailing the dread particulars of her crime.

But in Greek legend and in Greek tragedy retribution follows crime. Direct from the Gods, or through the hands of men, their chosen agents, comes revenge; and, though long it may seem to halt, yet justice at last demands expiation. Ores'tes, the son of Agamemnon, grows to manhood. Full of dark thoughts of vengeance he consults the oracle

of Apollo at Delphi, and is commanded to go to Argos and there to slay his mother and her guilty lover.

His sister, Elec'tra, has remained in her mother's palace, in endless anguish of soul for her father's death, and detestation of his murderess, with whom she is forced into daily association. She does not cease to offer libations on the tomb of the slain monarch. At the last her reward comes,—she discovers on the tomb a votive lock of her brother's hair.

Driven by the stern hand of destiny, the young prince has come, the agent of the Gods, to work the long-delayed redress for his father's slaughter. Electra returns to the palace, her soul burdened with the weight of that command of the oracle which no man dare disobey, and of which her brother has told her.

The play moves on with a directness that is, in itself, terrible. Orestes falters not for an instant. Straight to the palace gate he walks, and knocks repeatedly. In these stern tragedies only the chorus wavers and trembles; the characters are destitute of doubts or fears. With a false tale as to who he is, and with promised tidings of the death of Orestes, the revengeful son brings false Ægisthus within reach of his armed hand.

One blow and it is done. Again the cry of death rings through that dark palace. Clytemnestra comes forth, feeling that the hour of her fate has arrived; calling in one moment for an axe with which to defend her life, in the next seeking to disarm the avenger by a tender appeal.

For an instant Orestes pauses, but his friend Pyl'ades reminds him of Apollo's command and his own vows. His mother pleads that Fate compelled her to her crime. He replies that Fate now ordains her death.

Then he drags her into the palace, and the terrible deed of vengeance is done out of sight, in the decorous taste of the Greek theatre, which never permitted death or murder on the stage.

But there are other gods than Apollo. The Furies, those terrible ministers of retribution, cannot let the crime of matricide escape their dread censure. Almost at the moment of the deed Orestes beholds them rising.

> "Gorgon-like they come,
> Vested with sable stoles, their locks entwined
> With clustering snakes. No longer may I bide."

He rushes forth in a frenzy, pursued by these unrelenting demons, his every step tracked, his every moment maddened, by the torturing whips of the dark pursuing band.

In the last play of the trilogy the fugitive is found at Delphi; nay, in the very central shrine of the Sun-god himself; the hideous-faced Furies sleeping around their victim; while the priestess of the oracle rushes forth in an agony of terror. Never before has such pollution approached the temple of Apollo.

Orestes prays to the deity to be delivered from his torments. Apol'lo bids him not to fear, and intrusts him to Her'mes, to be escorted to Athens, where he is to be tried by the court of Areop'agus, the great religious tribunal, for the deed he has committed.

The Furies awake, and are wild with rage and disappointment, as they fear the escape of their victim. But Apollo stands up, angry and beautiful, his silver bow in his hand, and bids them quit his temple, as they fear his unerring arrows.

We next find the fugitive before the Athenian court, Minerva herself as his advocate, while the Furies conduct the prosecution. It is a strange scene to be enacted in the presence of twelve Athenian citizens, the judges of the tribunal. The trial ends, the judges vote, equally for acquittal and condemnation. But Minerva, who holds the casting vote, gives it in favor of the culprit, and Orestes is at last freed from the curse attendant upon his crime,

while the doom, which has so long rested upon the house of Pelops, is at last retrieved and lifted.

Orestes, in his last words, proffers perpetual alliance between his native Argos and the Athenian state. He says:

"Now homeward I depart,
Pledged to thy country and thy lieges here
By oath, to be revered for evermore,
That never helmsman of the Argive State
Shall hither bear the well-appointed spear.
For we, ourselves, though couching in the grave,
On those who violate these present oaths
By sore perplexities will work, and send
Distressful marches, and, with omens dire,
Crossings of streams, till they repent their toil.
But unto those who keep this pledge, and honor
Athena's city with confederate spear,
To them we will be gracious evermore.
Hail, goddess, and these city-wardens, hail!
Still may your gripe be fatal to your foes,
While victory and safety crown your spear."—*Milman.*

SOPH'OCLES.

BORN 495 B.C.

The second of the great trinity of Greek tragic artists was a native of Colo'nus, a small village about a mile to the north of Athens. As to his biography, the materials remaining to us are sparse and uncertain. There are some few facts only on which we can rely.

His parents must have been people of means, for the future poet received the most careful training under the best masters. The boy was so notable for grace and beauty that, at the age of sixteen, he was selected from the youth of Attica to lead the choral dance round the altar, which had been raised in honor of the victory of Salamis. Ten years later we find him coming forward at the great festival of Bacchus as the rival of Æschylus, in competition for the

tragic crown. The first prize was unanimously awarded to Sophocles. It is supposed that it was in resentment at this verdict that Æschylus left Athens and retired to Syracuse.

This first success determined the vocation of the poet. For more than sixty years he continued to exhibit plays, sometimes winning the first prize, sometimes defeated by a younger candidate, but never once degraded to the third place. He is said to have written in all more than a hundred tragedies. Of these but seven are extant.

A Greek audience and Greek judges seem to have been somewhat capricious in their decisions, since we find the great artists to whom time has adjudged the first honors in the dramatic art, frequently defeated in the contests for the olive crown by candidates whose names and works sank at once into oblivion.

These lost artists may have had merits which we are prevented from appreciating; but there is another factor in the case which needs to be considered. The tragic writers were restricted in their choice of subjects to the early legendary stories of Greece. We find them frequently treating the same legend, each handling it in his own manner, and making such innovations in the time-honored tale as his judgment directed. But these legends were like household songs to the Greeks. They based their claims to antiquity and honor on their descent from the great heroes of old, and were likely to be quite as critical of a poet's treatment of his subject as of the value of his work in a literary point of view. Doubtless this often caused the rejection of works of the highest order of merit, and the crowning of some competitor who was fortunate only from a strict adherence to the recognized details of tradition. In all ages originality has, at times, been thus punished for its daring departure from the commonplace.

Sophocles was fortunate in more respects than one. His

life was coeval with the greatness of his country; nor did he live to see the Long Walls — the symbol of that greatness — leveled in the dust to the sound of Spartan music. The heroes who had driven back the Persians were around him. Men whose names are still famous were his friends: Herodotus, Anaxagoras, Phidias, and others. He enjoyed a rare popularity in Athens. Even Aristophanes, whose satire was unsparing in all other directions, never launched his shafts of wit at Sophocles. He died full of years and honors, loved, as we are told, by all men. The army that was then besieging Athens gave safe conduct to his remains to the sepulchre of his fathers; at the request — so the story goes — of the god Bacchus, the divine patron of tragedy.

It is but a step from Æschylus to Sophocles, yet there is a remarkable change in the age and in the men. The stern belief in the ancient legends is being tempered with a graceful doubt. The colossal heroes, the grim necessity, the unearthly conceptions, of the elder artist, are replaced by creatures of flesh and blood, with human sympathies and affections. Skillfully woven plots, truly delineated characters, artistically developed stories, such are the characteristics of the dramas of Sophocles, the most perfect tragic artist which the past has yielded to us.

In his plays necessity does not lay its strong hand on men, and force them to submit blindly to its bidding. On the contrary, we perceive passion working out its own ends, simply and naturally. There are no abnormal mental states. A Greek audience would have had little patience with the melancholy of Hamlet or the madness of Lear. With them all must be direct and clear. Jealousy, hate, and anger must work as they worked in their own minds, to be appreciated. To this demand the artists conformed; or possibly they themselves were yet incapable of gauging the depths of the human soul, or the intricate conflict of human motives.

Sophocles was essentially religious in his works. No Athenian citizen could have seen his plays without feeling their deeply religious sentiment, or without being touched and elevated by the mingled sweetness, purity, and pathos which won for their author the title of the "Attic Bee." With this sentiment is mingled a strong conception of the littleness of men, and the impotence of human wisdom, as compared with the omnipotent foresight.

Sophocles is said to have introduced many improvements upon the Athenian stage. He raised the number of actors from two to three. The latter was the greatest number ever permitted to be at any one time upon the stage of the ancient theatre. He attired his actors in splendid dresses; purple robes, jeweled chaplets, and embroidered girdles. He increased the numbers of the chorus, and gave a new form and spirit to the music of their odes. He was himself a skilled musician, and thoroughly understood the most effective management of the choral ode, which had so powerful an influence on the minds of the music-loving Greeks.

His extant plays are: the trilogy of *Œd'ipus the King*, *Œd'ipus at Colo'nus*, and *Antig'one;* the *Death of Ajax;* the *Maidens of Tra'chis;* the *Philocte'tes;* and the *Elec'tra.*

Of these we will give a brief description of the most notable, the Œdipus trilogy, and particularly of the Antigone, the most popular of the plays of Sophocles, both in the past and in recent times. It was frequently acted on the Athenian stage; it has been translated, imitated, and adapted, by centuries of dramatists, from Seneca to Racine; and as recently as 1854 it was actually represented on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, with all the accessories of classic costume and scenery.

The secret of this enduring popularity is not hard to discover. The heroine is the purest and noblest ideal of womanhood that ever inspired a poet; the poetry — as has been said — of what Socrates is the prose; in fiction, as he

in history, a martyr to the cause of truth. Still we hear her voice sounding, in protest against tyranny, through the ages.

> "No ordinance of man shall override
> The settled laws of Nature and of God;
> Not written these in pages of a book,
> Nor were they framed to-day, nor yesterday;
> We know not whence they are; but this we know,
> That they from all eternity have been,
> And shall to all eternity endure."

The simple yet tragic story of Œdipus, the King, may be told almost in a sentence. No children were born to King Laius of Thebes and his wife Jocasta. The oracle at Delphi was consulted, and it foretold that they should have a son, but by the hands of this son the king should surely die. The predicted son was born, and with it a not unnatural desire in the mind of the father to destroy this predestined parricide. The infant was exposed to die, but — as is apt to happen in fiction — was saved and brought up in utter ignorance of his parentage.

King Laius, grown old, undertook a second pilgrimage to Delphi, thirty years after his first. He never returned. He was slain by some unknown hand on his journey.

And soon a monster, with the face of a woman, the wings of a bird, and the tail and claws of a lion, desolated the city of Thebes. The Sphynx (as the monster is called) proposed a riddle which no Theban could solve; and for every failure the life of a citizen paid the penalty. Œdipus, the unknown son of Laius, by chance arrived at Thebes, learned the trouble of the citizens, and at once answered the mysterious riddle. The enigma is, in fact, of the simplest kind.

"A being with four feet has two feet and three feet; but its feet vary, and, when it has most, it is weakest."

Professor Plumptre has thus translated the answer of Œdipus:

"Hear thou against thy will, thou dark-winged muse of the slaughtered;
Hear from my lips the end bringing a close to thy crime:
Man is it thou hast described, who, when on earth he appeareth,
First as a babe from the womb, four-footed creeps on his way,
Then, when old age cometh on, and the burden of years weighs full heavy,
Bending his shoulders and neck, as a third foot useth his staff."

And so the adventurer becomes king, takes for wife the widow of Laius, and has by her both sons and daughters. For years all goes well with him. But even the unconscious commission of sin is punished in Greek legend. This incestuous marriage with his own mother is repugnant to the Gods. A pestilence falls upon the city of Thebes, which shall not be lifted, as Apollo declares, till the guilt of the murder of Laius has been expiated.

Œdipus, ignorant that he himself is the man, uses every effort to discover the murderer. Finally the horrible truth dawns upon him. An old man, who had been insolent to him upon the highway long years before, and whom he had slain, proves to have been Laius; and, as he now first discovers, his own father.

Here the tragic interest grows intense. Jocasta, overcome by the horror of the revelation, dashes open the door of the fatal bridal chamber, and hangs herself from the ceiling. Œdipus, maddened, and raging for a sword with which to slay her, the innocent cause of his misfortunes, finds her thus dead. In a frenzy of remorse he tears down the body, wrenches the golden buckle from her dress, and dashes the point into his eyes. The palace doors are rolled back, and the grief-stricken king comes forth with wild gestures, and with eyes that are "irrecoverably dark amid the blaze of noon."

As the story goes on in the next play of the trilogy, Œdipus, after having been taught resignation by years of calm, and even won pleasure in the affection of his daughters, is at length driven forth by his own sons to be a wanderer upon the face of the earth. And so the blind old man goes forth from Thebes, guided by his tender-hearted daughter Antig'one. For months they wander, begging their way, till they find themselves at Colonus near Athens, the birthplace of the poet.

Tradition tells us that Sophocles, when in his old age, was brought into court on a charge made by his eldest son that he was an imbecile, and incapable of managing his own affairs. The aged poet refuted the charge by reciting the following lines from his then unfinished play, in which the chorus sings the attractions of Colonus. We give it in the spirited version of Anstice.

"Stranger, thou art standing now
On Colonus' sparry brow;
All the haunts of Attic ground,
Where the matchless coursers bound,
Boast not, through their realms of bliss,
Other spot as fair as this.
Frequent down this greenwood dale
Mourns the warbling nightingale,
Nestling 'mid the thickest screen
Of the ivy's darksome green.
Here Narcissus, day by day,
Buds in clustering beauty gay.
Here the golden Crocus gleams,
Murmur here unfailing streams,
Sleep the bubbling fountains never,
Feeding pure Cephisus' river,
Whose prolific waters daily
Bid the pastures blossom gaily,
With the showers of spring-time blending
On the lap of earth descending."

But trouble has again come upon Thebes. The unfilial sons are at open war for the crown. Such tidings

Isme'ne, the other daughter, brings to her father, as he sits in calm resignation in a grove at Colonus. It is the grove sacred to the Furies, into whose precincts he has unwittingly wandered. But these dread deities are pacified by a libation from the pure hands of his daughters.

And now King Cre'on[d] of Thebes comes to seize the body of the old king, who an oracle has declared will bring victory to the party having him in possession. Œdipus defies him, and The'seus of Athens recovers the daughters, who have been carried off by cruel Creon. Next Polyni'ces, one of the sons, who is leading a Spartan army against Thebes, seeks the aid of his blind old father. But Œdipus indignantly spurns him, and prophesies death to both his unfilial sons.

Polynices is not without nobility of soul. He prepares to meet the fate thus predicted, and makes a last request of his sisters, that they will give his body seemly burial. And then he goes forth to battle, knowing himself to be doomed.

But Œdipus is taken home by the Gods, amid storm and thunder, in a manner in which man never before departed from this earth.

> "Silence ensued—
> A silence, oh, how awful! From beneath,
> With deep, mysterious voice, called one unseen.
> Again and yet again the god exclaimed:
> 'Come, Œdipus, why pause we to depart?
> Come, Œdipus, for thou hast tarried long.'"—*Dale.*

And when the chorus enters, Theseus, the Athenian king, is standing alone, shading his eyes as from some unearthly vision. Œdipus has passed away. He is the Elijah of Greek legend; but with a translation more mysterious and awe-inspiring than that of the Hebrew prophet.

The Antig'one opens. The Spartans have been driven back in defeat from the walls of Thebes. The two warring brothers lie dead.

Ete'ocles, who has fought on the side of Cre'on, has been buried with a soldier's honors. But the body of Polyni'ces is doomed by Creon to lie "unwept, unburied," a prey for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Whoever disobeys this mandate is to be stoned to death.

But Antigone, his sister, has promised him burial. No edict shall stand between her and her duty. Her sister, Ismene, shrinks from the perilous task. But her prudent counsel only incenses Antigone, who breaks forth in lofty scorn:

"No more will I exhort thee — no! and if
Thou wouldst it now, it would not pleasure me
To have thee as a partner in the deed.
Be what it liketh *thee* to be, but *I*
Will bury him; and shall esteem it honor
To die in the attempt; dying for him,
Loving with one who loves me I shall lie
After a holy deed of sin; the time
Of the world's claims upon me may not mate
With what the grave demands; for there my rest
Will be for everlasting. Come what will,
It cannot take from me a noble death."—*Donaldson.*

The devoted sister boldly buries the body of her brother; and, when questioned by Creon why she had thus dared to disobey the laws, proudly replies:

"Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And before my time
If I shall die, I reckon this a gain;
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but he shall gain by death?"—*Plumptre.*

Creon heartlessly dooms her to be entombed alive in a cavern among the rocks. But she simply asks:

"Does he wish for anything beyond her death?"

And now a new character, Hæ'mon, the son of Creon, comes to plead for the life of his affianced bride. He — perhaps the only lover in all Greek tragedy, so essentially does it differ from our own — strives passionately for the life of Antigone, but in vain. All his arguments are exhausted, and he leaves his father's presence with a threat that "he shall see his face no more."

But this is not love as Shakespere would have rendered it. Hæmon scarcely names his affection. There is no scene of passionate farewell between him and Antigone, as our own bard would so thrillingly have given. His appeal is only to justice and public opinion. The Greeks seem to have utterly lacked the fervent modern idea of love, if we may judge from their literature.

Antigone, dragged to her cruel death, breaks forth into a passionate lament for her young life thus cut short. The consciousness of her innocence cannot reconcile her to the horrors of the living tomb. Only when Creon enters does she recover some of her haughty spirit, proclaim aloud her innocence, and appeal from his barbarity.

And so she passes from the scene. But retribution follows close upon crime. Creon is confronted by Tire'sias, the blind seer, who denounces upon him the vengeance of heaven, and terrifies him by portentous visions of coming disaster. The frightened monarch hastens to retrieve his deeds, orders Polyni'ces to be buried, and Antig'one to be released from her tomb.

The stones are rolled away from the entrance to the cavern, but a piteous sight meets their eyes. The messenger tells Creon:

> "In the farthest corner of the vault
> We saw her hanging by the neck, with cord
> Of linen threads entwined, and him we found
> Clasping her form in passionate embrace."—*Plumptre.*

Creon hurries to the scene, and entreats his son to leave the fatal chamber. Hæmon answers not; but, with glaring eyes, draws his sword. The father starts back in terror, but the unfortunate youth buries the blade in his own body and falls upon the earth, still clasping the dead Antigone.

And immediately a second messenger comes to Creon, telling that the queen, his wife, has stabbed herself with a mortal blow.

Here the horror culminates. Nothing can be added to the anguish and remorse of Creon, left living to endure the agony of a crushed happiness, and an ever-present grief. He moans:

"And I know not
Which way to look or turn. All near at hand
Is turned to evil; and upon my head
There falls a doom far worse than I can bear."

EURIP'IDES.

BORN 480 B.C.

The birthplace of this famous dramatist was the island of Salamis, where the Athenian women had taken refuge from the Persian invaders. He was born on the very day of the great sea-fight,[e] which immortalized the name of the island, and destroyed the Persian fleet. He saw the glories of Athens grow up under his eyes. Destroyed as it had been by the Persians, it was rebuilt, adorned with the wonders of innumerable temples and statues, and became the home of world-renowned artists, poets, dramatists, historians and philosophers; leaping at one bound into a glory such as no other city has ever attained, living a short, feverish prime of power and wealth, then sinking into irremediable decay; and all within the short space of one man's life.

Fortunately for Euripides, he died ere the city he had

loved so well fell before the invading Spartan. Like Sophocles, he did not live to behold its ruin.

The rapid change in feeling and belief among the Athenians made its full mark upon Euripides. The unswerving faith in the gods as actual beings, so strong in Æschylus, was replaced in Sophocles by a devotion to art, and a heedlessness of the philosophic doubts of his day; and in Euripides by an entire acceptance of the teachings of the philosophers, and a doubt of the omnipotence of Destiny and the Olympian deities.

With this his education had much to do. He was the pupil of Anaxag'oras in physical, and Protag'oras in moral science. Prod'icus instructed him in rhetoric, and Soc'rates in philosophic reasoning. But the young philosopher had to keep his opinions within bounds. The temper of those excitable Athenians was a treacherous one. They destroyed Socrates as a heretic. It was not safe to step too far from the beaten track.

The future dramatist was at first trained as a gymnast, and even won a prize or two in the ring, but failed to gain admittance to the Olympian games. He was then seventeen years of age. He tried other arts, and became somewhat successful as a painter. In his twenty-sixth year he first presented himself as a candidate for the tragic crown,— the same year in which Æschylus died. His play gained the third prize,— no mean distinction for a novice. It was not until Euripides was forty years old that he gained the first prize. Even his Medea, since so famous, failed to reach beyond the third.

Euripides was twice married, and seems to have been not altogether happy as a husband. He is said to have been a gloomy, austere man, never smiling, shunning general society, and living almost as a recluse. He had his friends, however, as Socrates; and his foes, as Aris-

tophanes, who attacked him with all his satirical virulence, and did his best to render him ridiculous.

For some cause, not given, he left Athens in his old age, retiring to Pella, the capital of Macedonia. Here he found other Athenians; for the king, Archela'us, was a patron of art and literature. Euripides died at Pella, two years after retiring there, and in the seventy-fifth year of his age. There is a story that he was torn to pieces by mastiffs set upon him by two rival poets, but it is not very well authenticated.

With the usual inconsistency of the Athenians, no sooner was their great poet dead than they went wild in their anxiety to do him honor. It was ordered that the usual badge of mourning should be worn by every citizen for the period of twenty-eight days. Sophocles, when his next play was presented, caused his actors to appear uncrowned in respect for his great rival. A deputation was sent to Pella to bring back the body, but the Macedonian king declined, burying him himself, with every mark of honor and respect.

After the disastrous Sicilian expedition, when numbers of the Athenians were held in bondage, it was decreed by the conquerors that every prisoner should be set free who could repeat any of the verses of Euripides. Thus by the influence of his great name, some straggling remnant of the unfortunate host returned to their native city.

The popularity of the plays of Euripides was largely owing to their naturalness. His characters talked not like the superhuman heroes of Æschylus, nor the ideal men and women of Sophocles; but like men as they are, with the very tone and manner of living Athenians. His dramas were essentially plays of the passions, and, while much less artistic than those of Sophocles, and very uneven in their power, were marked by the greatest elegance in language, and by unrivaled sweetness and beauty in their

lyrical portions. Another feature is the philosophic doubt of the celestial machinery which pervades them.

Euripides introduced a regular prologue to his plays, in a mode that would have been hardly pleasing to a modern audience, as it gave an inkling of the whole plot. But the stories of the ancient dramas were household words to their hearers, who must have been chiefly interested in discovering how the time-honored heroic tales were to be treated, and what new wine would be put into the old bottles of their familiar legends.

In the conclusion of his plays he was often very inartistic, getting his characters into a tangle of difficulties from which there seemed no escape, and then swooping down with a god or goddess, Minerva or Apollo, to set all things right, and untangle with a word the snarl of trouble into which the characters had drifted.

Euripides wrote in all from seventy-five to ninety-two plays, according to different authorities. Of these no less than seventeen are extant, with a number of fragments of others. There is also one satyric drama, *The Cyclops*, which is valuable as being the only specimen extant of this species of writing. As we have before remarked, the three plays of the Greek trilogy were followed by a fourth member, of a comic or satyric character, which served to tone down the feelings of the audience after the excitement of tragic passion. Broad comedy or farce would not have been tolerated by an Athenian audience in such a case, but they readily accepted the tragic form and ironical humor of the satyric drama.

The following are the names of the extant tragedies of Euripides.

Alces'tis, Mede'a, Iphigeni'a in Au'lis, Iphigenia at Tau'ris, The Bacchanals, I'on, Hippol'ytus, The Phoenician Women, The Suppliants, The Children of Hercules, The Frenzy of

Hercules, Hec'uba, The Trojan Women, Elec'tra, Ores'tes, Helen, and Androm'ache.[t]

Of these we will give a description of the Mede'a, as probably the most celebrated for its pathos and tragic strength. It has retained a hold upon spectators ever since the days of its writer, and is still, wedded to the music of the opera, attractive.

On the stage Medea appears under some disadvantages. The worst elements of her nature are aroused. The better seldom appear. The enchantress of Colchis, who has aided Jason in his theft of the golden fleece, and has since lived with him at Corinth as his wife, finds herself sadly wronged by the man for whom she has sacrificed her all.

The play opens with a speech from the nurse, who lets the audience into the critical state of affairs between Jason and his wife. She can see nothing but evil in the second marriage projected by Jason. She tells an old servant of the sad condition of her mistress. He, on his part, brings news. Medea must quit Corinth that very day, taking her two sons with her. The fears of the nurse are strongly awakened for the children. She begs Jason's servant:

> "To the utmost, keep them by themselves,
> Nor bring them near their sorrow-frenzied mother,
> For late I saw her with the roused bull's glare
> View them as though she'd at them, and I trow
> That she'll not bate her wrath till it have swooped
> Upon some prey." —*Mrs. Webster.*

Medea enters, full of quiet brooding over her wrongs, but she is encountered by King Creon, who sentences her to immediate banishment. The enforcement of this decree would destroy her projects of revenge. She kneels to the king, and begs him for mercy. But he fears her too much to revoke his sentence. All he will do is to grant her a respite till the morrow. It is enough. She has gained time for vengeance.

"Fool that he is," she says; "he has left me now only one thing to find — a city of refuge, a host who will shelter me after I have done the deed, since in this day three of my foes shall perish by dagger or by drug,—

> "The father, and the girl, and he my husband;
> For never, by my Queen, whom I revere
> Beyond all else, and chose unto my aid,
> By Hecate! who dwells on my hearth's shrine,
> Shall any wring my heart and still be glad."
>
> —*Mrs. Webster.*

Jason now enters and upbraids Medea because she will not quietly submit to his perfidy. If she had been only gentle and calm, how pleasantly she might have remained at Corinth. She has only her own rash tongue to thank for her banishment. Poor fool, he little sees that he is turning the red heat of her resentment to white; steeling her soul to its terrible revenge.

She changes her plan. Her children shall be the instrument of her vengeance. As for Jason, he shall not have the happy privilege of death, but shall live to untold misery. She recalls the perfidious wretch, affects to regret her hot words, will even conciliate his new wife with the gift of a queenly robe and crown, with the condition that her children shall not be forced into exile. Jason, thinking that she is now in her right mind, agrees to both proposals.

He little knows what he has done. The gifts are envenomed. Creon and Glau'ce, the father and projected wife, are wrapt in a sheet of phosphoric flame, and expire in torments. Never, perhaps, has a more terrible scene been presented on the stage than this final one of Medea. All Corinth is thirsting for revenge upon her. Jason, who has seen the charred remains of Glau'ce and Creon, rushes upon the stage to arrest their murderess. He frantically cries:

"Hath she gone away in flight?
For now must she or hide beneath the earth
Or lift herself with wings into wide air,
Not to pay forfeit to the royal house."

"Seeks she to kill me too?" he demands of the chorus. "Nay," they reply, "you know not the worst":

"The boys have perished by their mother's hand;
Open these gates, thou'lt see thy murdered sons.
Jason. Undo the bolt on the instant, servants there;
Loose the clamps, that I may see my grief and bane;
May see them dead, and guerdon her with death."

But the enchantress has escaped him. She hovers over the palace, taunts him with her wrongs, mocks at his newborn love for the children he had consented to banish, and triumphs alike over her living and dead foes:—

"'Twas not for thee, having spurned my love,
To lead a merry life, flouting at me,
Nor for the princess; neither was it his
Who gave her thee to wed, Creon, unscathed
To cast me out of his realm. And now,
If it so like thee, call me lioness,
And Scylla, dweller on Tursenian plains;
For as right bade me, have I clutched thy heart."
—*Mrs. Webster.*

From the Hec'uba we extract the story of the death of Polyx'ena, who is sacrificed to the Gods that the Grecian host may obtain fair winds home from Troy; as Iphigeni'a was sacrificed for the same reason on their way thither. It is one of the most beautiful and pathetic pictures in the Athenian drama.

Pyr'rhus, the son of Achilles, dedicates the "pure crimson stream of virgin blood" to the shades of his father, prays for "swift passage homeward to the Grecian host," and draws his golden sword for the sacrifice.

"At his nod
The noble youths stepped forth to hold the maiden,

Which she perceiving, with these words addressed them:
'Willing I die; let no hand touch me; boldly
To the uplifted sword I hold my neck.
You give me to the gods, then give me free.'
Loud the applause, then Agamemnon cried:
'Let no man touch her;' and the youths drew back.
Soon as she heard the royal words, she clasped
Her robe, and from the shoulder rent it down,
And bared her snow-white bosom, beauteous
Beyond the deftest sculptor's nicest art.
Then bending to the earth her knee, she said—
Earth never yet has heard more mournful words—
'If 'tis thy will, young man, to strike this breast,
Strike; or my throat dost thou prefer, behold
It stretched to meet thy sword.'" —*Potter.*

Even the rugged Pyrrhus is touched with pity, pauses, and at last reluctantly,

"Deep in her bosom plunged the shining steel.
Her life-blood gushed in streams; yet e'en in death,
Studious of modesty, her beauteous limbs
She covered with her robe." —*Potter.*

THE COMIC POETS OF GREECE.

THE Comedy of Greece had much the same origin as its Tragedy. As the latter grew out of the dithyrambic chorus, so the former developed from the phallic songs.

We, with our subdued habits, can scarcely imagine the intense delight and the wild spirit of mirth with which the country-loving Greeks enjoyed their rural festivals. Living in the boyhood of the world, as it were, they had all the exuberance of the boyish spirit, and were not tamed into sobriety by our weight of years and civilization.

At the harvest-home festival, after the harvest or vintage was over, a band of jolly revellers marched in wild procession, bearing merrily aloft the emblems of fertility, the leader singing a broad convivial song, while the rest joined in a boisterous chorus.

In this rustic rejoicing is visible the first gleam of the ancient comedy, the dramatic and choral portions being respectively represented by the song of the reveler and the accompanying dance and chorus.

The first development of the comic spirit, like that of the tragic, was in Attica. The songs of the wild processions were entirely extempore, and after shouting their jubilant hymns to Bacchus, they jeered the admiring crowd with rude and biting jests, with a license and immunity which would scarcely have been accorded them under other circumstances.

At a later period, as an ancient chronicle relates, Susa'rion, a native of Meg'ara, was in the habit of carrying from

place to place, on carts, his company of buffoons, their faces being smeared with the lees of wine, instead of being concealed by masks, as in the tragic performance. To Susarion also is given the credit of organizing the rude buffooneries of the country revelers into something approaching the dramatic form, and of originating Comedy, properly so called. To what extent, however, he deserved this credit, or what was the nature of his subjects, we are quite ignorant, though there is reason to believe that he adopted the metrical form of language, and, of course, a more orderly composition.

Eighty years passed before comedy made any further visible progress. Athens was then under the long tyranny of Pisistratus and his sons, who were little likely to permit a comic chorus to utter its free satires before the assembled people of Athens.

But Athens became once more free, and the comic spirit immediately revived. Nor had it remained quite unchanged in the hands of the rural Bacchanalians, to whom it had been confined. For when it again appeared its dramatic form was fully developed.

We are given the names of Myl'lus, Chion'ides, Mag'nes, and several others, as the revivers of the long-restrained art. At the same period Epichar'mus, Phor'mis and Dinol'ochus, of Sicily, commenced their career as comic poets in their native island, and, according to Aristotle, so far surpassed the writers of Attica as to be considered by all antiquity the founders of the regular Greek comic drama. We possess the titles of about thirty-five of the comedies of Epicharmus, which bore such names as *The Banditti*, *The Chatterlings*, *The Pedagogues*, *The Potters*, *etc.*

While these Sicilian writers were thus giving form to the Dorian comic drama, the old Attic comedy was rapidly developing in Athens, and in the hands of three successive

dramatists, Crati'nus, Eu'polis and Aristoph'anes, it reached its height of perfection.

Of this first school of comedy the characteristic feature is personality. It is totally unlike modern comedy, being loose in structure and incomplete in plot; and depending for its effect on ludicrous situations, satirical attacks on the vices, and witty allusions to the follies of the day. Much of the humor depends on practical jokes, and of the wit on representation and ridicule of real personages. From these virulent attacks no one was safe. Not only public characters were assailed, but private as well. Alike the secrets of domestic life, and the faults of the public administration, were fair game for these unsparing critics. No man, however virtuous and patriotic, no law, however time-honored, no leader, however popular and powerful, was secure from the biting sarcasm, the abuse and slander of these self-constituted censors.

Fostered as the free spirit of comedy was by the delight it afforded, and the patronage it received from a sovereign people, who were keenly alive to every witty allusion and stroke of satire, it neither spared the vices nor flattered the follies of its patrons. Like those of the court fool in the Middle Ages, its most biting jests were received with good humor, and welcomed by its supporters, even though themselves might feel the sting of these satires.

Yet, despite this popular favor, its extreme personality eventually provoked the interference of the law. But during the reign of the Old Comedy, the poet's will was a law unto himself, and, to a great extent, a controlling force with the people.

Crati'nus, the first of these three dramatists, was born in Athens, 519 B.C. Of his personal history we only know that he was past sixty-five years of age before he commenced writing comedies, and that out of twenty-one plays offered, he gained nine prizes. Otherwise he was noted for

his extreme love of wine, a failing to which his countrymen were very much addicted.

It was he that first made comedy so terrible a weapon of personal attack. He assailed the highest and lowest with equal effrontery, and in the plainest language. Thus Pericles was the object of his most vehement abuse, while on Cimon he bestowed the highest praise; his boldness thus being greater than his discrimination.

Eu'polis was born in Athens, 446 B.C. His first comedy was represented 429 B.C., when he was but seventeen years of age. He was equally personal with his predecessor, praising Pericles, however, and accusing Cimon of debasing vices.

With this brief glance at the earlier writers, we now turn to the choicest spirit of Greek comedy, and the only one of these earlier comedians of whom we possess any works. It might give us a higher estimate of the powers of his rivals if we possessed, for instance, the *Bottle* of Cratinus, in which he defended his indulgence in wine, and took the first prize from the *Clouds* of Aristophanes; or some of the works of Ameip'sias, who triumphed over the *Birds* and other comedies of his great contemporary.

ARISTOPH'ANES.

BORN ABOUT 448 B.C.

Of the personal history of this celebrated writer we have very little knowledge. Plato, in his *Symposium*, relates that he was fond of pleasure, a statement we can well credit when we consider the tendencies of his profession in all ages. That he was honest and independent in spirit we know, from his fearless attacks on the political vices of his day.

He appeared as a comic writer in the fourth year of the Peloponnesian war, 427 B.C., with a piece called the *Ban-*

queters, which won for him the second prize. It ridiculed the follies of extravagance, and, like all his works, displayed a contempt for the existing manners and customs, and an admiration for the olden times and sentiments.

It was followed by the *Babylonians*, in which he criticised Cle'on, then the most popular politician in the city, so sharply that the latter tried to deprive him of his citizenship, by declaring that he was not a born Athenian. In 425 B.C., the *Achar'nians* gained the first prize. It was written to expose the madness of the war between Athens and Sparta, and exhibits the feelings of the peace party.

In 424 he exhibited the *Knights*, the first piece produced in his own name. It is remarkably bold in its attack upon Cleon, presenting him as a vulgar and insolent charlatan, and the people under the guise of a cunning, credulous and stupid householder. He did not attack Cleon by name, as he did many others, but he pointed him out in the most direct manner. It is related that no actor dared to play this character, and that Aristophanes himself assumed it.

In 423 appeared the *Clouds*, which makes a virulent attack on Socrates, as the most prominent of the new philosophical school, to which our strongly conservative author was violently opposed. It is believed that this dramatic satire led to that persecution of Socrates which, twenty years later, culminated in his condemnation and death.

The *Knights* and the *Clouds* are his two most famous comedies. They display in overflowing richness that fancy, wit, humor, satire and shrewd insight which characterize this greatest of all Greek comic writers.

Others of his works are, the *Wasps*, in which the popular courts of justice are attacked; the *Peace*, which ridicules the Peloponnesian war; the *Frogs*, which satirizes Euripides; the *Birds* which, in the guise of a fable, caricatures the Sicilian expedition; *Lysis'trata*, which exhibits a civil war of the sexes; and *Plu'tus*, *Ecclesiazu'sæ* and *Thes-*

mophoriazu'sæ, the last of which assails the morality of women, while the others are less openly satirical.

The comedies of Aristophanes are essentially different from our modern ideas of comedy. They partake much more of the nature of burlesque, mingled with a vigorous farcical element, and with many features of plot and incident that would seem to us mere childishness, but which appear to have delighted the Athenian audiences.

His choruses sometimes exhibit the purest spirit of poetry, while the ingenuity which he displays in the mechanical artifices of verse is wonderful. Frogs are made to croak choruses, pigs to grunt through a series of iambics, and words are coined of amazing length — the *Ecclesiazusæ* closes with one composed of one hundred and eighty letters.

It must be added that the personalities of Aristophanes sometimes descend into coarseness and indecency, and that even the gods whom he undertakes to defend are treated with levity, and placed in the most ludicrous lights.

He supplied the dramatic festivals with comedies for at least thirty-seven years (from B.C. 427 to 390); but of the forty plays which he is known to have produced but eleven are extant. These are the plays named above, with the exception of the *Banqueters* and the *Babylonians*, which are lost.

For those preserved, according to ancient tradition, we are indebted to no less likely a person than St. John Chrysostom. That worthy father of the church is said to have so greatly admired the plays of Aristophanes that he slept with a manuscript of them under his pillow.

The *Knights* is among the most bitterly personal of his plays. He here tries to keep his promise, made the previous year, that "he would cut up Cleon the tanner into shoe leather for the Knights," by assailing his enemy with all his wit and merciless satire.

The principal character in the play is "Demus"—*i.e.*

People; and the satire is directed against the facility with which he allows himself to be gulled by those who are nominally his servants, but really his masters — those noisy and corrupt demagogues who rule him for their own selfish ends. The Knights, as in the title of nearly all his plays, form the chorus of the piece.

"People" is a rich householder, who employs a sort of major-domo to manage his business and look after his slaves. This man is known as the "Tanner" (an indirect way of naming Cleon), and is an unprincipled, lying rascal, fawning to his master, and bullying to his fellow slaves.

They, out of revenge for being beaten, bring forward a "Black Pudding Seller" as candidate for the place occupied by the Tanner. This new candidate is given to understand that he shall be master of all Athens, and finally accepts the offer.

The representative of Cleon comes upon the stage, and the chorus of Knights assails him in the following chant:—

"Close around him, and confound him, the confounder of us all!
Pelt him, pummel him, and maul him — rummage, ransack, overhaul him!
Overbear him and outbawl him; bear him down and bring him under!
Bellow like a burst of thunder — robber, harpy, sink of plunder!
Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain! I repeat;
Oftener than I can repeat it has the rogue and villain cheated.
Close upon him left and right — spit upon him, spurn and smite;
Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him, like me."

—*Frere.*

They hustle the Tanner, who calls in vain for his partisans. A war of billingsgate ensues between him and the Pudding Seller, in which the latter proves himself an adept. The delighted chorus sings: "There is something hotter, after all, than fire — a more consummate blackguard has been found than Cleon."

Blows follow words, and the Tanner is defeated, threat-

ening vengeance, and challenging his antagonist to meet him before the Senate. After considerable more of this sparring, in which the Senate, the people, and Cleon, are all severely satirized, the two candidates are brought before Demus — i.e., the Assembly of the People.

Each at once attempts to win him over by bribery. The Pudding Seller finds that old Demus is almost barefoot, and exclaims:

"Tell me whether
You, that pretend yourself his friend, with all your wealth in leather,
Ever supplied a single hide to mend his reverend, battered
Old buskins?
Dem. No, not he, by Jove; look at them, burst and tattered.
Pud. That shows the man! now spick and span, behold my noble largess!
A lovely pair, bought for your wear, at my own cost and charges.
Dem. I see your mind is well inclined, with views and temper suiting,
To place the state of things—and toes—upon a proper footing."
—*Frere.*

In this giving of gifts the new candidate proves to be the most open-handed. From open bribery they proceed to more concealed corruption. *Cleon* quotes oracles that will make his master sovereign of all Greece, and crown him with roses. *Pudding* promises him Thrace also, a golden crown, and a robe of spangles. *Cleon* declares that he has a trunkful more of prophecies at home. *Pudding* has a garret and two outhouses full of them.

They proceed to read the most absurd parodies on the oracles. As *Pudding* is still the winner, *Cleon* tries the effect of savory messes on his hungry master, in which also his rival emulates him.

"*Dem.* Well, truly, indeed, I shall be feasted rarely;
My courtiers and admirers will quite spoil me.
Cleon. There, I'm the first, you see, to bring you a chair.

Pud. But a table — here, I've brought it first and foremost.
Cleon. See here, this little half-meal cake from Pylos,
Made from the flour of victory and success!
Pud. But here's a cake! see here! which the heavenly goddess
Patted and flatted herself, with her ivory hand,
For your own eating.
Dem. Wonderful, mighty goddess!
What an awfully large hand she must have had!"—*Frere.*

And so the contest goes on. Every phase of bribery and corruption in the politicians, and of greed and stupidity in the people, is openly parodied. The representative of Cleon is finally defeated by the new candidate for place and favor, after being belabored by the broadest charges of fraud, theft and corruption that were ever openly laid against any public character.

What was the result? The play gained the first prize by acclamation, the satire on the sovereign people was forgiven, and — Cleon remained in as great favor as ever. Such was Athenian consistency.

We have given this concise account of the plot of the *Knights* to show the general character of the old Grecian comedies, and the burlesque incident and bitter personality which pervades them.

We make the following extracts from the *Clouds.*

"*Strepsiades.* But who hangs dangling in the basket yonder?
Student. HIMSELF.
Str. And who's HIMSELF?
Stud. Why, Socrates.
Str. Ho, Socrates!— call him, you fellow— call loud.
Stud. Call him yourself. I've got no time for calling.
Str. Ho, Socrates! Sweet, darling Socrates!
Socrates. Why callest thou me, poor creature of a day?
Str. First tell me, pray, what *are* you doing up there?
Soc. I walk in air, and contemplate the sun.
Str. Oh, *that's* the way that you despise the Gods —
You get so near them on your perch there — eh?
Soc. I never could have found out things divine,

Had I not hung my mind up there, and mixed
My subtle intellect with its kindred air.
Had I regarded such things from below,
I had learnt nothing. For the earth absorbs
Into itself the moisture of the brain.
It is the very same case with water-cresses.
Str. Dear me! So water-cresses grow by thinking!"
— *Collins.*

Here is a series of questions between the Just and the Unjust Arguments, burlesquing the style of Socrates.

"*Unjust A.* Come now — from what class do our lawyers spring?
Just A. Well — from the blackguards.
Unj. A. I believe you. Tell me
Again, what are our tragic poets?
Just. A. Blackguards.
Unjust A. Good; and our public orators?
Just. A. Blackguards all.
Unj. A. D'ye see now, how absurd and utterly worthless
Your arguments have been? And now look round. (*Turning to the audience.*)
Which class among our friends here seem most numerous?
Just. A. I'm looking.
Unj. A. Well; now tell me what you see.
Just. A. (*After gravely and attentively examining the rows of spectators.*) The blackguards have it by a large majority.
There's one I know — and yonder there's another —
And there, again, that fellow with long hair."— *Collins.*

No doubt the Athenians laughed heartily at this broad fooling. They were by no means thin-skinned in their enjoyment of a joke. Such a jest would hardly prove agreeable to a modern audience.

We close with the following free translation from the *Woman's Festival*, which might well pass for a ditty of later times than the days of old Greece.

"They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,

And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may;
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment,
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking Heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
'Where *is* my Plague to-day?'
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again." —*Collins.*

THE MIDDLE AND NEW COMEDY.

After the long Peloponnesian war, which so fatally depressed the power and glory of Attica, the city of Minerva retained its democracy, and regained a portion of its naval supremacy. But it was no longer the Athens of old,—no longer the home of those active, energetic, restless spirits that kept the government toned up to the highest pitch of public vigor, and cherished with such warm delight and acute judgment the works of their unrivaled galaxy of artistic and literary geniuses. The old fire had died out, or but a glimmer of it survived. The fierce satire of Aristophanes would no longer have suited this degenerated people, whose souls had ceased to display that active interest in public affairs which had formerly distinguished them. A race which has sunk into indolence and love of pleasure, and winks at or takes part in public corruption, does not invite and can hardly endure the keen exposure of its follies and vices shown by a great satiric dramatist. It is only with those who are eager for reform that the literature of reform arises.

In the Middle Comedy, which flourished during this period, we find the bitter personality of the Old Comedy replaced by a new spirit. Some of its critical and satiric tone is retained, but it ceases to attack individuals, and makes its assaults on the vices and follies of classes.

In this respect it seems more like a transition from the Sicilian comedy of Epicharmus than a development of the old Attic drama. It has ceased, indeed, to be a political weapon of offense, and devotes itself to philosophical and

literary criticism, satirizing the works of rival authors instead of the vices of politicians.

Nor is this satire of a personal character, like that aimed at Socrates and Euripides by Aristophanes. It is rather a contest of schools of philosophy and rhetoric, attacking alike the ideas of Plato, the Pythagorean academy, the orators, the works of tragic and epic poets, etc.

The poets of this school were very numerous, and many of them of considerable celebrity in their day; though their fame has not withstood the fatal touchstone of time, and of their works there remains but an occasional fragment.

The most noted of them were Eubu'lus, Anaxan'drides and Antiph'anes, which latter prolific author is said to have written two hundred and sixty plays, or three hundred and sixty-five according to some authorities. We may also name Epic'rates, born 404 B.C., and Alex'is, 394 B.C., as among the notable later writers of this school.

In the New Comedy, which succeeded at a later period, there were also numerous writers, prolific in their labors and elegant in style, yet no more enduring in fame than their predecessors of the Middle Comedy.

This school of comedy flourished from about the accession of Alexander, 336 B.C., to the death of Menander, the most famous of its writers, 291 B.C.

In character the New Comedy more nearly approaches our modern ideas of comedy than either of the preceding schools. It has been described as the Old Comedy tamed down. The wild spirit of mirth is restrained, and much more earnestness infused into its tone. In this respect it often assumes the seriousness of tragedy. In style, indeed, it is more like an aftergrowth of the spirit of Euripides than a development of the comedy of the past.

It is not without its sportive spirit, but is, like our modern comedy, a mixture of sport and earnest, instead of

the bubbling and overflowing fun and unbounded satire of the older comedians.

Among the chief writers of this school we may name Menan'der, Phile'mon, Diph'ilus, Apollodo'rus, Philip'pides and Posidip'pus.

Of the numerous works of these writers nothing remains but a few fragments, and among them all Menander is the only one who achieved any exalted fame.

MENAN'DER.

BORN 342 B.C.

This distinguished writer was a native of Athens. Of his claims to distinction his personal beauty is quite as much commented upon as his literary ability. Several sculptors took him for their subject, and he is represented in existing works of sculpture now in the Vatican.

Very little is known of his life. He was expelled from Athens for his friendly relations with Demetrius Phalereus, and narrowly escaped death at the hands of the enemies of this personage. He went thence to the court of Ptolemy Lagus, at Alexandria, then the most congenial home of the poetic fraternity. He finally met his death by drowning, while bathing in the Piræ'an harbor.

Menander was a prolific writer, exhibiting in all one hundred and nine comedies. Yet, despite his later fame, he was very unsuccessful in winning the favor of his fickle countrymen, only eight of these plays gaining the first prize.

This may possibly be attributed to the changed character of the Athenians, who had lost their relish for the elegance which pervaded the works of our author, and preferred the coarse allusions of his contemporaries. Menander is said to have remarked to Philemon, one of his rivals, in pointed reference to the lack of refined feeling in the works of the

latter: "Pray, Philemon, why do you not blush when you gain a victory over me?"

Menander has been as unfortunate as his contemporaries in regard to the preservation of his works, of which only disconnected fragments remain. Nor do these show the character we should expect from the remarks of ancient writers. They yield us none of the vivid love scenes attributed to him by Ovid, nor the voluptuous descriptions mentioned by Pliny; but, on the contrary, are melancholy in tone, and devoted to descriptions of human sorrows and repinings.

We extract the following example, which is pervaded by the most misanthropic spirit.

"Suppose some god should say: 'Die when thou wilt,
Mortal, expect another life on earth,
And for that life make choice of all creation
What thou wilt be: dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse;
For live again thou must; it is thy fate:
Choose only in what form; there thou art free.'
So help me, Crato, I would fairly answer:
'Let me be all things, anything, but man!
He only, of all creatures, feels affliction.
The generous horse is valued for his worth;
And dog by merit is preferred to dog;
The warrior cock is pampered for his courage,
And awes the baser brood. But what is man?
Truth, virtue, valor, how do they avail him?
Of this world's goods the first and greatest share
Is flattery's prize; the informer takes the next;
And bare-faced knavery garbles what is left.
I'd rather be an ass than what I am
And see these villains lord it o'er their betters."

—*Cumberland.*

As other examples of Menander's manner we give the following.

"Ne'er trust me, Phanias, but I thought, till now,
That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping

A good sound nap, that held you for the night;
And not like us poor rogues that toss and turn,
Sighing 'Ah me!' and grumbling at our duns.
But now I find, in spite of all your money,
You rest no better than your needy neighbors,
And sorrow is the common lot of all."—*Cumberland.*

ALL ARE MORTAL.

"If you would know of what frail stuff you're made,
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead:
There rest the bones of kings; there tyrants rot;
There sleep the rich, the noble and the wise;
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,
All dust alike, compound one common mass:
Reflect on this; and in them see yourself."

EPIGRAMS.

"You say, not always wisely, Know thyself!
Know others, ofttimes is the better maxim."

"Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies."

"Learn this, you men of wealth—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse."

"What pity 'tis, when happy Nature rears
A noble pile, that fortune should o'erthrow it."

"Of all bad things with which mankind are cursed
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst."

THE PROGRESS OF HISTORY.

HISTORY, in any full and credible sense. may be said to have been born with Herodotus, in the fifth century before the Christian era. There remain historical fragments, diluted with a plentiful admixture of fable, of the other ancient nations; but only of Greece, or of surrounding nations in the works of Grecian historians, have we any detailed and trustworthy accounts.

The annals of China, for instance, flow down from incredible antiquity through a region of fable, which everywhere clouds the clear waters of truth. The same may be said of India, Persia, Assyria, Phœnicia and Egypt, and, indeed, of Greece in the period preceding Herodotus.

The ruins of ancient cities, the stories told by temples and tombs, the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the monuments of Egypt, and the cuneiform records on the clay tablets of Assyria, afford us some scanty knowledge of the earlier annals of this busy section of the old world, and in the writings of the Hebrew historians we are given very valuable side glimpses into the life of the great kingdoms surrounding.

These fragmentary sources have partly opened to us the annals of that remote past, though they give us but a broken and distorted view. Of historians of that dimly-visible period, outside of the Old Testament chronicles, we possess but a few names, and the barest fragments of their works. Thus there is a very doubtful record, said to have been made by one Sanchoni'athon from Phœnician official documents, of the early history of Phœnicia and Egypt.

His period is given at 1250 B.C., but if there is any authenticity in his history at all, this date is probably many centuries too remote.

A Greek version of this history was made by Phi'lo of Byblus, and from this we possess a fragment preserved by Euse'bius. But there is no historical interest in the frayed remnant of cosmogony which is all that remains of this much-disputed record.

Menan'der of Eph'esus, and Dius, a Phœnician, are said to have written histories of Tyre, compiled from Tyrian annals. Fragments of their works remain in Josephus and other ancient historians. A much more valuable historical work, however, is that written by Bero'sus, a Babylonian priest, who lived about 260 B.C. This was a history of the Babylonian empire, compiled from the oldest temple archives, and was highly esteemed by Grecian and Roman historians. It has, unfortunately, been lost, with the exception of fragments preserved by Josephus, Eusebius and other writers. But these fragments are of great value, as they relate to the most obscure portion of Asiatic history.

Egypt possessed a historian of equal value in Man'etho, who wrote in the reign of Ptolemy I. Extracts from his work have been preserved by Josephus, and an epitome made by Eusebius and other ecclesiastical writers. His history is divided into three books, the first principally relating to the mythical period, which is estimated at over 24,000 years in duration, the others devoted to the historical reigns.

What we possess of his work is a set of chronological tables of the various reigns and dynasties. In these there are certain discrepancies, and they make the origin of the Egyptian monarchy so very remote that their correctness has been severely questioned. Late evidence, however, derived from papyri and from the monuments, goes far to sustain the reliability of the lists of Manetho.

Such are the principal sources of ancient history anterior to and contemporary with the Greek authors. The works of Manetho and Berosus, which were both written in Greek, were later in date than the famous Athenian writers. The first Grecian historians of whom we have any trustworthy accounts were those known as the Ionic logographers. Of these the most important is Hecatæ'us, who flourished about 520 B.C. Some fragments of his works exist. Their geographical and historical value, however, is greatly vitiated by the myths and fables with which they abound. Other names are Cha'ron, who seems to have been a voluminous writer; Xan'thus, and Hellani'cus, who was born 482 B.C. But the first name of marked value among these Ionic authors is Herodotus, of whom we must give a more detailed account.

HEROD'OTUS.

BORN 484 B.C.

Herodotus, the earliest extant classical historian, — for which reason he is usually styled the "Father of History" — was born at Halicarnas'sus, in Caria, 484 B.C. He was of a noble family, and is said to have left his native city in disgust at the tyranny of Lyg'damis, its ruler. He retired to the island of Samos, where he acquired the Ionic dialect, in which his history was afterward composed.

The project of writing a historical work on an extensive scale appears to have early taken root in his mind, and with this intent he undertook a series of travels, in which he visited every part of Greece and its dependencies; afterward explored Egypt, Palestine and Phœnicia; and finally penetrated as far east as Babylon and Susa. He also sailed through the Hellespont, and visited all the countries bordering on the Black Sea. In these travels he minutely investigated the history, manners and customs of the people, with a patient observation remarkable for that early age.

On his return from his travels he took a prominent part in delivering his native city from the tyranny of Lyg'damis. But his political views not quite pleasing the popular party at Halicarnassus, he again left that city, and settled, along with a colony from Athens, at Thur'ii, in the south of Italy. Here he probably wrote his immortal history, and he is said by Su'idas to have died here about 408 B.C., though others assert that he died at Pella, in Macedonia.

Lucian states that, desirous of fame, he recited his history to the people assembled at the Olympic games, where it was received with universal applause, and made him famous throughout the states of Greece. This, however, is contradicted by the fact that he alludes in his history to numerous events which occurred subsequent to the date given for this recital.

His history consists of nine books, to which he has given the names of the nine Muses. Its object is to describe the war between the Persians and the Greeks, in which Europe and Asia, civilization and barbarism, freedom and despotism, fought for supremacy. Herodotus, perceiving that the antipathy between the two races was not the result of an accidental quarrel, but of a deep-rooted difference of character, indicates this by tracing its origin back to the mythical ages. The most valuable portion of his history is the minute description he gives of the countries he had himself visited, in which he is strikingly accurate and impartial. He relates many things, also, on the authority of others, and in these shows much more credulity. But he is generally careful to remark that he is not personally responsible for these statements.

Herodotus is considered excellent authority for the great events in Grecian history which happened during his own lifetime; and his chronology, according to Newton's canons, requires less correction than that of any other Grecian historian. His method and arrangement are somewhat awk-

ward and discursive, but his style is easy, graceful and flowing, and the language employed is considered a model of the Ionic dialect. His chief excellence lies in the lively vigor of his narrative, his manner lacking the force and conciseness essential to the philosophical historian.

"Next to the Iliad and Odyssey," says Colonel Mure, "the history of Herodotus is the greatest effort of Greek literary genius. The one is the perfection of epic poetry; the other, the perfection of epic prose. Were it not for the influence which the prior existence of so noble a model, even in a different branch of composition, has evidently exercised on the historian, his title to the palm of original invention might rival that of his poetical predecessor. In the complexity of the plan of his history, as compared with the simplicity of its execution; in the multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of its materials, and in the harmony of their combination; in the grandeur of its historical masses, and the minuteness, often triviality, of its illustrative details; it remains not only without equal, but without rival or parallel, in the literature of Greece or Europe."

A BABYLONIAN CUSTOM.

Of the customs whereof I shall now proceed to give an account the following is the wisest, in my judgment. Once a year, in each village, the maidens of age to marry were collected all together, in one place; where the men stood around them in a circle. Then a herald called out the damsels, one by one, and offered them for sale.

He began with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money, he offered for sale the one who came nearest to her in beauty. All of them were sold to be wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens; while the humbler wife seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels, with marriage portions.

For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful, he should then call up the ugliest — a cripple, if there chanced to be one — and offer her to the men,

asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage portion; and the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels; and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier.

No one was allowed to give his daughter in marriage to the man of his choice. Nor might any one carry away a damsel whom he had purchased, without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife. If, however, it turned out that they did not agree, the money might be paid back.

PERSIAN HABITS.

It is a very general practice to deliberate upon affairs of weight when they are drunk; and then on the morrow, when they are sober, the decision to which they came — and not before — is put before them by the master of the house in which it was made. And if it is then approved of, they act upon it; if not, they set it aside. Sometimes, however, they are sober at their first deliberation. But in this case they always reconsider the matter under the influence of wine.

When they meet each other in the streets you may know if the persons meeting are of equal rank by the following practice. If they are, instead of speaking they kiss each other on the lips. In the case where one is a little inferior to the other the kiss is given on the cheek. Where the difference of rank is great the inferior prostrates himself on the ground.

They hold it unlawful to talk of anything which it is unlawful to do. The most disgraceful thing in the world, they think, is to tell a lie. The next worse, to owe a debt; because, among other reasons, the debtor is obliged to tell lies.

THEORY OF THE RISING OF THE NILE.

I will proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words. For it stands to reason that the country to which the Sun-god approaches the nearest, and which he passes directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the rivers will shrink the most.

The sun, in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, attracts the water. After attracting it he again repels it to the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to vapor; whence it naturally enough comes to pass that the winds which blow from this quarter are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some of it about him.

When the winter begins to soften the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heavens, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big, from the quantity of rain water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies. But in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low.

The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burthen of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone. The sun, therefore, I regard as the sole cause of the phenomena.

THE UNKNOWN WEST.

Of the extreme tracts of Europe toward the west I cannot speak with any certainty; for I do not allow that there is any river to which the barbarians give the name of Erid'anus, emptying itself into the Northern Sea, whence (as the tale goes) amber is procured. Nor do I know of any lands called the Cassiter'ides (Tin Islands), whence the tin comes which we use. For in the first place the name Eridanus is manifestly not a barbarian word at all, but a Greek name, invented by somebody or other. And secondly, though I have taken vast pains, I have never been able to get an assurance from an eye witness that there is any sea on the further side of Europe. Nevertheless tin and amber do certainly come to us from the ends of the earth.—*Rawlinson.*

THUCYD'IDES.

BORN 471 B.C.

Thucydides, in many respects the greatest of ancient historians, was born of a noble Athenian family, and was instructed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was possessed of great wealth, acquired either by inheritance or through marriage, part of his property consisting of gold mines in Thrace. Of his life, he himself tells us that he was attacked by the terrible plague that prevailed in Athens during the Peloponnesian war, and was one of the few who recovered. He also commanded, in the year 424 B.C., a fleet of seven ships, with which he sailed to the relief of Amphip'olis. He arrived too late, however, as the Spartans, fearing his approach, offered favorable terms to the citizens, and induced them to surrender.

The Athenians, who, like some more recent nations, were accustomed to judge of the merit of their generals by the sole gauge of success, gave no credit to Thucydides for his efforts, and condemned him to exile for neglect of duty. This period of exile continued for more than twenty years, and was probably passed in Sicily and in the Peloponnesus. He lived for the last few years of his life in Athens, or perhaps on his estate in Thrace, where he died, apparently by assassination, in or about 401 B.C.

To the unjust haste of the Athenians in thus exiling one of their most gifted minds we possibly owe the great work of Thucydides, the history of the Peloponnesian war, for which life-labor he seems to have for many years prepared himself by taking careful notes of the successive events of the war as they occurred. In the whole range of ancient literature there is no production that stands higher in modern estimation than this admirable work. The philosophy of history is born with it, the author in-

quiring into the motives of men, and the hidden springs of historical action, with all the critical intelligence of our best modern writers.

Thucydides was acquainted with the works of the Ionian historians — though possibly not with that of Herodotus — and dismisses them all as fabulous and unworthy, designed for amusement only, not for instruction. Instead of, in the fashion of these writers, ascribing historical events to the action of the superior powers, he takes human enterprise and ambition as the causes of national changes, and considers their influence on the conditions of mankind. He also is very careful to preserve unity of action in the events treated of, without regard to strict succession in time. This gives his work the character of a historical drama, a great lawsuit, the parties to which are the belligerent nations; its object, the Athenian domination over Greece.

His style is remarkable for its condensation, giving in a few vivid expressions the facts which he must have taken weeks to collect, sift, and discriminate between. In narrative he displays great clearness, perfect consistency in details, and a close agreement with the laws of nature, and with what we know from other sources of the events and persons described, which inspires the fullest confidence in his truth and fidelity. His descriptive power is unrivaled, and in his political and moral observations he shows the keenest insight into the secret causes of human action and the mental nature of man.

One marked feature of his work is the speeches which he ascribes to his characters, but which are, no doubt, of his own invention. These are given as spoken on various occasions, in the assembly or before the army, and add greatly to the vividness of his narrative. His characters, indeed, are nowhere mere figure-pieces, but dramatically drawn persons, who preserve their individuality throughout.

The history was originally divided into winters and summers — each summer and winter making a year. This arrangement has been changed, probably by the Alexandrian critics, into the books and chapters of the work as it now exists, of which books the eighth (and last) was either not written by him, or failed to receive the careful revision of the previous seven.

Finally, it may be remarked, that of all the history of the human race there is no period more distinctly defined than the first twenty-one years of the Peloponnesian war, as given in this great work of Thucydides.

HISTORY DISTINGUISHED FROM FABLE.

Now he that, by the arguments here adduced, shall form a judgment of the things past; and not believe rather that they were such as the poets have sung, or prose writers have composed, more delightfully to the ear than conformably to the truth, as being things not to be disproved, and by length of time turned for the most part into the nature of fables without credit; but shall think them here searched out by the most evident signs that can be, and sufficiently, too, considering their antiquity: he, I say, shall not err.

And though men always judge the present war, wherein they live, to be the greatest; and when it is past admire more those that were before it; yet if they consider of this war by the acts done in the same, it will manifest itself to be greater than any of those before mentioned.

To hear this history rehearsed, for that there be inserted in it no fables, shall be perhaps not delightful; but he that desires to look into the truth of things done, and which (according to the condition of humanity) may be done again, or at least their like, he shall find enough herein to make him think it profitable; and it is compiled rather for an everlasting possession than to be rehearsed for a prize.—*Hobbes.*

ORATION OF ARCHIDA'MUS.

Men of Lacedæmon, both I myself have the experience of many wars, and I see you of the same age with me to have the like. Insomuch as you cannot desire this war either through inexperience,

as many do, nor yet as apprehending it to be profitable or safe; and whoever shall temperately consider the war we now deliberate of, shall find it to be no small one; for though, in respect of the Peloponnesians and our neighboring states, we have equal strength, and can quickly be upon them; yet against men whose territory is remote, and who are also expert seamen, and with all other things excellently furnished, as monies, both private and public, shipping, horses, arms and numbers, more than any one part of Greece besides, and have many confederates paying them tribute; against such, I ask, why should we lightly undertake a war?

And since we are unfurnished, whereon relying should we make haste to it?—On our navy? But therein we are too weak. And if we will profit and prepare against them it will require time. On our money? But therein also we are too weak, for neither has the state any, nor will private men readily contribute. But it may be some rely on this, that we exceed them in arms and multitude of soldiers, so that we may waste their territory with incursions. But there is much other land under their dominion, and by sea they are able to bring in whatsoever they should stand in need of.

What a war, then, will this of ours be? As for the hope that if we waste their country the war will soon be at an end, let that never lift us up, for I fear that we shall transmit it rather to our children. For it is likely the Athenians have the spirit not to be slaves; nor are they men without experience, to be astonished at the war.

—*Hobbes.*

WAR DESTROYS PUBLIC INTEGRITY.

Many and calamitous events befall states through faction; things which have been and ever will be while human nature continues what it is; but extreme or milder, and varied in their forms as the change of events fall out. For in seasons of peace and prosperity both states and private persons are better disposed, by reason of their not having fallen into those necessities which hurry them into what they otherwise would not do. But war, by withdrawing the means for the supply of men's daily needs, is an imperious dictator, and stimulates their dispositions to their present situation and circumstances.

Thus, then, the Grecian states were agitated by factions, wherein those who had been behindhand in hearing of what had been before done, introduced a decided superiority by contriving new devices, both in respect of artful stratagems of attack, and in novel atrocity of punishment. Nay, the accustomed acceptation of names in re-

spect to things they interchanged at their own pleasure; thus a rash, headlong daring was accounted a faithful, devoted courage; a prudent delay, specious cowardice; prudence, a cloak for pusillanimity; and the use of wisdom in anything was being sluggish in everything. The furiously violent was ever esteemed trusty, while he that withstood him was suspected. He that applied any knavery was, if successful, thought clever; but he who used prudent forethought, so as to need neither the one nor the other, was esteemed a dissolver of good fellowship, and a craven before his foes.

—*Bloomfield.*

XEN'OPHON.

BORN 445 B.C.

This notable soldier and historian was a native of Athens, in which city he was born in the year 445 B.C. The first known important event in his life is that related as occurring at the battle of De'lium, where, after Xenophon had fallen from his horse, his life was saved by his fellow soldier Socrates, who carried him on his strong shoulders from the field of battle.[g]

The great philosopher had, before this occurrence, been attracted by the handsome and intelligent face of the young soldier, and now almost constrained him into his society, Xenophon becoming one of his most ardent followers. At the age of forty, on the representations of a friend, who laid before him tempting hopes of gain, he joined the army of Cyrus the Younger, in the expedition of the latter against his brother, the reigning King of Persia.

This enterprise ended in the death of Cyrus, the treacherous slaughter of the Greek generals, and the retreat of their followers, under the leadership of Xenophon; who now rose to the command, and displayed great tact and ability in extricating them from their dangerous position. Their perilous homeward march, through hostile nations, and in severe winter weather, has become celebrated in history as the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Its success was mainly due to the skill and courage of its leader, and

its celebrity is to be attributed to the highly interesting description which he has himself given of it.

After reaching Asia Minor he led part of his troops on a pillaging expedition, in which he acquired considerable wealth. He afterward served under Agesila'us, the Spartan general, against the Persians; and even fought against his own countrymen at Corone'a.

He had previously had sentence of banishment passed on him at Athens, and he now settled in Scil'lus, a small town of E'lis. Here he erected a small temple, dedicated to Diana of Eph'esus, and instituted an annual festival in her honor, which became very popular. He resided here for twenty years, occupying himself in authorship and agriculture; and indulging, also, in his passion for hunting, the surrounding forests being full of game. He was finally driven from Scillus by the Eleans, for some unknown reason, and took refuge in Corinth, where he probably died, 359 B.C. or later.

The principal works of Xenophon are, the *Anab'asis*, or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; a history of Greece in continuation of Thucydides; the *Cyropædi'a*, a picture of an ideal state, in which Cyrus the Elder is drawn as the model of a wise and good ruler; and the *Memorabil'ia* of Socrates, a valuable record of the daily life of that great practical philosopher. He also wrote treatises on Hunting, on the Horse, on the Revenues of Athens, and on Domestic Economy.

Xenophon's mode of thought is practical, not speculative. His style is simple, lucid and flowing, but rather monotonous, and deficient in vigor. He has, in fact, no great literary talent; and, as a speculative philosopher, does very little credit to Socrates, to the full comprehension of whose teachings the character of his mind was entirely unfitted.

His works, however, are highly interesting, being full of minor particulars, which are rendered more entertaining

by his facile and simple style of narrative. He imitates Thucydides in the introduction of speeches into his historical works, and in this respect is often very animated. But he is in no sense a great historian; nor is he impartial. He takes, for instance, an unduly favorable view of Agesila'us, the great Spartan general; giving much credit to his hero in cases where it was, evidently, not greatly deserved.

The following passage, describing the feelings of the Greeks, when deprived of their leaders, and threatened by a hostile army, is the most pathetically written in the *Anabasis*.

THE GREEKS DESPAIR.

At the distance of more than 1,200 miles from their native land, in the midst of hostile states and races, their route homeward intersected by impassable rivers, they were deserted and betrayed by those whom they had trusted as confederates in a common cause; destitute of provisions, or any means of procuring them; without guides; without a single cavalry soldier; and hence unable, when victorious, to follow up their successes, or when beaten to protect their retreat. Their minds oppressed and their spirits broken by these sad reflections, few cared to kindle fire or to taste food on that fatal night, and many never appeared at the evening muster.

As each felt inclined they laid them down to rest, but not to sleep; distracted with grief, and with longing desire of their country, parents, wives, and children, whom they never expected to meet again.

The following passage, concerning complaints of the soldiers against Xenophon, after they had reached Asia Minor, is a good instance of his simple, colloquial style.

Some also brought accusations against Xenophon, alleging that they had been beaten by him, and charging him with having behaved insolently. On this Xenophon stood, and called on him who had spoken first to say where he had been beaten. He answered: "Where we were perishing with cold, and where the snow was deepest." Xenophon rejoined: "Come, come! in such severe weather as you mention, when provisions had failed, and we had

not wine so much as to smell at—when many were exhausted with fatigue, and the enemy were close behind—if at such a time I behaved insolently, I acknowledge that I must be more vicious than the ass, which, they say, is too vicious to feel being tired. Tell us, however, why you were beaten. Did I ask you for anything and beat you when you would not give it to me? Did I ask anything back from you? Did I maltreat you in my cups?"

As the man said there was nothing of this kind, Xenophon asked him whether he was one of the heavy-armed troops? He answered, "No." Whether he was a targeteer? He said he was "not that either; but a free man, who had been sent to drive a mule by his comrades." On this Xenophon recognized him, and asked him: "What! are you the man who was conveying a sick person?" "Ay, by Jupiter am I!" said he, "for you compelled me to do it; and you scattered about the baggage of my comrades." "The scattering," rejoined Xenophon, "was something in this way. I distributed it to others to carry, and ordered them to bring it back to me again; and having got it back I restored it all safe to you, as soon as you had produced the man that I gave you in charge. But hear, all of you," he continued, "in what way the affair happened; for it is worth listening to. The man was being left behind because he was unable to march any further. I knew nothing of him except that he was one of us, and I compelled you, sir, to bring him that he might not perish; for, if I mistake not, the enemy was pressing upon us." This the complainant acknowledged.

"Well, then," said Xenophon, "after I had sent you on, did not I catch you, as I came up with the rear guard, digging a trench to bury the man, when I stopped and commended you? But while we were standing by, the man drew up his leg, and those who were there cried out that he was alive; and you said, 'He may be as much alive as he likes, for I shan't carry him.' On this I struck you, it is quite true, for you seemed to me to have been aware that the man was alive."

"Well, then," exclaimed the other, "did he die any the less after I had rendered him up to you?"

"Why, we shall all die," said Xenophon. "But is that any reason that we should be buried alive?"

Hereupon all the assembly cried out that Xenophon had not beaten the fellow half enough.—*Grant.*

FROM THE CYROPÆDI'A.

Cyrus is said to have given this noble instance to Crœ'sus, on a certain time when Crœsus suggested to him that by the multitude of persons that he made rich he would be a beggar, when it was in his power to lay up at home mighty treasures of gold. It is said that Cyrus then asked him this:

"What sums do you think I should now have in possession, if I had been hoarding up gold as you bid me ever since I have been in power?"

And that Crœsus in reply named some mighty sum; and that Cyrus, at this, said:

"Well, Crœsus, do you send with Hystaspes here some person that you have most confidence in. And do you, Hystaspes, go about to my friends. Tell them that I am in want of money for a certain affair, (and in reality I am in want of it,) and bid them to furnish me with as much as they are, each of them, able to do; and that writing it down and signing it, they deliver the letter to Crœsus' officers to bring to me."

Then writing down what he had said, and signing it, he gave it to Hystaspes to carry it to his friends, but added in the letter to them all "that they should receive Hystaspes as his friend." After they had gone around, and Crœsus' officers brought the letters, Hystaspes said:

"O Cyrus, my king, you must now make use of me as a rich man, for here do I attend you abounding in presents that have been made me on account of your letter."

Cyrus on this said:

"This then is one treasure to me, Crœsus. But read over the others, and reckon up what riches there are ready for me in case I want for my own use."

Crœsus, on calculating, is said to have found many times the sum that he told Cyrus he might now have had in his treasury if he had hoarded. When it appeared to be thus, Cyrus is reported to have said:

"You see, Crœsus, that I have my treasures, too; but you bid me hoard them up to be envied and hated for them. You bid me place hired guards upon them, and in these to place my trust. But I make my friends rich, and reckon them to be treasures to me, and guards both to myself and to all things of value that belong to us, and such as are more to be trusted than if I set up a guard of hirelings.

"And that you may be sensible of this, Crœsus, they that possess the most, and have the most in their custody, I do not reckon the happiest men; but the person who can acquire the most with justice, and use the most with honor, him do I reckon the happiest man, and this I reckon to be riches."—*Cooper*.

RISE OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

In due course of human thought, the long reign of Mythology is followed by an epoch of Philosophy. Men's earliest efforts to reason out the principles of nature have always resulted in ascribing its phenomena to deific influence. Not only the unseen heavens and the deep Tartarean realms are placed under the kingly rule of the Gods, but the region of the visible as well. The movements of the heavenly bodies, the earth, air and ocean, the flow of streams and the growth of trees, are alike governed by their separate divinities. The imagination is as active in devising deities as nature is in presenting forces; and gradually a complex series of myths arise, whose origin in the operations of nature it becomes very difficult to trace.

But when men begin to reason and doubt, and cease to imagine and accept, all mythologies receive a fatal blow, and their final disappearance is but a question of time. The growth of a mythology, though slow, is an unconscious process; there is no evident exercise of thought; a nation, on emerging from its primitive state, finds itself possessed of an intricate cosmogony, of whose origin it is in utter ignorance, and the existence of which is most easily solved by ascribing it to the teaching of the Gods themselves.

But it is a laborious process to reason out a system of nature in which inanimate springs of action, and material motive forces, shall replace the *deus ex machina* of the earlier cosmogonies. Such a development can only be worked out by the active exercise of human thought, and the mile-stones of its progress will naturally be marked by

the names and systems of the successive thinkers to whom its gradual growth is due. Several of the ancient races present us with some degree of progress in this direction; as in the philosophic speculations of the Chinese and the Indians; but the Greeks alone succeeded in including the phenomena of nature and life in the circle of a philosophic system that replaced all the vagaries of mythology.

Their movement in this direction was marked by their usual mental vigor, rapidly advancing, as it did, from the crude ideas of the Ionic school to the deep idealism of Plato and the broad philosophic grasp of Aristotle.

The earlier steps in this philosophic progress were necessarily crude in character and vague in outline. They consist of the writings of three natives of Ionia, namely, Tha'les of Mile'tus, who flourished about 600 B.C., and his successors, Anaximan'der and Anaxim'enes. Their doctrines are more curious than intrinsically valuable, except as a first opening into this untrodden field of thought. The scope of their effort was to reduce nature to a single underlying principle, from which all existing things resulted. This principle, in the case of Thales, was water. His theory may be briefly expressed in his own words: "From water everything arises, and into water everything returns." Anaximander imagined an original undefined essence as the basis of nature, and Anaxim'enes taught that air is the basic principle.

This material Ionic school was succeeded by the doctrines of Pythag'oras and his followers, whose system was founded on the proportions and dimensions of matter, instead of on its substance. In their views, "number is the essence of all things." This had the merit of being an abstract principle, and of embracing some idea of the mathematical harmony of nature; but its value was vitiated by the absurd conclusions deduced from it. They taught, for instance, that virtue, the soul, the body, etc., might each be reduced

to certain fixed, controlling numbers. The only doctrine of importance in their physics is that taught by Philola'us respecting the orbital movement of the earth.

The next school of philosophy which arose was in many respects remarkable for so early a period in the history of thought. It is that known as the Eleatic, its principal writers being Xenoph'anes of Elia; Parmen'ides, his disciple; and Ze'no, a pupil of the latter. The abstraction implied in the Pythagorean doctrine of numbers is carried by these philosophers to its extreme limit, as they deny the real existence of all form or substance, and affirm that only *pure being* exists. Parmenides, the most noted author of this school, advanced his doctrines in an epic poem, of which important fragments are still extant.

Xenophanes had taught the unity of all nature in God, the "One and All." He declaimed against the absurdities of mythology, and declared that the Godhead is wholly seeing, hearing and understanding, unmoved and undivided, utterly removed from the finite, and calmly ruling all things by his thought. This view Parmenides expanded, attaining a conception of pure single being, which is the only existence, and combines pure thought in its essence. Zeno, who was the first prose writer among the Greek philosophers, carried the abstraction of the Eleatic doctrine to its utmost extreme, utterly denying the real existence of the visible world.

Such a complete negation, however, could not long find advocates. Heracli'tus of Ephesus, a partial contemporary of Parmenides, brought back philosophy within more moderate limits. His work, "Concerning Nature," was, however, so concise and obscure that the ancients themselves failed to clearly understand it. Socrates said concerning it, that "what he understood of it was excellent, and he had no doubt that what he did not understand was equally good; but the book requires an expert swimmer."

The philosophic principle taught by Heraclitus was that "the becoming" is the essence of nature. He advanced the axiom that "everything flows." In his view all things are in a constant movement, from one form to another, from the non-existing into the existing, and this incessant energy of change is the only important reality. He took fire as the representative of this principle of change; not as the essence of nature, as Aristotle has declared.

Emped'ocles of Agrigentum, who flourished about 440 B.C., wrote a philosophic poem, in which he upheld the reality of matter. He maintained that it is composed of four original elements, independent of each other, to whose mingling, combining, and dividing, everything is due. These changes take place under the influence of two powers, analogous to our ideas of attraction and repulsion. Parmenides had upheld the importance of love, or attraction; Heraclitus, of strife, or repulsion. Empedocles combined these principles as the basis of his system.

He was followed by the Atomistic philosophers, who advanced doctrines closely approaching those held by modern chemists. Democ'ritus, the principal writer of this school, was born about 460 B.C., was an extensive traveler, and was the most learned of the Greeks previous to Artistotle. He taught that all visible things are made up of original atoms, which are unchangeable material particles. He ascribes the moving forces of nature to "unconscious necessity," and carries these views into extreme materialism.

Anaxag'oras, who was born about 500 B.C., was the first to plant philosophy at Athens, which from his time became the center of intellectual life in Greece. His doctrines are the very contrary of the atheistic teachings of Democritus. He places a world-forming Intelligence by the side of matter, and recognizes mind as the first cause of all things. His principle, however, is not a complete abstraction, a single, unlimited Deity, but only a first impulse, a moving

force. It differs from the Xenophanic doctrine by admitting the existence of the visible, and ascribing creative powers to the Godhead.

With him ended the materialistic philosophers; with the Sophists, who succeeded him, began the ideal. Building on the Anaxagorean principle of mental force they advanced to the conception of the Subjective. The object had previously been first in men's thoughts. They subordinated it to the subject, or the mentally active. Their doctrines, however, were vaguely defined, and seem to have amounted to little more than the denial of all previous systems. These sophistical teachers were numerous, and may be considered as closing the first period of Grecian philosophy.

With Socrates began the second period. Against their doctrine of Empirical Subjectivity he set up the principle of Absolute Subjectivity, that of the spirit in the form of a free moral will, and the thought as something higher than existence.

SOC'RATES.

BORN 469 B.C.

This most remarkable of the Grecian philosophers, and, in some respects, the greatest mind produced by ancient Greece, was the son of Sophronis'cus, a sculptor, whose profession the future philosopher followed for many years, and not without skill. Pausa'nias speaks of having seen upon the Acropolis three draped figures of the Graces, which were said to be the work of Socrates.

Little further is known of his early education. He seems to have had no personal connection with any of the noted philosophers, and to have pinned his faith to none of the preceding schools. For this reason his teachings form a new era in the history of philosophy. The period in which he first became prominent in this new field can only be fixed as previous to the production of the *Clouds*

of Aristophanes, in which he was so severely satirized. This was in the year 423, when he was forty-six years old.

His remarkable personal appearance made him a fair mark for the comedian's shafts of ridicule. His crooked, turned-up nose, his projecting eye, his bald head and corpulent body, gave occasion for the comparison of his form with that of the satyr Sile'nus. To this was added his miserable dress, his habit of going barefoot, and of often standing still and rolling his eyes. His domestic relations, too, were calculated to inspire the ridicule of his enemies; for Xanthip'pe, his wife, is celebrated as the premium scold of history, and, if all that is related of her be true, must have rendered his indoor life decidedly uncomfortable.

In physical constitution Socrates was robust to an unusual degree; enabling him to endure the hardest military service, and to live superior to all wants beyond the barest necessaries of life. He served as a hoplite, or heavy-armed foot-soldier, at the siege of Potidæ'a, at the battle of De'lium, and at Amphip'olis. In these engagements his valor and endurance were greatly extolled. In the first he saved the life of Alcibi'ades, and in the second that of Xenophon, two of his most distinguished pupils.

On two memorable occasions he stood forth in political life. After the battle of Arginu'sæ, in 406, the ten generals in command were tried for failing to obtain the bodies of the killed, in order that they might receive the rites of interment. Such was the public clamor against them that the court wished to hasten their trial in violation of the ordinary legal forms; but Socrates, as the presiding judge, firmly refused to put the question. The other occasion was during the rule of the thirty tyrants, who attempted to force a number of influential citizens to take part in their illegal murders and confiscations. Socrates withstood them at the peril of his own life.

As to his philosophical teachings, he could not be said to have a system, nor did he trouble himself to devise a universal principle, in the sense of those preceding him. In fact he was quite indifferent to the conditions of nature, and devoted himself to the study of human life, as the only object worthy of regard by man. To search out the "what" of everything, says Xenophon, was his unceasing care, and in this effort he questioned all things and all persons, being utterly without respect for the existing philosophy, and as utterly without reverence for any human authority.

The main doctrine which he is represented as teaching is the importance of virtue, and the necessity of seeking for its essence as a philosophical problem. "Virtue is a knowing" is the only definite axiom which remains of his doctrines. He could not conceive how a man should know the good and yet not pursue it, and the search for the elements of morality seemed to him the only worthy object of study.

Another characteristic of Socrates was his persuasion of a special religious mission. He had been accustomed all his life to hear what he considered a divine voice, which came to him as a warning, not as an instigation to act. In deference to it he kept back from entering public life, and even refrained from preparing a defense to be made on his trial. He relied, like his countrymen, on divine intimations by dreams and oracles, and believed that his mission had been signified to him by these.

The oracle at Delphi having declared that Socrates was the wisest of men, the philosopher, who was fully conscious of his lack of complete wisdom, resolved to test the matter by questioning all persons who had a reputation for knowledge. He was not long in discovering that his superior wisdom lay not so much in his knowledge as in his con-

sciousness of ignorance, when he found other men refusing to admit that they could possibly be wrong.

In this process of continual questioning he adopted a method which has since become celebrated as the Socratic. Professing himself to be ignorant on certain subjects, as justice, temperance, courage, etc., and finding others quite confident of their ability to explain these subjects, he would ask some one to state a definition. On this being given, the ironic philosopher would put a few further questions, to make quite sure that he understood the meaning. But ere the keen questioner had proceeded far the respondent usually found himself driven into a humiliating self-contradiction.

His mode of instruction, wholly different from the pedantry of the Sophists, was conversational in character, starting from objects lying nearest at hand and deriving illustrations from the common matters of everyday life. In fact he was reproached by his contemporaries for speaking only of drudges, smiths, cobblers and tanners. His whole day was spent in the market, the workshop or the gymnasium, talking with any one, young or old, rich or poor, that sought to address him. He visited all persons of interest, male or female, with little regard to their character or reputation. His conversation was public, perpetual and indiscriminate as to persons and subjects, and as it was curious and instructive, certain persons made it their habit to attend him in public as companions or listeners. Only in this sense could he be said to have pupils, and he disclaimed the appellation of teacher.

But so distinguished a man, and one whose irony was felt so widely by the ostentatious and self-confident, could not fail to make enemies. The bitter attack made upon him by Aristophanes served to raise a strong feeling against him in the ignorant lower classes. In the year 399 B.C. an indictment was laid against him in the following terms:

"Socrates is guilty of crime; first, for not worshiping the Gods whom the city worships, and for introducing new divinities of his own; next, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due is death."

To this accusation Socrates replied in a defense, admirable in tone and manner, but well calculated to redouble the number of his enemies. He dwelt on his mission to convict men of ignorance for their ultimate benefit; pronounced himself a public blessing to the Athenians; declared that if his life was preserved he would continue the same course; and regarded the prospect of death with utter indifference.

The trial resulted in his conviction and sentence to death. There was an interval of thirty days before his execution, which Socrates passed in prison, conversing with his friends, as usual. On the last day is said to have occurred the memorable conversation on the Immortality of the Soul, as given in the Platonic dialogue called *Phædon*. He then drank the poison of the hemlock, and died with the dignity and calmness befitting his life.

Socrates left no works. His only record is that which remains in the character of his disciples, their grateful encomiums upon him, and the wide-spread influence which he exerted upon the whole course of Grecian thought. Of this he widened the entire horizon, and opened views into the hidden world of mind that lies within the visible world of matter, which render his life a grand turning-point in the history of human speculation.

We possess a record of the daily life and mode of conversation of Socrates, a sort of table-talk, as given by Xenophon in his Memorabilia; a work, however, which is not calculated to yield us an exalted idea of the merit of Socrates as a speculative philosopher. His reputation in this respect is largely due to his distinguished disciple Plato, who introduces Socrates as the principal speaker in

a series of imaginary conversations which dwell upon the most abstruse subjects of thought. These speculations, however, probably belong to the disciple instead of the master. Plato has also written an "Apology," or defense of Socrates before his judges, which competent critics suppose to embody the real defense made by the accused philosopher, and from which we give some extracts.

SOCRATES QUESTIONS HIS ACCUSERS.

Socrates. Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?

Meletus. Yes; I do.

Soc. Tell the judges then who is their improver; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter. I observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But is not this rather disgraceful, and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

Mel. The laws.

Soc. But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is who, in the first place, knows the laws.

Mel. The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

Soc. What! do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

Mel. Certainly they are.

Soc. What! all of them? Or some only, and not others?

Mel. All of them.

Soc. By the goddess Here, this is good news! There are plenty of improvers then. And what do you say of the audience? Do they improve them?

Mel. Yes, they do.

Soc. And the senators?

Mel. Yes; the senators improve them.

Soc. But perhaps the ecclesiastics corrupt them? Or do they also improve them?

Mel. They improve them.

Soc. Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself, and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

Mel. That is what I stoutly affirm.

Soc. I am very unfortunate if that is true. But suppose I ask you a question. Would you say that this also holds true in the case of a horse? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite of this true? One man is able to do them good; or, at least, not many. The trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them? Is not that true, Meletus, of horses or any other animals? Yes, certainly. Whether you, Anytus, say this or no, that is no matter. Happy, indeed, would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world their improvers. And you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young. Your carelessness is seen in your not caring about the matters spoken of in this very indictment.

CONCLUSION OF SOCRATES' DEFENSE.

Wherefore, O Judge, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to the good man, either in life or after death. For which reason I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners. They have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good, and for this I may gently blame them. Still, I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them as I have troubled you if they seem to care about riches, or anything more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, then reprove them as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways,—I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.—*Jowett.*

PLA'TO.

BORN 429 B.C.

Plato, the most celebrated of the disciples of Socrates, and most famous of philosophers in any age, had the good fortune to be born in the golden period of Grecian mental activity, and in Athens, the center of that intellectual de-

velopment. He had, moreover, every advantage of education, and was of a good family — being connected on the mother's side with So'lon, and on the father's with Co'drus, one of the ancient kings of Athens. He first essayed to distinguish himself in poetry, his ardent imagination well qualifying him for this branch of literature. But having, when twenty years of age, become acquainted with Socrates, he threw all his verses into the fire, and devoted his vigorous intellect to the study of philosophy.

Fearing to be involved in the political troubles of which the death of Socrates was a symptom, he left Athens and retired to Megara, then the residence of Euclid, one of his fellow-pupils. From Megara, he visited Cyrene, Egypt, Magna-Græcia and Sicily. In Magna-Græcia he became acquainted with the Pythagorean philosophy, from which he received as marked an influence as he already had from the philosophy of Euclid.

He returned to Athens in the fortieth year of his age, and at once opened his celebrated school known as the Academy, in the most beautiful suburb of that city. Here he gathered around him a large circle of distinguished followers, and passed a life whose tranquillity was interrupted only by a second and third visit to Sicily.

It is probable that the object of these visits was to realize his idea of a moral state, and by his education of the new ruler to unite philosophy and power in one and the same hand. The character of the younger Dionysius, however, was not favorable to this attempt, and the philosopher found all his efforts frustrated.

Plato lived to the age of eighty-two; was never married; and seems to have been in easy circumstances, as he strongly protests against receiving fees for the teaching of philosophy. He took no part in public affairs, lived absorbed in the pursuit of truth, and was so marked by gravity and

melancholy that the saying became common, "as sad as Plato."

The principles of his philosophy are, fortunately, well known, as his great works have all been preserved. In these works the imagination of the poet is happily blended with the reasoning of the philosopher, producing the fine myths which form the peroration of some of his dialogues, and the dramatic form into which they are thrown.

In these dialogues the character of the speaker is closely preserved, each giving his partial views on the profound subjects of speculation debated. Socrates is usually introduced as the chief personage in the philosophic drama, employing his shrewd method of questioning to fully unfold the problem involved, and commonly ending with an exposition of the subject in which Plato's own views are probably embodied.

The system of philosophy involved in these works has been divided into three parts, namely, dialectics, physics, and ethics. In the dialectical portion he teaches the doctrine of ideas as opposed to realism. Whether he carried this so far as to deny the actual existence of matter is not clearly defined; but he looked on ideas as the archetype of all visible things, and as the underlying, abstract existences to which the material world is due; upholding the supremacy of thought as contrasted with sensation, of mind as opposed to matter, and of the internal force as compared with the external form through which it is manifested.

Carrying this view to its highest limit he evolved the idea of the Good, as the ultimate of knowledge, and the independent groundwork of all other ideas. The Good has unconditioned worth, and gives to every other thing all the value it possesses. It is the basis of knowing and being, of subject and object, of the real and the ideal, though in itself above all such division. It is probable that Plato looked

upon the Good as synonymous with the Deity; though whether he viewed this first cause as a personal being or not, hardly admits of a definite answer.

The Platonic physics are less fully developed than the dialectics. In his days physical science was almost an unknown element of education. Nature had never been subjected to accurate observation, as she was afterward by Aristotle and the Alexandrians; and science, in the modern sense, could not be said to exist. In the *Timæ'us* he gives a summary of the views on physics current in his time, from which he deduces a conception of the world-soul, or the material world as the image of the ideal Good. His physical teachings have no scientific value, their chief merit resting in this conception of the Good actualizing itself in a world organism of order, harmony, and beauty.

He considers the human soul as composed of two essential elements: the mortal, in which it is united with the perishable body; and the immortal, comprising its knowledge of ideas, in which it displays a divine principle of reason. These two components are joined by an intermediate link, which he calls spirit. His celebrated argument for the Immortality of the Soul — as given in the *Phæ'don* — is based upon its capacity for thinking, which allies it with reason, or the divine nature. His arguments are wholly analytical, and show not only an obscure conception of the soul, but of its relations to the body and the reason, and at best would only prove the immortality of him who has elevated his soul to the condition of a pure spirit, i.e. of the philosopher.

In the Platonic ethics the conception of pleasure is investigated, and the necessary connection between true pleasure and virtue inculcated. His theory of virtue is wholly Socratic. It is science, and therefore teachable. It is single in nature, yet manifold in condition. Its highest manifestation is in Justice, the bond and center of all the elements of moral culture. Justice takes us beyond the narrow circle

of individual life. It is the State — the moral life in its totality.

The most complete exposition of the opinions of Plato are to be found in the *Republic*, in which he draws a picture of an ideal commonwealth, whose rulers are to be perfectly educated and developed men, and the individual to be utterly subordinated to the state; the commonwealth thus having a unity resembling that displayed by the human body in its subordination of its various organs. This groundwork of a transcendental government is made the basis for an exposition of the author's views, on the necessity of virtue to the very idea of social life, and on the just process for a complete moral and scientific education.

He acknowledges that such a state as he describes cannot be found upon earth, and has its archetype only in heaven; but demands that efforts should be made to realize it here. The impracticable nature of his political views are best shown in his own efforts in this direction, as already mentioned in his connection with Dionysius of Sicily.

We may conclude this brief exposition of his views with the following extract from Emerson, showing the position our author still holds in the world of thought.

> Of Plato I hesitate to speak, lest there should be no end. He contains the future, as he came out of the past. In Plato, you explore modern Europe in its causes and seed,— all that in thought which the history of Europe embodies or has yet to embody. The well-informed man finds himself anticipated. Plato is up with him too. Nothing has escaped him. Every new crop in the fertile harvest of reform, every fresh suggestion of modern humanity, is there. If the student wish to see both sides, and justice done to the man of the world, pitiless exposure of pedants, and the supremacy of truth and the religious sentiment, he shall be contented also. Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race,— to test their understanding, and to express their reason.

FROM THE PHÆ'DON.—ON IMMORTALITY.

Since it is not possible to know anything rightly while we are in the body, one of two things must be true. Either we shall never know anything, or we shall have true knowledge after our death; for then, and not till then, will the soul act independently of the body. And during life we shall ever come nearest to true knowledge if we have as little as possible to do with the body, which is not absolutely necessary; if we do not allow its nature to dominate over us, but keep ourselves from its taint till God himself shall liberate us from it. And then, purged from its absurdities, we shall be in the company, as I trust, of others who are in the same condition, and shall know the pure essence of things; that is, as I judge, the truth. But those who are not pure themselves cannot attain to what is pure. . . .

It is right to bear in mind this, that if the soul be immortal it requires our care, not only during the time that we call life, but for all time: and great is our danger if we neglect it. If death were the end of all, it would be a gain for the wicked to get rid of their body and of their wickedness at the same time, when their soul departs. But since the soul is immortal there is no hold for it except to make it good and wise, for it carries nothing with it into the other world but the preparations which it has received here.

FROM THE SYMPOSIUM.—IDEAL BEAUTY.

And the true order of going or being led by others to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps, along which we mount upward for the sake of the higher beauty; going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms; and from fair forms to fair actions; and from fair actions to fair notions; until from fair notions we arrive at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last know what the essence of beauty is. This is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute, a beauty which, if you once beheld, you would see not to be after the measure of gold and garments and fair youths; which, when you now behold, you are in fond amazement; and you, and many a one, are content to live seeing only and conversing with them; without meat or drink, if that were possible.

But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty, the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed; not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colors and vanities of human

life; thither looking and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple; and bringing into being and educating true creations of virtue, and not idols only? Do you not see that in that communion, only beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, we will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities,—for we have hold not of an image, but of a reality,—and bringing forth and educating true virtue, to become the friend of God, if mortal man may? Would that be an ignoble life?

FROM THE PARMEN'IDES.—THE NATURE OF IDEAS.

Socrates. But may not the ideas be thoughts only, and have no proper existence except in our minds, Parmenides? For in that case each idea may still be one, and not experience this infinite subdivision.

Parmenides. And can there be individual thoughts which are thoughts of nothing?

Soc. That is impossible.

Par. The thought must be of something?

Soc. Yes.

Par. Of something that is, or is not?

Soc. Of something that is.

Par. Must it be of a single something, which the thought recognizes as attaching to all being?

Soc. Yes.

Par. And will not this something, so apprehended, which is always the same, be an idea?

Soc. From that again there is no escape.

Par. Then if you say that everything else participates in the ideas, must you not say, either that everything is made up of these, and that all things think; or that these are thoughts having no thought?

Soc But that, Parmenides, is no more rational than the other. The more probable view is that the ideas are patterns fixed in nature, and that other things are like them, and resemblances of them; and that what is meant by the participation of other things in the ideas, is really assimilation to them.

FROM THE LY'SIS.—FRIENDSHIP.

But first of all I must tell you that I am one who from my childhood upward have set my heart upon a certain thing. All people have their fancies. Some desire horses, and others dogs; some are

fond of gold, and others of honor. Now I have no violent desire for any of these things; but I have a passion for friends; and I would rather have a good friend than the best cock or quail in the world;—I would even go further and say, than a horse or a dog. Yea, by the dog of Egypt, I should greatly prefer a real friend to all the gold of Dari'us, or even to Darius himself. I am such a lover of friends as that.—*Jowett.*

AR'ISTOTLE.

BORN 384 B.C.

Aristotle, the first of Grecian scientists, and sharing with Plato the loftiest place in ancient philosophy, was born at Stagi'ra, a Grecian colonial town in Thrace. His father was physician to Amyn'tas II, grandfather of Alexander the Great, and the practice of physic seems to have been hereditary in his family. Early education in this direction may have given him his future taste for dissection and other studies in natural history. Losing his parents in early youth, he is said by some to have squandered his patrimony in dissipation, though others assert that he became a pupil of Plato at the age of seventeen. It was not long before his vigorous intellect made itself felt, under the lead of this skillful teacher; so much so that Plato is said to have spoken of him as the "mind of the school," declaring that "Xenocrates needed the spur and Aristotle the bit."

He remained in Athens, under the instruction of Plato, for twenty years; but of his life during this period we only know that he set up a class of rhetoric in opposition to the celebrated orator Isocrates, whose teachings he seems to have attacked with great severity. It has been charged that he displayed jealousy and ingratitude toward Plato, but this appears to be not well substantiated.

After the death of Plato, in 347 B.C., Aristotle left Athens, retiring to Atarn'eus, in Asia Minor. Here he

lived for three years in close friendship with Hermi'as, the ruler of that town. After Hermias had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, the Persians, Aristotle proceeded to Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, taking with him Pyth'ias, the niece of Hermias, whom he made his wife. In the year 342 he was invited by Philip of Macedonia, to take charge of the education of his son Alexander, then thirteen years of age. He was received at the Macedonian court with great honor and respect, remaining the friend and tutor of the future conqueror until 334 B.C., the period of Alexander's expedition to Asia.

After this event Aristotle returned to Athens and opened a school called the Lyce'um from whose shady walks his sect received the name of the Peripatet'ic. His principal writings were probably composed during this period, though we know nothing of their dates. It appears to have been his habit, in his morning lectures, to instruct his more advanced pupils in the profoundest problems of philosophy, and to give popular instruction to a more general audience in the evening.

After twelve years thus spent the anti-Macedonian party obtained ascendancy at Athens, one of its first acts being to accuse Aristotle of impiety to the Gods. In order to escape a fate similar to that of Socrates he fled to Chalcis in the early part of the year 322. In this town he died in the autumn of the same year, aged sixty-two.

Aristotle left a vast number of writings, of which perhaps a fourth, but unquestionably the most valuable portion, has come down to us. They are, however, largely fragmentary in form, and often so confused and contradictory that it is possible we have only his oral lectures, as written down and subsequently edited by his scholars. These works may be classed under the various heads of rhetoric, poetry, politics, ethics, physics, mathematics, logic, and metaphysics.

The genius of Aristotle was as wide as Nature itself. He studied all things; both absorbing the preceding learning of the Greeks and extending the boundaries of knowledge on all sides until his works attained an encyclopedic extent. He not only treated on all existing subjects of thought, but created new worlds in the domain of science for his active mind to conquer. Thus logic may be said to owe its existence to him, and was so exhaustively treated that not until the present century has any addition been made to it.

In his philosophic conceptions he differs widely from Plato, keenly combating the theory of ideas and teaching that experience is the only true basis of knowledge, and that all reasoning must be founded upon the existing facts of nature. This theory of induction he has carried into practical effect in his great work on animals, in which he has gathered a large stock of genuine observations, and deduced from them a system of zoölogical classification which remains the groundwork of all modern systems. He has also written largely on the human body and mind, viewing man as the end to which all nature is constantly tending; while his studies in mental science remain valuable even at the present day.

In rhetoric and the principles of poetry he has given us the earliest philosophy of criticism, his views on these subjects being still studied. One of his greatest works is that on politics. It differs widely from Plato's Republic, being based on actual observation and historical study, he having himself collected one hundred and fifty-eight different constitutions of states, from which he deduced the just principles of existing politics, in contradistinction to the ideal system of Plato.

He has left, moreover, valuable treatises on physiology, metaphysics and ethics, being the originator of the first of these sciences, and in the last treating of virtue from

an empirical point of view, as a development from the practice of morality.

His treatises on Astronomy, Mechanics and Physics fail to possess the value of the other works mentioned, being entirely without merit in the present state of these sciences. He was led away by fancies, which he accepted from the teachings of his contemporaries, and which yielded the most unsound conclusions. His theory of the rotation of the sphere, of the necessary perfection of circular motion, of the impossibility of a vacuum, etc., did more to confuse than to explain the phenomena of nature.

In style of writing Aristotle differed essentially from his predecessors. The ardent imagination of Plato was replaced in him by the most prosaic mode of thought. Instead of the mythical and poetical dress of the Platonic dialogues he presents us with a rigid, unadorned reasoning; and the Hellenic form to which philosophy was confined by his predecessors is enlarged by him into a universal and all-embracing scope and meaning. His concise and peculiar manner renders his works somewhat difficult to read, it needing a good Greek scholar to peruse Aristotle with intelligence and promptitude.

In the Middle Ages the works of Aristotle ruled with a tyrannous sway that rendered the schools but little more than barren expounders of his philosophy, as they understood it. They had but incomplete versions of his works, and from these the Scholastics deduced a series of absurd formulas that left scarcely a glimmering of their true meaning visible.

It was only at a later period that the philosophy of Plato, which always retained a circle of adherents, rose into active opposition, and successfully contested the field of thought with this Aristotelian rule.

TRUE COURAGE.

The timid man is helpless, for he fears all things; but the brave man is the contrary, for confidence is the province of the man who hopes for the best. The timid, the audacious, and the brave man are conversant with the same things, but they are differently affected toward them. Audacious men are precipitate, and wish to encounter dangers before they arrive. But when they arrive they are deficient in fortitude. Brave men, however, are ardent in encountering danger, but before it arrives they are quiet. They choose and encounter danger because it is beautiful to do so, or not to do so is base. But to die in order to avoid poverty, or on account of love, or something painful, is not the province of the brave, but rather of the timid man. For it is effeminate to fly from things laborious; and such do not endure because it is beautiful to endure, but in order to fly from evil.—*Taylor.*

PITY CONTRASTED TO ENVY.

To pity is opposed most directly that feeling which men call indignation. For to the feeling pain at undeserved misfortune is opposed in a certain way the feeling pain at undeserved good fortune, and it originates in the same disposition; and these feelings are both those of a virtuous disposition. For we ought to sympathize with and to pity those who are undeservedly unfortunate, and to feel indignation at those who are undeservedly fortunate; for whatever happens contrary to desert is unjust; and on this account we make indignation an attribute even of the Gods.

Envy, too, seems to stand opposed to pity in the same way; and yet it really is distinct. For envy is also a pain causing agitation; it also is felt at good fortune;—not, however, at the good fortune of the undeserving, but of equals and fellows.—*Buckley.*

POETIC UNITY.

A fable is one, not, as some suppose, if one person is the subject of it; for many events, which are infinite in kind, happen to one man, from a certain number of which no one event arises. Homer, as he excelled in other things, appears likewise to have seen this clearly, whether from art or from nature. For in composing the Odyssey he has not related everything which happened to Ulysses, such as the being wounded in Parnassus, and professing to be insane at the muster of the Greeks; one of which taking place it

was not necessary or probable that the other would happen. But he composed the Odyssey, as also the Iliad, on one action.—*Buckley.*

ANGER A TRANSITORY FEELING.

Men are placable when in a frame of mind contrary to the feeling of anger. Those, too, who have suffered some time to elapse, and are not fresh from the influence of anger. For time makes anger cease. Also vengeance previously taken on one object allays the anger felt against another, even if it be more violent. For which reason Philoc'rates, when some one asked him how it was, as the populace were enraged with him, that he had not made his defense, very justly said:

"I will not do it yet."

"But when will you?"

"I will do it when I see some one else criminated."

For people, after they have exhausted their anger on some other object, become placable; which happened in the case of Ergo'philus. For the populace, though more indignant with him than with Callis'thenes, yet acquitted him, because on the day before they had condemned Callisthenes to death.—*Buckley.*

TRANSITION.

We see that the man is produced from the boy, as the thing that has been from that which is in a process of formation; or that which has been finished from that which is being finished; or tends toward perfection. For always is there a certain medium, as the medium between existence and non-existence; so also is the thing that is being produced between entity and non-entity; and the person that is receiving instruction is one becoming scientifically learned. And this is the meaning of what is affirmed, that from the person learning is produced one that is scientifically learned; just as water is generated from air on account of the air having undergone corruption.—*McMahon.*

THE LATER PHILOSOPHY.

THE productive energy of Grecian philosophy expends itself with Aristotle, in connection with the universal decay of Grecian life and spirit. We have, in the succeeding period, no all-embracing systems, like those taught by Plato and Aristotle, but partial and one-sided speculations. Weary of the effort to refer the subject and object, mind and matter, to one ultimate basis, in the new philosophy the subject breaks with the object, and directs all its attention toward itself in its own self-consciousness.

The result of this gives us four separate schools, all based upon one phase or other of this principle of complete subjectivity.

One form of this we have in the school of the Stoics, who base philosophy on the principle of moral activity; and in the self-sufficiency of the sage become indifferent to all external good and every objective labor.

The foundation of this school is generally ascribed to Zeno of Citium, who, after losing his property by shipwreck, took refuge from grief in philosophy. Having studied various systems, he opened a school of his own in the "variegated porch," so called from its being adorned with the paintings of Polygno'tus. From this his adherents received the name of "philosophers of the porch" (Stoics).

He was followed by Clean'thes, who faithfully carried out his system. To him succeeded Chrysip'pus, the most noted of these philosophers. He was a voluminous writer, his works being said to have amounted to seven hundred and five. They are all lost, however.

The Stoical system was more in vogue at Rome than any of its rival schools. Its principles of self-control, moral energy, and philosophic indifference to wealth or pleasure, could be easily appreciated by the practical-minded Roman, on whom the deep speculations of other systems made no impression. The Latin mind almost utterly lacked the speculative tendency of the Greek.

Contemporary with this school was that known as the Epicurean, which also obtained a footing in Rome. In this system of philosophy the one aim of life is the attainment of happiness. Not, however, in the enjoyment of gross pleasures, but in the inner sense of contentment, and the repose of a satisfied mind, enjoying the past and the present and devoid of fear for the future.

This school also arose at Athens, almost contemporaneously with the Porch; Epicu'rus, its founder, being born 342 B.C., six years after the death of Plato. In his thirty-sixth year he opened a school of philosophy, over which he presided till his death, 271 B.C. His disciples and adherents formed a social league, in which they were united by the closest bonds of friendship. They have been accused of great voluptuousness, but much of this is, undoubtedly, calumny. The moral conduct of Epicurus, though frequently assailed, was, according to the best authorities, blameless, and his personal character estimable and amiable. He was a voluminous writer, surpassing, in this respect, even Aristotle, and exceeded by Chrysippus alone.

The third system referred to was that known as Skepticism. In this the subjective tendency was carried to its most extreme limits, the Skeptics doubting and rejecting all objective truth and science, and holding that abstinence from all positive opinion is followed by freedom from all mental disturbance, in which freedom happiness consists. They carried this so far as to resort to a series of artifices in order to avoid making any positive assertion; using,

instead, doubtful expressions, such as: *It is possible; It may be so; Perhaps; I assert nothing — not even that I assert nothing.*

Pyr'rho of Elis, possibly a contemporary of Aristotle, was the head of the older Sceptics. He left no writings, and we are dependent for a knowledge of his opinions on his follower, Timon of Phlius. Scepticism, however, assumed its greatest significance as it appeared in the Platonic school established by Arcesila'us, and known as the New Academy. Arcesilaus maintained his position in the Academy only by asserting that his sceptical views were essentially those of Socrates and Plato, and that he simply restored the original significance of Platonism. His teachings were marked by a vigorous opposition to the dogmatic system advanced by the Stoics.

A later scepticism arose at a period when Grecian philosophy had wholly fallen into decay. The principal names attached to it are Æneside'mus, who probably lived a little after the time of Cicero; Agrip'pa, of later date, and Sextus Empi'ricus, who lived after 200 A.D. The last of these has left two writings, which are valuable as being the sources of much historical information.

The latest of the ancient philosophical systems is that known as Neo-Platonism. It is marked by the same essential character as the three systems last mentioned, its doctrines turning wholly upon the exaltation of the subject to the absolute. It teaches the possibility of comprehending the absolute; not by thought or knowledge, but by an immediate beholding, or ecstatic vision; and advances a theory of emanation in which the existing world is an effluence of God, and in which the degree of nearness to this ultimate source is the measure of the degree of perfection of any object.

The first and most important of the teachers of New Platonism was Ploti'nus, who was born 205 A.D., and who

taught philosophy at Rome from 245 to 270 A.D. His opinions are contained in a series of hastily written treatises, which were published, after his death, by Porphyry, his most noted disciple, who taught philosophy and eloquence at Rome.

From Rome the system of Plotinus passed in the fourth century to Athens, where it established itself in the Academy. Its most prominent later teachers were Iam'blichus, who flourished in the fourth, and Pro'clus, who dates from the fifth century.

With the triumph of Christianity and the consequent fall of heathenism, in the course of the sixth century, even this last bloom of Grecian philosophy faded away.

THE GRECIAN SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

To the active intellect and excitable nature of the early Greeks the art of oratory was especially adapted. Particularly among the Athenians was it called into requisition, their leisure being so largely spent in the theatre, the political forum, the courts, and the philosophical schools; while their democratic government gave every citizen an equal voice in the law-making and ruling powers, causing the eloquence of the orator to become essential to the success of the politician.

Books were not plentiful in Athens, yet her citizens, as a rule, were well educated, their culture coming in large part from the scenic displays of the dramatist and the voice of the orator; while their fondness for forensic eloquence was such that the six thousand jurymen, who were occasionally required in the ten law courts of Athens, were always obtained without difficulty. Indeed, the passion for hearing and deciding questions, judicial and political, was carried to great excess at the flourishing period of the city's existence, and there was every inducement held out to the orator, in the high honor and reputation which attended success.

The fondness for oratory which still prevails is but a shadow of that displayed by these ancient Greeks. The outdoor life of the free citizens of Athens, their cheerful, active, excitable dispositions, and their ardent love of disputation, yielded to the public speaker a fertile field of labor. Nor had he our quiet, grave audiences. His hearers gave the freest expression to their applause, disapprobation, or critical opinion; being unequaled in their knowledge of

what constituted perfect oratory, their keen artistic taste, and their quick and severe judgments, from which they allowed no appeal. To such an extent was this carried that Demosthenes was hissed, in one of his early speeches, for using a false accent; and Euripides gave offense by employing the letter *sigma* too often in a single line.

This wide-spread love and appreciation of oratory naturally called forth finished productions, and caused many to make the study of rhetoric and eloquence their life occupation. Politics was the business of an Athenian. Literature was his recreation. Both were to be found in the speeches of the public orator. With this incitement in view their speeches were prepared with the utmost care, attention being paid alike to the form of the oration as a whole, and the rhythm of its single sentences, while the essentials of attitude, action and gesture were elaborated to an extent to which we now give little heed. The orator needed to be thoroughly cultured. Poetry, law, logic and rhetoric were all studied, and nothing that could give superior excellence to his art was neglected.

Yet only at Athens were there the requisite conditions to produce a flourishing state of this form of literature. It was largely cultivated to procure the favor of the democratic people. This naturally led to more worthy objects, and produced orations in which the masses were swayed to just conclusions despite their prejudices. Politicians rose rapidly to power and influence by the aid of their silver-tongued speeches, and, like Pericles for instance, ruled the city for years with an almost absolute sway. Even the historians acknowledged this public demand by putting orations into the mouths of their principal characters; and many of these invented speeches, in the works of Thucydides, are so admirable in form that they have been widely studied and imitated by modern orators.

Yet this art did not, like poetic and dramatic literature,

reach its culmination in the days of Athenian supremacy. Poetry, art and the drama alike declined in Athens after the Peloponne'sian war, the first never regaining its vitality, the last having a partial recuperation in the works of Menander, while, a generation later, art gained new life in the labors of Praxit'eles and his followers. Yet at this period of decline prose literature broke from its former fetters, and began a career which led to its fairest development. The principal workers in this new growth were the orators; Lysias and Isocrates, by the happy alterations which they made in the artificial form of the old prose, giving a fresh and attractive life to this form of literature; while they were followed by a host of workers in the same field, the most noted names among whom are those of Isæus, Demosthenes and Æschines.

LYS'IAS.

BORN 458 B.C.[a]

This celebrated orator is the first of whom there are any extended works still in existence. Of his numerous predecessors in the same art we know only the names, with some scant memorials of their works; while of the orations of Lysias several important examples have come down to us intact, having withstood the long wear of time.

He was born at Athens; his father, of a distinguished Syracusan family, having been invited to that city by Pericles. At fifteen years of age, however, he went, with his elder brother, to Thurii, in Italy, where a flourishing Grecian colony had been formed. There he studied rhetoric under noted teachers. But after the fatal disaster in Sicily, which so crippled the power and influence of Athens, the Thurians expelled this colony, despite the ardent welcome which they had previously given it.

Lysias returned to Athens, then under the rule of the

thirty tyrants. But the democratic principles advocated by him and his brother led to the execution of the latter by these tyrannical rulers, while the former only escaped a similar fate by a flight to Megara. After the expulsion of the tyrants he again sought his native city, of which he now sought to become a citizen, having before been regarded as an alien inhabitant.[1] He died at the age of eighty, his later years being occupied in composing orations for others, and in teaching rhetoric.

The great merit of the style of Lysias is its purity. In this it is unsurpassed by other writers, and equaled by none except Isocrates. He employs only the simplest language, admitting no ambitious ornaments, yet he has the happy art of giving to every subject treated an air of dignity and importance. He possesses also a ready skill of adaptation, which enables him to make his orations suitable to all persons and occasions; while his arguments display a fine inventive judgment, and a bold, confident tone, which must have given him a powerful influence over his auditors. In reasoning, he is ever clear, and in narrative is natural and lively, with often a wonderful air of reality. His subjects are not expanded, but are brief, clear, and elegant in treatment, making each oration a finished work of art. He is deficient, however, in the power of exciting passion in his audience; elegance and persuasion, rather than vigor of declamation, being his forte.

In his earlier efforts he was affected by the artificial manner of the previous schools of oratory, and seems to have first broken from this stilted mode in his oration against Eratosthenes. This person, one of the thirty tyrants, had come into court asking amnesty. During his trial, Lysias, indignant at the murder of his brother, appeared in court as the accuser of the murderer, and in a burst of simple but vigorous eloquence, that must have astonished and convinced his hearers, he established a new

style of oratory, to which he always afterward adhered, and which formed the groundwork for the orations of his successors.

There are attributed to him in all two hundred and thirty orations, of which thirty-five are extant. Of these some are considered spurious, and the greater part of them are devoted to private subjects. His one existing public speech is that against Eratosthenes, from which we quote.

ERATOS'THENES ARRAIGNED.

It is an easy matter, O Athenians, to begin this accusation. But to end it without doing injustice to the cause will be attended with no small difficulty. For the crimes of Eratosthenes are not only too atrocious to describe, but too many to enumerate. No exaggeration can exceed, and within the time assigned for this discourse it is impossible to fully represent them. This trial, too, is attended with another singularity. In other causes it is usual to ask the accusers: "What is your resentment against the defendants?" But here you must ask the defendant: "What was your resentment against your country? What malice did you bear your fellow-citizens? Why did you rage with unbridled fury against the state itself?"

The time has now indeed come, Athenians, when, insensible to pity and tenderness, you must be armed with just severity against Eratosthenes and his associates. What avails it to have conquered them in the field, if you be overcome by them in your councils? Do not show them more favor for what they boast they will perform, than resentment for what they have already committed. Nor, after having been at so much pains to become masters of their persons, allow them to escape without suffering that punishment which you once sought to inflict, but prove yourselves worthy of that good fortune which has given you power over your enemies.

The contest is very unequal between Eratosthenes and you. Formerly he was both judge and accuser; but we, even while we accuse, must at the same time make our defense. Those who were innocent he put to death without trial. To them who were guilty we allow the benefit of law, even though no adequate punishment can ever be inflicted. For should we sacrifice them and their children, would this compensate for the murder of your fathers, your

sons, and your brothers? Should we deprive them of their property, could this indemnify the individuals whom they have beggared, or the state which they have plundered? Though they cannot suffer a punishment adequate to their demerit, they ought not, surely, on this account to escape. Yet how matchless is the effrontery of Eratos'thenes, who, being now judged by the very persons whom he formerly injured, still ventures to make his defense before the witnesses of his crimes? What can show more evidently the contempt in which he holds you, or the confidence which he reposes in others?

Let me now conclude with laying before you the miseries to which you were reduced, that you may see the necessity of taking punishment on the authors of them. And first, you who remained in the city, consider the severity of their government. You were reduced to such a situation as to be forced to carry on a war in which, if you were conquered, you partook indeed of the same liberty with the conquerors; but if you proved victorious, you remained under the slavery of your magistrates. As to you of the Piræ'us, you will remember that though you never lost your arms in the battles which you fought, yet you suffered by these men what your foreign enemies could never accomplish, and at home, in times of peace, were disarmed by your fellow citizens. By them you were banished from the country left you by your fathers. Their rage, knowing no abatement, pursued you abroad, and drove you from one territory to another. Recall the cruel indignities which you suffered; how you were dragged from the tribunal and the altars; how no place, however sacred, could shelter you against their violence! While others, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, after putting an end to their miserable lives, were deprived of funeral rites. For these tyrants imagined their government to be so firmly established that even the vengeance of the Gods was unable to shake it.

But it is impossible for one man, or in the course of one trial, to enumerate the means which were employed to undermine the power of this state, the arsenals which were demolished, the temples sold or profaned, the citizens banished or murdered, and whose dead bodies were impiously left uninterred. Those citizens now watch your decree, uncertain whether you will prove accomplices to their death, or avengers of their murder. I shall desist from any further accusations. You have heard, you have seen, you have experienced. Decide then!

ISOC'RATES.

BORN 436 B.C.

This famous rhetorician was a native of Athens. He received a liberal education in the best schools of oratory, and developed an early talent for the art. He was restrained, however, by a weak voice, and by natural timidity, from attempting to become a public speaker, and therefore opened a school of rhetoric, which soon became celebrated, and was the favorite resort of the studious from all quarters. Numerous eminent historians, politicians and lawyers received instruction in his school, he having at one time one hundred pupils, although his price for tuition was very high for that period, being one thousand drachmæ (about two hundred dollars of our money). Demosthenes is said to have offered him a fifth part of this price for a fifth of his science; but Isocrates replied that his art, like a good fish, must be sold entire. In his teachings he always selected practical subjects, and chiefly the political events of the day, as his illustrations, for which reason public speakers and historians became his principal auditors. He wrote many orations for others, and also for public delivery on important political occasions. These, being spread throughout Greece, added largely to his reputation.

Isocrates died at ninety-eight years of age, from voluntary starvation, occasioned by his grief at the result of the fatal battle of Chærone'a,[1] in which the power of Athens was overthrown by Philip of Macedonia.

There are attributed to him sixty orations, of which twenty-one are extant. These works may be classified as didactic, suasive, laudatory and forensic. They were elaborated with such care that he is said to have been ten years in composing and polishing one oration. His style resembles that of Lysias in its purity and correctness, and in its careful selection of words, though it is more round and full

in its periods, and less simple and compact, while its sweetness is artificial where that of Lysias is purely natural. His orations, however, have a power in their full stream of harmonious diction which is found in no former work of rhetoric, while his rhythmical flow of language replaces the vehement oratory of later writers.

He was always great in his management of great points, and in the invention, arrangement and application of his arguments; as also in the philosophical adjustment of the parts of his subjects, and the moral beauty and political truth of his sentiments.

The ancient estimate of his powers was shown by the statue of a syren erected on his tomb, in indication of his sweetness.

FLATTERY MORE POWERFUL THAN TRUTH.

Those who come hither are used to say that those things which they are going to speak of are of the noblest nature, and worthy the city's utmost attention; but if there ever was a time when this might be said of any affairs, methinks that I shall now handle deserves such an exordium. We are assembled to deliberate about peace and war, which are of the highest importance in human life; and those who consult maturely are more successful than others. The importance, therefore, of our present subject is of this high nature.

Now I have frequently observed that you make a great difference between orators, and are attentive to some but cannot suffer the voice of others. This in reality is no just wonder, for in former times you used to reject all such as did not flatter your inclinations; which, I think, deserves an impartial blame; for though you know many private houses have been entirely ruined by flatteries, and detest such persons as in their private affairs conduct themselves in this manner; yet you are not disposed yourselves in the same manner in regard of the public amendment, but finding fault with the censor, and taking pleasure in flatteries, you seem to put more confidence in such than in other citizens; and you yourselves have been a cause that the orators study and meditate not so much what will be beneficial to the state, as what will please your hope and expectation, for which a crowd of them is now flocked together;

as it is evident to all that you take more pleasure in those who exhort you to war than such as give you more peaceable counsels.

You have met to choose, as it becomes you, the wisest measures; and though you do know what is best to be done, yet you will hear none but such as flatter you. But if you truly had the State's good at heart, you ought rather to be attentive to those who oppose your sentiments, than such as fall in with your humors and weaknesses; for you cannot be ignorant that those who practice such artifices are the most likely to deceive you, since artful flattery easily closes the eye to truth and sincerity. But you can never suffer such prejudice from those who speak the plain, naked truth, for such cannot persuade you but by the clear demonstrations of utility.

—*Dinsdale.*

FROM THE ORATION TO DEMONI'CUS.

In the first place show your gratitude to Heaven, not only by sacrifices, but by a steady veracity, and sacred observance of all leagues and oaths. The first shows indeed splendor and gratitude, but the latter only a truly noble, God-like mind. Be such toward your parents as you would hope your children should be toward you. Use exercise rather for health, than strength or beauty. You will best attain these if you leave it off before nature is fatigued.

Be not austere and gloomy, but serene and grave. By the first behavior you would be thought proud; but by the latter will be esteemed a man of worth and credit. Never imagine you can conceal a bad action; for though you hide it from others, your own conscience will condemn you. Be good, and have your own approbation. Be persuaded that every base action will at last take air.

It is the duty of every man to improve his knowledge, will, and understanding. It is as great a shame to hear rational, instructive discourse, and not be attentive to it, as to reject with scorn a valuable gift. Think philosophy a greater treasure than immense sums of gold; for gold is apt to take wings and fly away; but philosophy and virtue are inalienable possessions. Wisdom is the only immortal inheritance.—*Dinsdale.*

ISÆ'US.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 360 B.C.

Of the private life of Isæus very little is known. He was probably a pupil of one or both of the preceding orators, and was the instructor of Demosthenes in oratory, a

fact which is in itself a reputation. His extant speeches all relate to private subjects, being prepared for delivery in civil suits in the law courts of Athens. They are written in the first person, the client himself speaking, or being personated by his counsel. These speeches display much insight into the ancient laws, and yield valuable information in regard to the ordinances respecting women, which were as onerous as were the social customs in regard to the fair sex. There are in all fifty orations attributed to him, of which eleven are extant.

In style he copies the manner of Lysias, the imitation being usually very close. There is the same pure, perspicuous and concise diction. The figurative language, however, is more artificially expressed, and has less of the earnest force of nature. But if he lacks the eloquence of Lysias, he surpasses him in majesty, the use of interrogative sentences giving his speeches an animation and energy that assimilate them to those of Demosthenes. We can, indeed, trace indications of the sublimity of the latter in Isæus, and in the oratorical manner of this tutor we have the probable groundwork of the vigor and vehemence with which his illustrious pupil has taken captive the heart of the ages. The private character of these orations renders them less interesting than those of his competitors. We give one or two illustrations.

FROM THE DEFENSE OF GRANDSONS OF CI'RON AGAINST HIS NEPHEW.

It is impossible, Judges, to suppress our just indignation, when men are not only bold enough to claim the property of others, but even hope by their sophisms to refine away and find release of law, as our adversaries are now attempting to do. For although my grandfather, Ciron, died not childless, but left me and my brother, the sons of his legitimate daughter, yet these men have both claimed his estate as his next of kin, and insult us by asserting that we are not his grandsons, and that he never had a daughter in his life.

To this audacity have they been incited by their sordid love of gain, and lured by the value of Ciron's estate, which they violently seized, and now unjustly possess; being absurd enough to allege that he died in indigence; yet contending, at the same time, that they have the right to his fortune.

These being their machinations it is necessary for you to be informed of the whole transaction, that when you are fully apprised of every circumstance, you may decide the cause from your perfect knowledge of it. And if you have ever attended to any cause, hear this, I entreat you, with attention; justice, indeed, requires it; for in the many suits with which Athens abounds, no man will be found to have invaded the possessions of another with more impudence, and a greater contempt of decency, than these corrupters.

FROM THE DEFENSE OF A GUARDIAN AGAINST HIS WARD.

I should have been happy, Judges, not only if I had escaped the scandalous imputations of laying snares for the property of others, and instituting suits with that view, but also if my nephew, instead of grasping at my estate, would have taken due care of his own paternal fortunes, which we justly surrendered to him; for then he would have been esteemed by all as a worthier man, while by preserving and increasing his patrimony he would have proved himself a worthy citizen. But since he has aliened part of it, and consumed the rest in a manner that gives me pain; since, relying on the number of his associates, and the preconcerted quirks of his advocates, he has invaded my possessions; I cannot but consider it a misfortune that a kinsman of mine should act so disgracefully, and I must enter upon my defense with all the activity in my power against his direct accusation, and the impertinent calumnies which accompany it.—*Sir William Jones.*

DEMOS'THENES.

BORN ABOUT 384 B.C.

Demosthenes, the most eloquent of the ancients, or we may more widely say, the greatest orator the world has yet produced, was a native of Athens, born in 381 or 384 B.C., according to different authorities. He was a contemporary of Aristotle, dying in the same year and possibly of the same age; and, in his special line, was as eminent as was the great philosopher in his.

The father of Demosthenes was a wealthy cutler and cabinet-maker. He died when his son was but seven years of age, leaving the child to the care of guardians, who fulfilled their trust by appropriating his inheritance to themselves. It may be that this peculation of his guardians, and his consequent fear of poverty, stimulated him to the intense study which was the secret of his great future eminence. As soon as he became of age, however, he prosecuted these unjust stewards, and obtained a portion of his estate.

It is possible also that his success in this, and some other civil suits, incited him to the study of oratory, for which he chose Isæus as his tutor, either to save expense, or because he preferred his style to that of Isocrates.

He was so poorly fitted by nature for this profession that his first attempt at public speaking proved an utter failure. He was of a feeble frame, a weak and indistinct voice, shy and awkward in manner, and ungraceful in gesture. Nor was he ever ready as an extemporaneous speaker, always requiring preparation, even in his best days. But if he had these disqualifications he had the qualifications of energy, ambition, and endless perseverance. With unparalleled industry he set himself to overcome the disadvantages of nature. To strengthen his lungs he would forcibly declaim while climbing steep hills, or raise his voice in rivalry with the roar of the sea in stormy weather. He is said to have accustomed himself to speak with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a natural defect in his delivery; and to have practiced the art of gesture, so essential in Greek oratory, before a mirror. By constant study and memorizing he obtained fluency of speech, and also by a persistent composition of orations.

These energetic and long-continued studies so enhanced the natural powers of Demosthenes that his enemies solaced themselves for their defeats by ascribing all his abilities to these causes, and denying him any native talent.

He entered public life at a most critical period. The jealousies and social wars of the Grecian states had rendered them miserably weak and divided, and they were heedless of the dangerous intrigues of Philip of Macedon until Demosthenes boldly exposed him.

In a series of the most brilliant orations, extending over many years, he warned his country against the insidious policy of the crafty monarch, and called on the Grecian states to unite against their common enemy. But Macedonian gold and diplomacy, and Grecian blindness and jealousy, proved too much for even the eloquence of a Demosthenes to overcome, and, although he continued to thunder his unequaled denunciations against Philip, that politic conqueror advanced step by step, until the fatal battle of Chærone'a, in 338 B.C., laid all Greece prostrate at his feet.

After the death of Philip, his son Alexander demanded that Demosthenes should be delivered up to him, but he was saved by the mediation of some friends. Indeed his grateful fellow-citizens went so far as to decree him a golden crown for his services, on the proposition of his friend, Ctes'iphon. This gave the occasion for his final and greatest effort in oratory. For Ctesiphon was attacked in a vigorous oration by Æschines, in which throughout he defamed and misrepresented Demosthenes. The latter followed in an oration "For the Crown," which is acknowledged to be the most perfect master-piece of oratory ever produced, and which so overwhelmed his enemy, Æschines, that he left Athens in disgust.

In 324 B.C. Demosthenes was accused of aiding in a revolt against the Macedonians,[k] and was thrown into prison. He escaped, however, and fled into exile. In the following year Alexander died, and, with a new gleam of hope, the Athenians placed Demosthenes again at the head of affairs. But the Macedonian power speedily again prevailed, and Demosthenes, demanded by the conquerors, sought an asy-

lum in the temple of Neptune, in the island of Calaure'a. Pursued even here by his enemies, he died, as is generally believed, of poison administered by his own hand. His death took place in 322 B.C.

Too high praise cannot be given to the personal character of Demosthenes. His brave defiance of the enemies of Greece, the stainless purity of his life, his splendid patriotism, and his noble statesmanship, entitle him to rank with the most illustrious of mankind. As an orator he is simply without a peer. He took the best from all previous styles and combined them into one harmonious whole. As bold and more simple than Thucydides, as clear in narrative, and elegant and pure in diction as Lysias, he added to this an unequaled earnestness, power, rapidity and passion that carried all hearers away as on a flood of eloquence.

His orations are plain and unornamented in language, and business-like in their reasoning, while they have characteristics to please every grade of hearers, some being taken captive by their force and vigor, others by their grace and harmonious cadence of sentences, others again by their emotional earnestness.

Of his orations sixty-one have been preserved, though some of these are of doubtful authenticity. Twelve of his extant speeches are devoted to the contest between Philip and the Greeks, and one is the celebrated oration, "For the Crown."

Lord Brougham says of him, after speaking of his excessive care in preparing, polishing, and perfecting his orations:

> There is not any long or close train of reasoning in Demosthenes; still less any profound observations or ingenious allusions; but a constant succession of remarks bearing immediately on the matter in hand, perfectly plain, and as readily admitted as easily understood. These are intermingled with most striking appeals;

some to feelings which all were conscious of and deeply agitated by, though ashamed to own; some to sentiments which every man was panting to utter, and delighted to hear thundered forth; bursts of oratory, therefore, which either overwhelmed or delighted the audience. Such *hits*, if we may use a homely phrase, are the principal glory of the great combatant. It is by these that he carries all before him, and to these that he sacrifices all the paltry graces which are the delight of the Asian and Italian schools.

FROM THE ORATION FOR THE CROWN.

There is indeed, there is a silence which is sincere and serviceable to the state, such as you, the body of the citizens, innocently maintain. Such, however, is not the silence which he maintains; far from it; but, abandoning the public service when he chooses—and he often does so choose—he watches the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker; or some reverse of fortune happens, or some other untoward event occurs—and many such are incident to humanity—and then, on that opportunity, the orator suddenly springs up from his silence like a storm, and, after preparatory declamation, and a making-up of phrases and arguments, he delivers these with precision and fluency, though producing no benefit nor the certainty of any advantage, but ruin to the average of citizens, and national disgrace.

And yet, Æschines, of all this diligence and preparation, if it proceeded from an upright heart, whose object was the good of his country, the fruits should be noble and creditable and universally beneficial; such as the alliances of cities, the raising of subsidies, the establishment of trade, the passing of salutary laws, and opposition to our declared enemies. For in past years all these were in request, and the time gone by offered many openings to an honorable man, in which you will be found to have been neither first, nor second, nor third, nor fourth, nor fifth, nor sixth, nor anywhere: never, of course, where your country would have been advanced.

What alliance, by your agency, has been secured for the city? what service by which the city became more respected? what domestic, or Grecian, or foreign relation, directed by you, has been successfully conducted? what fleets? what armories? what arsenals? what construction of walls? what cavalry? Where have you been useful in anything? What public or national pecuniary relief has been afforded by you, either to rich or poor? None! But then, sir, if there be none of this, there is at least loyalty and

zeal? Where? When?—Thou most disgraced of men!—who not even when all that ever spoke on the platform contributed for our safety, and at last Aristonicus contributed the money collected for his enfranchisement—who did not even then come forward, nor bestow anything. Not, indeed, through want. How could it be? for you inherited more than five talents from Philo, your relative. That it was not from want of means, therefore, that you did not contribute, but from an anxiety that no obstruction should be made on your part to that party whom you serve politically, is evident from these facts.

Wherein then have you been active, or when distinguished? Whenever it was necessary to speak against this people, there you were most melodiously clamorous, most retentive in memory, a consummate actor, a Theokrines of the stage!—*Owgan.*

FROM THE ORATION ON THE STATE OF THE CHERSONE'SUS.

Yet dreadful as it is to have such men among us, yet the most dreadful circumstance of all is this, you assemble here with minds so disposed that if any one accuses Diopi'thes, or Cha'res, or Aris'tophon, or any citizen whatever, as the cause of our misfortunes, you instantly break forth into acclamations and applause. But if a man stands forth and thus declares the truth: "This is all trifling, Athenians! It is to Philip we owe our misfortunes; he has planted us in these difficulties; for had he observed his treaty our state would be in perfect tranquillity." This you cannot deny, yet you hear it with grief, as if it were the account of some dreadful misfortune.

The cause is this, (for when I aim to urge the interest of my country let me speak boldly,) certain persons who have been interested with public affairs have, for a long time past, rendered you daring and terrible in council, but in all affairs of war wretched and contemptible. Hence it is that if a citizen subject to your own power and jurisdiction be pointed out as the author of your misfortunes, you hear the accusation with applause; but if they are charged upon a man who must first be conquered before he can be punished, then you are utterly disconcerted; that truth is too severe to be borne.

Your ministers, Athenians, should take a quite contrary course. They should render you gentle and humane in council, where the rights of citizens and allies come before you. In military affairs they should inspire you with fierceness and intrepidity; for here

you are engaged with enemies, with armed troops. But now, by leading you on gently to their purposes, by the most abject compliance with your humors, they have so formed and moulded you that in your assemblies you are delicate, and attend but to flattery and entertainment; in your affairs you find yourselves threatened with extremity of danger.

FROM THE SECOND PHILIPPIC.

And now to what purpose do I mention this? And why do I desire that these men should appear? I call the Gods to witness that without the least evasion I shall boldly declare the truth! Not that by breaking out into invective I may expose myself to the like treatment, and once more give my old enemies the opportunity of receiving Philip's gold; nor yet that I may indulge the impertinent vanity of haranguing.

But I apprehend the time must come when Philip's actions will give you more concern than at present. His designs, I see, are ripening. I wish my apprehensions may not prove just; but I fear the time is not far off. And when it will no longer be in your power to disregard events; when neither mine nor any other person's information, but your own knowledge, your own senses, will assure you of the impending danger; then will your severest resentment break forth.

While our affairs, therefore, remain not absolutely desperate; while it is yet in our power to debate; give me leave to remind you of one thing; though none can be ignorant of it:—Who was the man that persuaded you to give up Pho'cis and Thermop'ylæ? which, once gained, he also gained free access for his troops to Attica and to Peloponnesus, and obliged us to turn our thoughts from the rest of Greece, and from all foreign interests, to a defensive war in these very territories. This much may be sufficient to recall past occasions to your view.

May all the Gods forbid that the event should confirm my suspicions! For I by no means desire that any man should meet the deserved punishment of his crimes, when the whole community is in danger of being involved in his destruction.—*Leland.*

ÆS'CHINES.

BORN 389 B.C.

Æschines, a contemporary and rival of Demosthenes, and second only in ability to this great orator, was a native of Athens, and the head of the peace party to which Demosthenes was so vigorously opposed. Æschines was poor, his father having kept school, while the first known occupation of the future orator was the acting of plays.

Taking a share in politics, however, he soon distinguished himself, opposing Demosthenes with violence, and becoming a member of more than one embassy sent by the Athenians to treat with Philip. Demosthenes accused him of receiving bribes from Philip, and of playing into the hands of this wily monarch. This accusation and the reply of Æschines are among the best specimens of Grecian oratory.

There is no proof that the charge of corruption was well founded, except that Æschines acted against the interest of Athens; but the event proved the sagacity of Demosthenes and condemned the selfish policy of his rival.

When it was proposed to reward Demosthenes with a golden crown, in recognition of his services to his country, Æschines vigorously opposed it, and contested that it was illegal. Being vanquished by the scathing reply of Demosthenes, he left Athens, and eventually established a school of oratory in Rhodes, which enjoyed a high reputation. On one occasion he read to his pupils his oration against Ctesiphon, and on some of his auditors expressing surprise that such a powerful speech could fail of success, he replied: "You would cease to be astonished if you had heard Demosthenes."

He died at Samos, 314 B.C. Only three of his orations are extant, that "Against Ctesiphon" being included. They

possess a sonorous, vigorous tone, with fine rhetorical power, and great felicity of diction; and have much of the force and fire displayed by his rival, closely approximating to those of Demosthenes in style, while in ability they remain unsurpassed by any but this greatest of orators.

We give a brief extract from the oration against Ctesiphon.

FROM THE ORATION AGAINST CTESIPHON.

Now I neither envy the habits of Demosthenes, nor blush for my own; nor would I retract the speeches I have spoken among you; nor had I spoken as he has would I be content to live; for my silence, Demosthenes, has been occasioned by the simplicity of my life. I am satisfied with little, and covet not the dishonest acquisition of more; so that I can be silent, and speak advisedly, and not when constrained by innate extravagance; while you, I should say, are silent when your hand is full, and clamorous when it is empty, and speak, not when you choose, nor what you please, but whenever your employers instruct you; for you are never ashamed of exaggerations which are immediately detected.

You censure me for coming before the city not continuously, but at intervals, and flatter yourself that you can escape detection in propounding this principle, which is not of democracy but a different form of government; for under an oligarchy not he that would, but he that has power, prefers indictments; but under a democracy, whoever chooses, and whenever he thinks proper. Besides, to appear occasionally in public is an indication of a policy suggested by opportunity of advantage; but to make no intermission, even of a day, is the proof of a traitor and a hireling.

And yet, by the Gods of Olympus, of all that I understand Demosthenes intends to say, I am most indignant at what I am going to mention. He compares my talents, it seems, to the Sirens, for their hearers (he says) are not so much enchanted as lured to destruction,— and hence the evil reputation of their minstrelsy. In like manner my rhetorical skill and abilities prove the ruin of my hearers. And though I believe no man whatever is justified in any such assertion respecting me — for it is discreditable for an accuser not to be able to prove the truth of his allegations — yet if the assertion must be made, it should not have been by Demosthenes, but by some military commander who had rendered im-

portant services to the state, and was deficient in eloquence; and who therefore envied the talents of his adversaries, because he was conscious of his inability to proclaim his achievements, while he saw an adversary capable of representing to his audience what he had never performed as though they were actual achievements.

Yet when a man made up altogether of words,— bitter and superfluously elaborate words,— comes back to the simplicity of facts, who can tolerate it? — a man whose tongue, like that of the flageolet, if you remove, the rest is nothing.

You call yourself fortunate, and so you are, deservedly; and will you accept now a decree that you have been forsaken by fortune and saved by Demosthenes? And — the greatest inconsistency of all — will you in the same court brand with infamy those who are convicted of bribery, and crown a man of whose political venality you are aware? You fine the judges of the Dionys'ia for deciding partially upon the Cy'clian choruses, and when you are yourselves sitting in judgment, not upon Cy'clian choruses, but upon the laws and political integrity, can you bestow rewards not according to the laws, nor on worthy and deserving objects, but on the successful intriguer? A judge so acting descends from the tribunal, after forfeiting his own power, and establishing that of the orator. In a democratic state the private individual exercises sovereign power by his legislative influence and his suffrage, and whenever he surrenders these to another he forfeits his own power.

THE LATER GRECIAN POETS.

It is a notable fact that all the Grecian lyrists of the earlier school, with few exceptions, were born on the coast of Asia Minor, or on the islands of the Ægean sea. "These enchanting islands," says Dr. Gillies, the Grecian historian, "were the best adapted to inspire the raptures peculiar to the ode, as well as to excite that voluptuous gayety characteristic of the Grecian song."

But, like birds of passage, they sought the genial climes and the warm suns of appreciation, which for centuries were to be found only in Athens.

At a later period Sicily became the refuge of many of these delicate-winged singers, and we find a brilliant galaxy gathered at the court of King Hiero of Syracuse, where there basked in the sunlight of the royal favor such poets as Simonides, Pindar and Æschylus.

At a still later epoch, after the conquests of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, the power and influence of Athens vanished. Though still preserving her comic drama, she no longer offered a congenial home to the muses.

But at this period Alexandria,— the capital of the kingdom of Ptolemy Soter, to whom fell one of the great fragments of the broken empire of Alexander, — became the seat of literature and the arts. This far-seeing monarch invited men of eminence from every part of the Grecian dominions to his court, where he treated them with royal munificence. In this refined court the poets basked in perpetual prosperity, and were placed by their liberal patron

in a position of entire ease and independence. Yet it is not in such sunny calm that the fires of genius burst forth, and we need not seek in the poets of the Alexandrian school the vivid, sparkling powers of Pindar and his associates; but rather a limpid, quiet flow, whose beauties are of the subdued and easy tone.

One of the first acts of these Alexandrian poets was to form themselves into a constellation, which they transferred to the heavens under the name of the Pleiades. This poetic constellation comprised the following seven names: Lyc'ophron, Theoc'ritus, Ara'tus, Nican'der, Æan'tides, Philis'cus and Home'rus.

Of these poets, however, but one or two still shine with any lustre; the others are vanished stars. The only poem of Lyc'ophron which has come down to us is a long epic monologue, called the Cassandra or Alexandra. It is made up of mythologic tales and heroic legends, and in this point of view alone is of any special importance. It has been called the "Dark Poem," on account of the obscurity which pervades it.

Of the works of Aratas, an astronomical poem, called "The Phænomena," was most esteemed. It contains little more than the names and order of the constellations, with some accurate observations upon nature, but is pure and elevated in tone, and has the distinguished honor of having been translated by Cicero, and having been quoted by St. Paul. In the oration of the latter before the Athenians, on Mars Hill, he exclaimed: "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said; for we are also his offspring."

Aratus is the poet referred to.

But of the poetic Pleiades one star continues of the first magnitude, shining with a lustre which time has never dimmed. This is the idyllic poet Theocrites, whose life and writings demand our fuller attention.

THEOC'RITUS.

BORN ABOUT 300 B.C.

This brightest star of the Alexandrian constellation was a Sicilian by birth, a native of Syracuse.[1] He remained in his native city until he had attained great distinction as a poet. But the court of Hi'ero the Second was not calculated to foster the poetic spirit, like that of his talented predecessor, Hiero the First, who had surrounded himself with the most eminent poets of the age.

Theocritus, therefore, reluctantly left his native land, and sought patronage at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. Here he was received with every mark of honor and distinction, and found himself in an atmosphere of congenial spirits, well calculated to foster his genius. We know very little in regard to his further history, or the date of his death. He is supposed to have returned to Syracuse, where, as Ovid intimates, he was strangled by order of the king, though for what cause is not stated.

The poems of Theocritus were written in the Doric dialect, and were styled by their author "Idyls." This word, signifying "a little picture," is generally taken to designate poems descriptive of the simple scenes of rural life, treated rather in an epic than a lyric vein. Yet the thirty Idyls of Theocritus are not all pastoral in character, and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" might best be classed among the epics. The use of the word, therefore, is not very strictly defined.

The bucolic poetry of Theocritus seems to have had its origin in the rural festivals of the Dorians. In the feasts of Ar'temis the custom was for two shepherds, or two parties of them, to contend together in song, usually employing mythical stories, or the scenes of country life. This gradually grew into an art, which was practiced by a set class of performers, and which formed the germ of the pastoral dialogues of Theocritus.

In this form of poetry our author holds the same rank as Homer holds in the epic. Critics have deduced the rules of the art from his works, and Virgil's Eclogues are little more than translations or imitations of his Idyls.

His poetry is throughout marked by the force and vivacity of original genius. His descriptions of nature, and his men and women, are equally striking, and strongly individualized. His humor is shown in portraitures of the middle ranks, and in pictures of city life, while he abounds in strokes of character suitable to all ages of the world. Hence his enduring popularity.

Nor does he confine himself to comic and rustic dialogue, but deals as well with refined and elevated subjects, which he treats with a rich and delicate fancy that lifts these productions into the highest rank of poetry.

The scene of the Idyls is uniformly laid in Sicily, which at that time seems to have abounded in the peculiar characteristics required to give interest to the delineation of rustic or pastoral life.

We append some extracts showing the character and value of his poetic remains.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH IDYL.— THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS.

SUBJECT — Two Syracusan women, who have traveled to Alexandria, go to see the solemnity of Adonis' festival.

Gorgo. Breath of my body! I have scarce escaped
Alive to you, "Praxi'noe;" through such crowds
Of people and of chariots! everywhere
Clattering of shoes, and whisk of soldiers' cloaks,
And such a weary way; and you are lodged
At such a distance!

Praxinoe. Why that wise-acre
Has found me out a den, and not a house,
At the world's end, for fear we should be neighbors;
My constant plague.

Gor. Mother of Venus! softly!
The little one is by; speak not so freely

Of your good husband: Madam, do but look
How the brat eyes you!
Prax. That's a good, brave boy!
Pretty Zopyr'ion! I'm not speaking, love,
Of your good dad.
Gor. By Proserpine, the child
Has scent of it—No: dad is good.
Prax. That person
Some time ago, (we'll speak of all as happening
Some time ago,) he was to bring me rouge
And nitre, from a shop: when home he came
With salt, forsooth! an overgrown, long looby!
Gor. And, troth my own good man has these same pranks;
A very sieve for money: yesterday,
He buys me, at seven drachmas, five old fleeces;
Such riffraff! refuse all, and good for nothing,—
Praxinoe, I own, that robe with clasps
Becomes you mightily. What might it cost
When in the piece?
Prax. Oh Gor'go! do not ask me!
More than two pounds of silver, and the making
Was near the death of me.
Gor. 'Tis made, however;
And to your mind, at last.
Prax. Why, yes, indeed;
You have well said; it does, I think, become me.—
Now quick, my scarf and parasol; stay, girl,
Set the folds tidy.—Child! I cannot take you;
Hobgoblin is abroad; the horses bite;
Cry as you may, I will not have you crippled.
Let's go. Pray, Phry'gia! mind the little one,
And try divert him. Stop—call in the dog;
Mind, shut the street door after us. Good Gods!
There is a crowd! *When* we shall pass, or *how*,
I'm quite at my wit's ends! They're thick as ants.
Gor. What crowds about the gates!
Prax. My stars! immense!
Here, Gorgo, give your hand in mine; and you
Eu'noe, hold Eu'tychus by hers; mind, girl,
And stick close to her, or you'll sure be lost
Let's all push in at once; mind, Eu'noe, stick

Close to us; lack-a-day! there goes my vail!
Look, Gorgo! torn in two! my dear good man,
Heavens bless you, do not tear my scarf as well!
First man. Take heart, dear Madam; we're in and safe at last.
Prax. May you be safe and sound, the longest day
You have to live.—A good, kind gentleman,
To take such care of us.
Second man. Be quiet, hussies!
Stop that eternal clack. You prate and prate,
Like two caged turtles, with that broad splay brogue.
Gor. My goodness! who's this fellow? Prate or not,
What is it, sir, to you? You quite mistake
Your persons, I believe. None of your airs
To us. Belike you think you may talk big
To Syracusans; but we'd have you know
We are from Corinth, sir; of the same blood
As was Beller'ophon; our dialect
Peloponne'sian; let the Dorians speak
The Doric brogue; 'tis none of ours, believe me.
Prax. Sweet Proserpine! I'd send the fellow packing
That dared crow over me; unless, indeed,
My husband; you may threaten, sir; but I
Will not be cuffed, depend on't.
Gor. Hush! Praxinoe;
The Grecian woman's daughter's going to sing
About Adonis." —*Elton.*

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYL.—DESCRIPTION OF HELEN.

"Full three-score girls, in sportive flight we strayed,
Like youths anointing, where along the glade
The bath of cool Euro'tas limpid played.
But none, of all, with Helen might compare,
Nor one seemed faultless of the fairest fair.
As morn, with vermeil visage, looks from high,
When solemn night has vanished suddenly;
When winter melts, and frees the frozen hours,
And Spring's green bough is gemmed with silvery flowers;
So bloomed the virgin Helen in our eyes,
With full voluptuous limbs, and towering size;
In shape, in height, in stately presence fair;
Straight as a furrow gliding from the share;

A cypress of the gardens, spiring high,
A courser in the cars of Thessaly.
So rose-complexioned Helen charmed the sight;
Our Sparta's grace, our glory, and delight." —*Elton.*

CALLIM'ACHUS.

BORN ABOUT 295 B.C.

Callimachus was of a family which had emigrated from Attica to Cyrene, a Greek colony of northern Africa, where the poet was born about 295 B.C. Having completed his studies, and conducted a school for some time in his native land, he removed to Alexandria. Here he taught successfully for years, having many distinguished pupils, such as Eratos'thenes, Hermip'pus, and Apollo'nius Rhodius.

During these years he had sedulously cultivated the poetic art, but made no effort to place himself before the public in competition with the many eminent court poets, until the following incident occurred.

Euer'getes had now succeeded Philadel'phus on the Egyptian throne. This opportunity was embraced by the provinces of Phœni'cia and Palestine to throw off the yoke of the Ptol'emies, and the new monarch wished to lose no time in subduing them.

Bereni'ce, his queen, anxious for his success, vowed that should the expedition prove successful, she would, on the king's return, dedicate her hair to Venus. The expedition proved a success, and the dedication was accordingly made. In order to give the occurrence a more important aspect, the astronomers of the court were directed to place the hair in the heavens as a constellation. Hence the origin of the constellation Berenice's Hair.

To add still more to the importance of the event, an invitation was given to poets to celebrate it in the strains of immortal verse. Into this competition Callimachus en-

tered, and achieved such a signal success that Ptolemy at once invited him to abandon his school, repair to court, and become Royal Librarian. In this position Callimachus remained from 266 B.C. until his death, about twenty years afterward.

This author did not devote himself alone to poetry, but was also a distinguished grammarian and critic. He was one of the most fertile writers of antiquity, and is said to have written nearly eight hundred works. Probably, however, most of these were of no great extent, for it was one of his own maxims that a great book was equal to a great evil.

Unfortunately his prose works, which would have furnished very valuable information concerning mythology, history and literature, are all lost. A limited portion of his poems, which the ancients viewed as the least valuable of his works, alone survive.

These poetical remains consist of *Hymns*, *Epigrams* and *Elegies*. The hymns bear greater resemblance to epic than to lyric poetry, and are very valuable for their curious mythological imformation, being loaded, to an unusual extent, with the learning of the author.

The epigrams of Callimachus, seventy-three in number, were highly esteemed by the ancients, and furnish the best specimens of that kind of composition extant. Of his three elegies only some fragments remain; but they were greatly admired by Roman critics, and imitated by Roman authors.

He also wrote two, and probably more, epic poems, and seems, indeed, to have tried his skill at every kind of poetry; for Su'idas credits him with comedies, tragedies, iambic and choliambic poems.

Of his prose works, the one most to be lamented was a comprehensive history of Greek literature, which seems to have been very full and systematic.

We conclude with some extracts from his "Hymn on the Bath of Minerva," and a few epigrams.

"Come, all the virgins of the bath! come forth,
Ye handmaids of Minerva! for I hear
The neighing of the sacred steeds: e'en now
The goddess is at hand. Haste, hasten forth,
Maids of the yellow locks, Pelasgian maids!—
(I hear the rattling sound of ringing wheels)—
Let not your hands bear ointments, nor the vase
Of alabaster: Pallas takes not joy
In mingled ointments. Nor the mirror bring,
For still Minerva's brow is beautiful.
Nor yet, when Paris, on the mount of Ide,
Sate arbiter of beauty, did she look
Upon the polished brass; nor on the stream
Of Sim'ois, in transparent dimples rolled;
Nor Juno sought the mirror nor the stream;
While Venus took the polished brass, and gazed,
Arranging, o'er and o'er, the self-same locks:
But Pallas, nimbly running in her speed,
Compassed a circuit, like the racing youths,
Twin stars of Sparta, on Eurotas' banks,
Pollux and Castor. Then, with practiced art,
Her limbs anointed with the fragrant oil
Of her own olive yards. Oh, virgin! then
The color of the morning flushed once more
Thy cheeks; the hue that blushes on the rose,
Or tints the peach. Now, now that manlier oil
Bring hither, maidens! such as Castor used
And Hercules; and bring a golden comb,
That she may draw her lengthening tresses down,
And smooth her glossy hair. Come, Pallas, forth.
City-destroyer! golden-helmed! who lovest
The din of neighing steeds, and clashing shields!
This day, ye water-bearing damsels, draw
From fountains only, and forbear the streams;
This day, ye handmaids, dip your urns in springs
Of Physide'a, or the limpid well
Of Anymo'ne; for from mountains green
With pasture shall th' Inich'ian river roll
A goodly bath for Pallas." —*Elton.*

EPIGRAMS.

"They told me, Herod'otus, thou wert dead,
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talked down the sun; but thou
Halicarnas'sean guest! art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose."

—*H. N. Coleridge.*

"Would that swift ships had never been; for so
We ne'er had wept for Sop'olis; but he
Dead on the waves now drifts; while we must go
Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery."

—*Symonds.*

"Here Dicon's son, Acanth'ian Sa'on lies
In sacred sleep: say not a good man *dies*."

APOLLO'NIUS RHO'DIUS.

BORN 235 B.C.

The next poet to whom our attention is called, in the somewhat artificial school of poetry to which the Grecian muse had now descended, is Apollonius, a native of Naucratis in Egypt, who flourished during the reigns of Ptolemy Euer'getes and his two successors, Philop'ator and Epiph'anes.

He was sent while young to Alexandria, to the school of Callimachus, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became so inflated by the flattery he received that he resolved to enter the poetic field in competition with his celebrated master Callimachus.

For this purpose he produced the *Argonau'tica*, an epic poem in four books, on the Argonautic expedition. The poem, however, was hastily written, and, though containing many beauties, was deficient in unity of plot and thorough finish. It proved a failure. This so mortified the vanity and ambition of the author that he at once left Egypt,

and retired to the island of Rhodes, where he opened a school of rhetoric and polite literature.

His reputation had preceded him, and he soon had a flourishing school. He now attempted the revision of "The Argonautica." After completing this task he read the poem in a public assembly of the Rhodians, so delighting them that they at once bestowed upon the author the freedom of the city, and gave him the appellation of Rhodius — a title which he ever afterward bore.

The fame thus acquired reached his native land, and he was invited by the king to return and become one of the court poets. He did not accept this invitation, however, until after the death of Callimachus, whom Eratosthenes succeeded as librarian. Apollonius now repaired to Alexandria, and after the death of Eratosthenes, which soon occurred, was made Royal Librarian. This important post he filled during the remainder of his life. At his death he was buried in the same tomb with Callimachus.

"The Argonautica," which is still extant, gives a direct and simple account of the expedition of the Argonauts. The episodes, which are not numerous, are often very beautiful, and give life and color to the poem. The character of Jason is not strongly drawn, but that of Mede'a is beautifully developed, and the gradual growth of her love for Jason is most artistically delineated.

The Argonautica is strictly epic in its treatment, and, though lacking grandeur and sublimity, it possesses tenderness, the second characteristic of the epic. The language imitates Homer, but it is more concise and studied. It is in reality a work of art and labor, and is in strong contrast to the free and natural flow of the Homeric poems.

We append some few extracts.

PASSION OF MEDE'A.

"Now all remembered things
In apparition rose before her eyes;

What was his aspect; what the robe he wore;
What words he uttered; in what posture placed
He on the couch reclined; and with what air
He from the porch passed forth. Then red the blush
Burned on her cheek; while in her soul she thought
No other man existed like to him.
His voice was murmuring in her ears, and all
The charming words he uttered. Now, disturbed,
She trembled for his life; lest the fierce bulls,
Or lest Æe'tes should, himself, destroy
The man she loved; and she bewailed him now
As if already dead; and down her cheeks,
In deep commiseration, the soft tear
Flowed anxiously. And thus in soul disturbed
Mused the sad virgin in her anguished thoughts."—*Elton.*

JASON AND MEDEA.

"So said the youth, with admiration high
Gilding his speech; but she, her eyes cast down,
Smiled with enchanting sweetness; all her soul
Melted within her, of his words of praise
Enamoured. Then she fixed full opposite
Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
To utter all her fond, impetuous thoughts.
And with spontaneous act, she took the drug
From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
Received it at her hands, elate with joy:
And she had drawn the spirit from her breast
Had he but asked it; sighing out her soul
Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
Waving with yellow locks, Jove lightened forth
A lambent flame, and snatched the darted rays
That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away;
As dew on roses, in the morning's beams
Evaporating melts. So stood they both;
And bent, in bashfulness, their eyes on earth,
Then glanced them on each other; while their brows
Smiled joyous, in serenity of love." —*Elton.*

BI'ON.

BORN ABOUT 200 B.C.

The Alexandrian school of poetry had degenerated from the originality of thought, and vigor and directness of expression, of the earlier bards, into an artificial and verbose style in which the native spirit of poetry was quite lost. Obscurity and tediousness mark the works of Lycophron, Callimachus, and the numerous other writers of the long period, during which the Alexandrian grammarians ruled the literary world.

But the writers to whom our attention is now called, though of the same school, were not controlled by the same spirit. On the contrary, they are full of the true poetic sentiment, and are as purely imaginative as any of the poets of antiquity. In the style and sentiment of their works, indeed, Bion and Moschus seem more in affinity with the spirit of modern than of ancient poetry, their pathos and deep sensibility being an infrequent feature in the works of Grecian poets.

Bion was born at Phlossa, a small town in the vicinity of Smyrna, about 200 B.C. He sought, like most of the poets of his day, the court of the Alexandrian monarchs, and dwelt, for a time, in the sunshine of the royal patronage of Ptol'emy Philome'tor, the reigning monarch.

But having, in some way, offended his patron, he made his way to Sicily, where he dwelt for many years. He afterward visited Macedonia and Thrace, where he is said to have been put to death by poison, administered, as is supposed, by royal order.

This opinion is derived from the following lines, found in the "Elegy on Bion," by Moschus.

> "What man so hard could mix the draught for thee,
> Or bid be mixed, nor feel thy melody?"

Bion is usually classed among the bucolic poets, his poems being called Idyls. But this title was not then strictly confined to pastoral subjects, embracing also amatory legends about the gods and heroes. In style he is refined, in sentiment delicate, and in versification fluent and elegant. His "Elegy on Adonis" is in the purest and most pathetic strain, while his apologues charm us by their beauty, archness, and unaffected simplicity. We give, in illustration, the following extracts from the elegy.

FROM THE ELEGY ON ADONIS.

"Ah, Venus! ah, the Loves for thee bewail;
With that lost youth thy fading graces fail;
Her beauty bloomed, while life was in his eyes;
Ah, woe! with him it bloomed, with him it dies.
The oaks and mountains 'Ah, Adonis!' sigh:
The rivers moan to Venus' agony;
The mountain springs all trickle into tears;
The blush of grief on every flower appears:
And Venus o'er each solitary hill,
And through wide cities chants her dirges still.
Woe, Venus! woe! Adonis is no more:
Echoes repeat the lonely mountains o'er,
'Adonis is no more!' woe, woe is me!
Who at her grievous love dry-eyed can be?
Mute at th' intolerable wound she stood:
And saw, and knew the thigh dash'd red with blood.
Groaning she stretched her arms; and 'stay!' she said,
'Stay, poor Adonis! lift thy languid head:
Ah! let me find that last, expiring breath,
Mix lips with lips, and suck thy soul to death.
Wake but a little, for a last, last kiss;
Be it the last, but warm with life, as this.
That through my lips I may thy spirit drain,
Suck thy sweet breath, drink love through every vein:
This kiss shall serve me ever in thy stead,
Since thou thyself, unhappy one! art fled.
I feel the woe, yet live; and fain would be
No goddess, thus in death to follow thee.'

So Venus mourns; her loss the Loves deplore;
Woe, Venus, woe! Adonis is no more.
As many drops as from Adonis bled,
So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed:
For every drop on earth a flower there grows;
Anemones for tears; for blood the rose." —*Elton.*

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

"Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love,
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the hosts above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honors of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plundering trade;
My gentle errand is to prove
The transports of requited love." —*Merivale.*

MOS'CHUS.

BORN ABOUT 184 B.C.

This author, the friend and pupil of Bion, was a native of Syracuse, in the island of Sicily. He early repaired to Alexandria, then the lode-star of all poets, and became very intimate with Bion. Of his personal history we only know that he spent many years in Egypt, making the poems of Bion the model of his own literary style.

Of his existing works the most important are the *Elegy on Bion* and *Europa*. He was, like Bion and Theocritus,

a bucolic poet. Indeed, so closely do many of his compositions resemble those of Theocritus, that some critics have imagined the two names to belong to the same person. But as Moschus has expressly alluded to Theocritus as one of his predecessors, this opinion must be an incorrect one.

The "Elegy on Bion" is full of tender recollections of his friend, and of his ardent attachment to him. Like the Lycidas of Milton, it overflows with the exuberance of melancholy fancy, and has all the richness and pathos of Bion's similar elegy from which we have quoted.

FROM THE ELEGY ON BION.

"Ye woods, with grief your waving summits bow,
Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead;
Ye shady groves, in robes of sable hue
Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew:
Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death:
Ye roses, change from red to sickly pale,
And, all ye bright anemones, bewail.
Ye nightingales, that perch among the sprays,
Tune to melodious elegy your lays,
And bid the streams of Arethuse deplore
Bion's sad fate; loved Bion is no more:
Nor verse nor music could his life prolong.
He died, and with him died the Doric song."—*Fawkes.*

ALPHE'US AND ARETHU'SA.

"From where his silver waters glide
Majestic to the ocean tide
Through fair Olympia's plain,
Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
Nor mixes with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
The sand of Pisa's sacred shores

And flowers that decked her grove:
And, rising from the unconscious brine,
On Arethusa's breast divine
Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
The childish god deludes our will,
And triumphs o'er our pride;
The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his winding course,
And dives beneath the tide." —*Bland.*

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

"Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn;
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun;
The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns;
Thus all inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly wooed,
Pursue, and are themselves pursued.
Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell
This truth to you; pray, mark it well;
If to your lovers kind you prove
You'll gain the hearts of those you love."—*Fawkes.*

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

As with Pindar and his great contemporaries had died the golden age of Grecian poetry, so with Bion and Moschus its silver age may be said to have perished. Men continued to write verses, but their works were not instinct with poetry of the kind which the world willingly lets live.

During the succeeding half century a number of epigrammatic poets flourished. Such verses as they left of any special value are included in the Greek Anthologies, which comprise collections of short poems, principally epigrams.

The earliest of these compilations was made by Melea'ger, a native of Syria, who was born about 96 B.C. He was himself a writer of considerable ability, the Anthology containing one hundred and thirty-one of his own epigrams, which are written in a delicate and fanciful vein.

With this writer ends all that is interesting in the poetry of ancient Greece. For six centuries after his death Greek poets at intervals appeared, but they have left no works of any special value.

Collections, similar to that of Meleager, were made at a later period by Philip'pus of Thessalonica, who lived in the time of Trajan, and by Aga'thias, who lived in the sixth century A.D. The works of these compilers, however, have perished, and we know them only by the compilation made from them by Constantine Ceph'alas, in the tenth century, who was himself copied and condensed by Maximus Planu'des, in the fourteenth.

The word Anthologist means a Flower-gatherer. Meleager appended it to his work, which he named his Garland, prefacing it with a set of verses in which he characterizes each of the principal writers included by a flower or plant emblematic of his or her particular genius.

We owe to him some very valuable relics of Grecian poetry, extending over many centuries, and embracing fugitive verses from a large number of writers. Most of these authors are obscure, but among them are such noted poets as Simonides, Sappho, Anacreon and others.

The poems of the Anthology have been variously received by modern writers, being greatly admired by some and decried by others. This adverse criticism is largely due to their lack of the modern epigrammatic manner. They make, indeed, no pretense to the pungency and witty sparkle and sting of our epigrams, being rather short poems on various subjects than epigrams in the modern sense of the term.

The poems embraced in the Anthologies cover a wide range of subjects. Many of them are dedicatory verses, relating to the habit of the Greeks of dedicating certain of their possessions to deities whose aid they had received or desired. The articles thus offered were of the most varied character, comprising the arms and war-spoils of soldiers, the tools of mechanics, the toys of children, even the beards of men, and the hair and mirrors of women.

Others of the poems are sepulchral in character, being written in honor of the dead, or inscribed on tombs. Many of them are didactic, comprising maxims, moral precepts, rules of conduct, etc. The remainder may be classed as amatory, witty, satirical and literary, which last embrace epigrams on poets, dramatists, artists, etc.

We give extracts illustrating these varied classes of epigrams.

DEDICATORY.

In the following, by Leonidas, a young lad offers to Mercury the childish toys he is laying aside.

"To Hermes this fair ball of pleasant sound,
This boxen rattle, fraught with lively noise,
These maddening dice, this top well whirling round,—
Philocles has hung up, his boyhood's toys."

The following is the most celebrated of all this class of epigrams. It is ascribed to Plato, the philosopher. Lais, growing old, dedicates to Venus her looking-glass.

"Venus! take this votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What I shall hereafter be,
Venus! let me never see."

This idea has been expanded by Julian, the Egyptian, as follows:

"I, Lais, who on conquered Greece looked down with haughty pride;
I, to whose courts, in other days, a swarm of lovers hied;
O, ever lovely Venus! now this mirror give to thee,
For my present self I would not, and my past I cannot, see."

SEPULCHRAL.

This inscription is one of the few remains of the celebrated poetess Erinna.

"The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
Creep softly to the pillar'd mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
'Grave, thou art envious in thy cruelty!'
The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire
That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.
Thou, too, O Hymen! bid'st the nuptial lay
In elegiac moanings die away."

AMATORY.

"But I would be a mirror,
So thou may'st pleased behold me;
Or robe, with close embraces
About thy limbs to fold me;
A crystal fount to lave thee;
Sweet oils thy hair to deck;
A zone, to press thy bosom;
Or pearl, to gem thy neck;
Or, might I worship at thy feet,
A sandal to thy feet I'd be;
E'en to be trodden on were sweet,
If to be trodden on by thee."—*Anacreon.*

DIDACTIC.

"All say that you are rich; I say, not so;
You're poor; wealth only by its use we know.
What you enjoy is yours; what for your heirs
You hoard, already is not yours but theirs."
—*Anonymous.*

"'Tis said that Virtue dwells sublime
On rugged cliffs, full hard to climb,
Where round her ranged, a sacred band
Acknowledge her divine command;
But mortal ne'er her form may see,
Unless his restless energy
Breaks forth in sweat that wins the goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul."—*Simonides.*

LITERARY.

There are very numerous epigrams on poets in the Anthology. It has been supposed that they, or many of them, formed a continuous poem, being a gallery of the successive poets. We give some of the more striking. The following exists in several varied forms.

HOMER.

"Seven Grecian cities vied for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

SAPPHO.

"Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine,
A tenth is Lesbian Sappho, maid divine."
—*Ascribed to Plato.*

ARISTOPHANES.

"The Graces seeking for a shrine,
Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes." —*Plato.*

ARISTOTLE.

"Here, from one mould, a statue we erect
To Aristotle — and to Intellect."—*Anonymous.*

ARTISTIC.

"The Paphian Queen to Cnidus made repair
Across the tide, to see her image there.
Then looking up and round the prospect wide,
'Where did Praxiteles see me thus?' she cried."
—*Ascribed to Plato.*

WITTY AND SATIRICAL.

"Asclepi'ades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse;
'Tell me, dear mouse,' he cried, 'to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?'
The mouse said, smiling: 'Fear not for your hoard,
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board.'"
—*Lucilius.*

"Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, 'God bless me!' when he sneezes,—
He cannot hear so distant a report."—*Anonymous.*

CRETAN WARRIOR'S SONG.

"My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield!
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,—
No other wealth the Gods bestow;

With these I plant the fertile vine;
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield;
They make me lord of all below,—
For those who dread my spear to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow,
Their fields, their vineyards, they resign,
And all that cowards have is mine."

GRECIAN SCIENTISTS.

In the history of ancient literature science cannot properly claim a place, or at least only to that extent to which scientists have established a literary reputation. Yet a chapter on the scientific labors of Greece may not be an undesirable addition to our work.

Such science as was possessed was of late birth, and may be considered as originating with Aristotle, who certainly found very little of value on which to base his labors. The astronomical knowledge of the Chaldeans does not seem to have penetrated into Greece, if we may judge from the theory of the Rising of the Nile, already given in our notice of Herodotus. Physical and medical science had possibly made some slight progress before the days of Aristotle and Hippoc'rates, yet we must look to the former of these for the earliest valuable researches in natural history, and to the latter for the establishment of Medicine as a science.

The works of Aristotle have been already noticed. Those of Hippocrates are numerous, though many of those ascribed to him are undoubtedly spurious. Of his history very little is known. He was born in the island of Cos, probably about the year 460 B.C. The medical school of Cos acquired a high reputation under his care, and he was highly esteemed as a physician and an author. The age at which he died is given at from 85 to 109 years by different writers.

In his works he divides the causes of disease into two principal classes, those consisting of outward influences,

and those of a personal character, proceeding from the food, exercise, etc., of the patient. The four fluids of the body (blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile) he viewed as the primary seats of disease, health resulting from their due combination, and disease from their disturbance. His treatment of diseases was cautious, often consisting solely in attention to diet and regimen; and he was sometimes reproached with letting his patients die by doing nothing to keep them alive.

He is most popularly known by his *Aphorisms*, some of which are as follows: "Life is short and art long." "Time flies." "Experience is deceitful, and judgment difficult." Another of his sayings is: "If it were possible to make men healthy in various ways, it would be best to choose that which is least troublesome; for this is both more honest and more scientific, unless one aims at vulgar imposition."

The most celebrated scientist of Athens, after the death of Aristotle, was Theophras'tus, his pupil, and his successor as president of the Lyceum. He was very highly esteemed by the Athenians, living to a great age, and being followed to the tomb by the entire population. He is said to have complained, on his death-bed, of the shortness of life, which ended just as he was about to solve its enigmas.

The object of his labors was to develop the philosophy of Aristotle, explain its difficulties, and fill up its incomplete portions. Of his scientific works the following yet exist: *Of Sensuous Perception and its Objects; Of the History of Plants; Of the causes of Plants;* and *Of Stones.*

For a continuance of these scientific labors we must seek Alexandria, where the establishment of the Museum and the liberal endowments of the Ptolemies, aided greatly in progress in this direction. All branches of learning progressed under their fostering care, and Grammar, Chro-

nology and History received a most valuable impulse. Science, too, gained an impetus such as it had never before received, taking on its modern form of exact observation and accurate induction.

Among the earliest and most famous of these eminent scientists was Eu'clid, whose valuable *Elements of Geometry* still holds its place as a text-book in our schools. He was born at Alexandria, about 300 B.C., but his history is obscure. We know little more than that he was an adherent of the Platonic philosophy, and that he taught mathematics in the famous Alexandrian school.

He did not originate the science of mathematics, as has been claimed for him, but he certainly gave it an immense impetus. In his exact and rigid geometrical method he has never been excelled. There are also extant treatises on music, optics, etc., ascribed to him, though it is doubtful if they are all authentic.

The second of these great names is that of Eratos'thenes, whose varied erudition gained him the repute of knowing everything, and who held the second place in all sciences, and the first in two, Astronomy and Geography. He was born at Cyrene, 276 B.C., and was librarian of the Alexandrian library, under Ptolemy Euergetes. He died at eighty, of voluntary starvation, having become blind and weary of life.

As an astronomer he held a most eminent position among ancient scientists. He measured the obliquity of the ecliptic, with a result remarkably correct, considering the means at his command. He also drew up a catalogue of the fixed stars, amounting to 675, but this work is lost. In his geometrical labors he measured an arc of the meridian, and calculated from it the magnitude of the globe, with a result not very greatly distant from the true figures. His work on geography was of great value in his times, being the first truly scientific treatise on the subject. He

wrote, besides, on morals, history, grammar, and various other subjects.

The most celebrated of ancient mathematicians was Archime'des, born at Syracuse, about 287 B.C., and a student in the school of Euclid. Our imperfect knowledge of the previous state of mathematical science prevents us from correctly estimating the merits of Archimedes, but discoveries of the utmost importance are known to be his. His great treatises on the "Sphere and Cylinder," on "Spheroids and Conoids," and on the "Measurement of the Circle," are among his most valuable contributions to this science.

He may almost be said to have originated the theory of mechanics, and the science of hydrostatics, and he first established the truth that a body plunged in a fluid loses a part of its weight just equal to the weight of the displaced fluid. It was by this law that he discovered how much alloy the goldsmith, whom King Hiero had commissioned to make a crown of pure gold, had mixed with the precious metal.

He discovered the principle of the lever, and was so elated over his discovery as to boast that if he had a proper fulcrum for his lever he could move the world. Another of his important productions is the water screw, by which water is made, as it were, to lift itself by its own weight.

During the siege of Syracuse by the Romans Archimedes exerted all his mechanical genius in defense of the city, inventing machines which astonished and baffled the assailants. When finally the Romans took the city by surprise, Archimedes, according to tradition, was found sitting in the public square, with a number of geometrical figures drawn before him in the sand. As a Roman soldier rushed upon him, he called out to the rude warrior not to spoil the circle. But the soldier cut him down.

By his own directions there was engraved on his tombstone a cylinder enclosing a sphere, in commemoration of

his discovery of the relation between these solids — on which discovery he set particular value.

Another noted mathematician of the Alexandrian school was Apollo'nius of Perga, who lived in the latter part of the second century B.C., and made some important additions to the discoveries of Euclid. He perfected the theory of conic sections, his work on this subject being still preserved, partly in the original Greek, and partly in an Arabic translation.

The next of these Alexandrian scientists to whom we will allude is Hippar'chus, the celebrated astronomer, and the first to reduce astronomy to a systematic science. He was born about the beginning of the second century B.C., but nothing is known of his personal history. Of his many works on the science only the least important, the "Commentary on Aratus," has come down to us. His other works treated on astronomy and geography.

All we know concerning his discoveries comes from the *Syntaxis* of Ptolemy, from which we learn that Hipparchus discovered the precession of the equinoxes, corrected the previous estimate of the length of the year, established the solar and lunar theories, and originated or greatly extended the theory of epicycles. He also invented the astrolabe, and drew up a catalogue of 1080 fixed stars, with the celestial latitude and longitude of each.

Ptol'emy, to whom our knowledge of the discoveries of Hipparchus is due, was a native of Egypt, and was living in Alexandria in 139 A.D., which is all we know of his personal history. A number of his works on astronomy and geography exist, the most important of them being the *Syntaxis*, or the *Almagest*, as the Arabians have named it; and the *Geography*. These works became the standard textbooks to succeeding ages; the first continuing in vogue till the time of Copernicus; the second till our knowledge of geography was extended by the maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century.

His astronomical work was largely a compilation from the labors of his predecessors, principally Hipparchus, but as he remains the only existing authority on ancient astronomy the system set forth in the *Almagest* has received his name.

This system is that known as the theory of epicycles. In his theory the earth was the center of the universe, all the heavenly bodies rotating around it. Earth, the most stable of the elements, held the lowest place; then came water, then air, then fire, and next ether, extending indefinitely upward. Beyond ether were certain zones or heavens, each containing an immense crystal shell, in which the heavenly bodies were fixed, and carried round by the rotation of the shell. There were eight of these spheres, one for each of the known planets and one for the fixed stars. But as new discoveries were made in the heavens it became necessary to invent new epicycles, until the system grew so cumbrous that it fell to pieces of its own weight, and was swept aside by the Copernican theory, after holding supreme sway for twenty centuries.

In geography Ptolemy also appears as an editor and improver, basing his work on that of the little known Marinus of Tyre, and making many valuable corrections to the previous systems of geographical knowledge.

With Ptolemy ends the list of noted Greek scientists.

LATER GREEK HISTORIANS.

After the conquest of Greece by Rome a number of historians of some eminence and much industry arose, of Greek extraction, but employing their pens principally upon the glories and the conquests of Rome.

Of these the first and most talented was Polybius. He was preceded by a number of others, however, who viewed the history of Rome as of less importance, but to whom he frequently refers. We will therefore glance at some of the more noted of these.

The work of Polybius was expressly intended to continue the history of Timæ'us, an industrious writer, who was born about 352 B.C., and whose principal works bear the following titles: *Concerning Syria; History of Italy and Sicily; History of Greece and Sicily; The Olympic Victors*, etc. Of these works only fragments remain. Timæus, though faulty, and incurring much censure from Polybius, was probably industrious and careful in his research. But the chief interest in his lost histories comes from their relation to Polybius, who commenced where he left off, and who constantly refers to him.

Another writer of some note was Ara'tus of Sicyon, who carried down the history of Greece to 220 B.C. His work is praised by Polybius, who makes occasional use of it.

Polybius was indebted also to several other writers of less importance, and seems, indeed, to have studied all the preceding history available to him.

POLYB'IUS.

BORN 204 B.C.

This most celebrated of the later Greek historians was a native of Megalop'olis, an Arcadian town. From his father, who was a general of the Achæ'an League, Polybius received valuable instruction in politics and military science. He afterward himself became a military commander, and one of the most influential men of his native country. In 168 B.C., when Rome summoned one thousand noble Achæans to that city to answer the charge of failing to assist her armies against King Per'seus, Polybius was included in the number.

They remained in Italy seventeen years, not being tried, but distributed among the Etrurian towns. Polybius, having gained the friendship of Scipio, was allowed to reside in Rome, having access, through the favor of his friend, to the public documents, and attending Scip'io in all his military expeditions. After the release of the Achæans, and their return home, he rejoined Scipio, attended him in his African expeditions, and was present at the taking of Carthage.

But war breaking out between the Achæans and Rome he returned to his native country, and exerted all his influence to procure favorable terms for the vanquished. His countrymen were so grateful for his services in this respect that they erected statues to him in several of their towns.

The remainder of his life seems to have been occupied in writing his historical work, and in traveling for information. We know from himself that he visited Africa, Spain and Gaul, and that he traveled in Egypt in the latter part of his life. He died in his eighty-second year, in consequence of a fall from his horse.

As a historian Polybius ranks high among ancient writers. His work embraces particularly the period between 220 and 146 B.C., but gives a preliminary sketch of the history of Rome from its capture by the Gauls to the outbreak of the Second Punic War. It is principally devoted to this war, and to the Social War in Greece, ending with the capture of Corinth and the fall of Grecian independence in 146 B.C. His main object was to show how, in the short space of time included, the greater part of the world had been conquered by the Romans. His history was divided into forty books, of which only five exist entire, though important fragments of the others are extant.

The great merit of this work is the unity of plan and the well-defined purpose with which it is written, the care with which the author has collected his materials, his love of truth, and his sound judgment, which is assisted by his great knowledge of political and military life. In its general features it follows the method of Thucydides, and is of great worth both for its design and its execution; yet it is marred by serious faults, which render it but little read, as compared with the works of the great preceding historians.

Polybius seems to have had an utter lack of imagination, despising it in others, and professing a contempt for embellishment. He uses the corrupt Greek of his time, and is generally careless in his rhetoric and the formation of his sentences. His style is dry, didactic, business-like, frequent digressions interrupt the narrative, and it is marked by constant repetitions and tautology. These faults render him, while one of the most valuable, one of the least entertaining of Greek authors, and have caused his work to be neglected in comparison with others of much less real worth.

We extract the latter portion of his graphic description of Hannibal's crossing the Alps.

HANNIBAL'S CROSSING THE ALPS.

It was now near the time of winter. The mountains were already covered deep with snow, and the whole army seemed to be under the greatest dejection and dismay, being not only exhausted by the miseries which they had suffered, but disheartened also by the view of those that were yet to come.

Hannibal, therefore, had recourse to the only expedient that remained to raise their drooping courage. He assembled the troops together, and from the summit of the Alps, which, when considered in regard to Italy, appeared to stand as the citadel of all the country, pointed to their view the plains beneath that were watered by the Po; and reminded them of the favorable disposition of the Gauls toward them. He showed them the very ground on which Rome itself was situated. By this prospect they were in some degree recovered from their fears. On the morrow, therefore, they decamped and began to descend the mountains.

There was now no enemy to oppose their passage, except some lurking parties only, which sometimes fell upon them by surprise for the sake of plunder. But by reason of the snow, and the badness of the ground, their loss was not much inferior to that which they had suffered in the ascent; for the way was not only steep and narrow, but so entirely covered also by the snow, that the feet knew not where to tread with safety; and as often as they turned aside from the proper path they were instantly hurried upon some precipice. Yet the soldiers, to whom such accidents were now become familiar, sustained all these miseries with an amazing firmness.

At last they came to a place which neither the elephants nor the beasts of burden could in any manner pass. For the ground, which was before extremely steep and broken, had again very lately fallen away, and left the road quite impracticable. At this sight the troops were again seized with consternation, and even began to lose all hopes of safety. Hannibal at first endeavored to avoid this road by changing the direction of his march, and making a circuit around it. But he soon was forced to desist from that design; for the way on either side was utterly insuperable, through an accident of a singular kind that is peculiar to the Alps. The snows of the former year, having remained unmelted on the mountains, were now covered over by those which had fallen in the present winter. The latter being soft, and of no great depth, gave an easy admission to the feet. But when these were trodden through, and the soldiers began to touch the snows that lay beneath, which were now become

so firm that they would yield to no impression, their feet both at once fell from under them, as if they had been walking upon the top of some high and slippery precipice. And this mischance grew after to a still worse extent; for when they struggled with their hands and knees to recover themselves from their fall, as the ground was forward extremely steep, they were sure to slide away with greater rapidity and violence than before, carrying likewise with them whatever they had grasped for their support.

The beasts, also, that were loaded with the baggage, having, by their endeavors to rise again where they had fallen, broken the surface of the lower snow, remained closely wedged in the pits which they had made; and by the weight of the burdens under which they lay, as well as from the unyielding firmness of the snows under them, were fixed immovably in the place.

When this attempt was thus found to be impracticable Hannibal returned again to the narrow road which he had quitted, and having removed the snow he encamped at the entrance of it, and ordered the soldiers to make a firm and level way around the precipice itself; and this, with the expense of vast pains and labor, was at last effected, so that in one day's time there was sufficient room for the horses and beasts of burden to descend. These were immediately conducted down, and, having gained the plains, were sent away to pasture in places where no snow had fallen.

The Numidians were then commanded to enlarge the road that the elephants might pass, but so laborious was the task that, though fresh men succeeded to those that were fatigued, it was not without great difficulty that they completed it in three days' continuous toil; after which these beasts came down the mountains, being almost exhausted and spent with fatigue. Hannibal then descended last, with all the army, and thus, on the third day, gained the plains, having lost great numbers of his soldiers in the march, as well in passing rivers, as in engagements which he was obliged to sustain. Many of his men had also perished among the precipices of the Alps, and a far greater number of horses and beasts of burden.

—*Hampton.*

OTHER GRÆCO-ROMAN HISTORIANS.

Polybius was followed, in the three or four centuries succeeding, by a number of writers of Greek extraction, of less merit but great industry, who devoted their talents to the elucidation of Roman history.

Chief among these were Diony'sius of Halicarnas'sus, Diodo'rus of Sicily, Ap'pian, and Dion Cas'sius, descriptions of whose works we will include in the present chapter.

Dionysius Halicarnassus was a native of the city whose name he bears, born probably about the middle of the century before Christ. He came to Rome in 29 B.C., where he occupied himself in studying the language, literature and antiquities of the Romans, his death occurring about 7 B.C. He wrote an extensive historical work, in twenty books, called *Roman Archæology*, also works of great merit on rhetoric. He was, in fact, far more talented as a rhetorician and literary critic than as a historian, though his most valuable work to us is his history, containing, as it does, a mine of information about the constitution, religion, annals, laws, and social life of the Romans.

It was intended to take the place of all other works as an introduction to Polybius, being carried down from the earliest times to 264 B.C., when the history of Polybius really begins. As the latter had sought to reconcile his countrymen to Roman domination by showing that it was due to Providence and the military genius of the Romans, so Dionysius flattered the conquerors by advocating that

they were not a barbarian race, but of pure Greek blood, and that their institutions could be identified with those of the Hellenes.

This part of his work, comprised in eleven volumes, has come down to us nearly complete; of the remainder we have but a few fragments. The value of the extant portion is injured by the theory of the Roman origin which it advocates; yet it is minute in its treatment, and full of important information. The author has been diligent in consulting original authorities and collecting ancient traditions, but usually fails to discriminate between a myth and a historical fact.

His style is very good, displaying the rhetorical skill for which he was noted; the language almost perfection; but he has a very limited conception of political principles, or of the historical consistency of his characters, putting into the mouths of half-civilized Romans the ingenious declamations of an Athenian sophist. His rhetorical works are valuable, he being an excellent critic, and having many exquisite remarks on the classic writers of Greece.

Diodorus Sic'ulus, a contemporary of the previous author, was a native of Agyr'ium in Sicily, but spent many years of his life at Rome, where he was engaged in compiling his historical work. He also traveled considerably in Europe and Asia.

His object was to write a general history of the world, a great *Historical Library*, extending down from the mythical period to the beginning of the Gallic wars of Julius Cæsar. This work was accomplished in forty books; the first part, in six books, comprising all mythical tradition down to the Trojan war; the second part, in eleven books, containing the history of the world from 1184 B.C. to the death of Alexander the Great; the third part, in twenty-three books, bringing the history down to the year 60 B.C.

Of this work we possess the first five volumes, the next

five are wholly lost, the following ten we have complete, and considerable fragments of the remainder exist. Had the author possessed any powers of criticism or arrangement his work would have been of extreme value to the historical student; but he was so deficient in these respects,—mingling together history, myth and fiction, and repeatedly contradicting himself,—that it amounts to little more than an immense mass of raw, and scarcely available, material. He mentions the names of many authors, now lost, of whose works he avails himself, but vitiates his value in this respect by making no direct quotations.

His style has none of the affectations of other Greek writers of his date, and is generally clear and simple in diction, occupying a middle position between the best Attic and the vulgar Greek of his time, but is greatly lacking in vigor and animation, being monotonous in tone and without ornament.

Appian, a native of Alexandria, born in the early part of the second century A.D., was the author of a Roman history in twenty-four books, of which eleven are extant. His history is only remarkable for the peculiar plan on which it is written. It devotes three books to the conquest of the early Italian tribes by the Romans, and then describes successively the various exterior countries that were conquered by Rome, following up their history until their incorporation in the Roman empire.

The work, however, is a mere compilation, and not a very accurate one. In his earlier books he follows Dionysius Halicarnassus, and partly replaces the lost works of this author. He is also valued for his quotations from lost authorities; and five of his books, on the civil war, are very valuable, as there is no substitute for them. He often, however, makes absurd blunders, particularly in his geographical statements. In his section on Spain, for in-

stance, he states that it only takes half a day to sail from Spain to Britain.

He writes in a clear and elegant style, following the best classical models.

Dion Cassius, the latest of the historians mentioned, was a native of Nicæ'a, in Bithyn'ia, where he was born in the year 155 A.D. His father was governor of Cilicia, and he himself held high offices under the Roman emperors, being a Roman senator and twice elected to the consulship.

He relates that he was incited by a dream to write a history of his own time, and by a similar dream to write histories of Septim'ius Seve'rus and Caracal'la. He read these last to the Emperor Severus, who was so much pleased with them that the author determined to write a history of Rome from the earliest times. For this he made great preparations, being ten years in studying and comparing authorities, and twelve in composition. His high position gave him free access to the national archives, which has rendered him a valuable authority on some points, particularly on the imperial epoch of Rome.

His *History of Rome* consists of eighty books, of the first thirty-five of which we have but fragments, while we have eighteen (from the thirty-sixth to the fifty-fourth) complete, and abridgments of the remainder.

He is thoroughly acquainted with Roman law, and is very correct in the history of his own times. He seems to have read all the previous historians and used great judgment in selection, which renders him much more trustworthy than the other authors mentioned in this article. In treatment he imitates Polybius, Tacitus and Thucydides, but is far from being their equal in critical judgment. His style is inelegant, imitating the classic Greek, but being full of barbarisms and peculiarities.

In addition to these Greek annalists of Rome there are

several writers of note who treated on less usual subjects, and whom we will therefore consider more at length.

The most important of these are Josephus the Jewish historian, Plutarch the biographer, Strabo the geographer, Arrian the historian of Alexander, and Lucian and Longi'nus the philosophers.

We may here, however, briefly refer to Pausa'nius, the annalist of Greek art. This writer, who flourished in the latter part of the second century, incited by a firm faith in the old legends and religion of Greece, traversed that country, seeking out the celebrated works of art, many of which then still existed, describing great buildings, statues and paintings, and giving the mythical stories connected with mountains, rivers, founts, etc. He is careful in his topography, and his *Gazetteer of Hellas* is the best existing hand-book for travellers in search of ancient sites, as well as valuable for its descriptions of great works of art and architecture which have long since disappeared.

STRA'BO.

BORN 66 B.C.

Strabo, an ancient historian and geographer — in which latter capacity he is principally known — was a native of Amase'a, in Pontus. He seems to have been of an opulent family, and was well educated, spending his later life in travels and in literary leisure. He made a prolonged stay in Alexandria, where he closely studied the works of Eratosthenes. His death took place after 21 A.D., but how long after we do not know.

His first great literary labor was a continuation of the history of Polybius. This work was called *Historical Commentaries*, and comprised forty-three books, embracing the period from the downfall of Greece to the battle of Ac'tium. It is entirely lost.

His *Geography* we possess in a nearly complete form. It is based on the works of Eratosthenes, and is of great value in those parts that record the author's own observations, showing with much accuracy what was known of geography in the days of Tiberius, and in a much more readable and interesting manner than in the works of Pliny and Ptolemy. His professed object is to give an instructive account of the known world, and he makes no effort at scientific construction, being particularly interested in such localities as are mentioned in history and literature, or in the works of the great poets, the world having no interest for him except as the dwelling-place of the human race. A valuable feature of his work is the copious use he makes of the writings of the great Grecian authors, quoting many whose productions are now lost to us. The *Geography* is comprised in seventeen books, the first two of which are introductory, and mention preceding writers from Homer to Polybius, the next eight are devoted to Europe, the following six to Asia, and the last to Egypt and Libya.

His style is singularly good, considering his age and country, being always simple, clear and unaffected, and without difficulties, except where it has been corrupted by later editors of his works. His *Geography* is indispensable as an aid to and elucidation of the labors of the ancient historians.

We quote from his description of the Gallic races:

THE CHARACTER OF THE GAULS.

The entire race which now goes by the name of Gallic is warlike, passionate and always ready for fighting, but otherwise simple and not malicious. If irritated, they rush in crowds to the conflict, openly and without any circumspection, and thus they are easily vanquished by those who employ stratagem. For any one may exasperate them when, where and under what pretext he pleases; he will always find them ready for danger, with nothing to support

them except their violence and daring. . . . Nevertheless, they may be easily persuaded to devote themselves to anything useful, and have thus engaged both in science and letters.

Their power consists both in the size of their bodies and in their numbers. Their equipment is in keeping with the size of their bodies. They have a long sword hanging at their right side, with a long shield and lances in proportion; some of them also use bows and slings; they have also a piece of wood resembling a pilum, which they hurl not out of a thong, but from the hand, and to a farther distance than an arrow. They principally make use of it in shooting birds.

To the present day most of them lie on the ground, and take their meals seated on straw. They subsist principally on milk and all kinds of flesh, especially that of swine, which they eat both fresh and salted. Their swine live in the fields, and surpass in height, strength and swiftness. The people dwell in great houses, arched, constructed of plank and wicker, and covered with a heavy thatched roof.

To their simplicity and vehemence the Gauls join much folly, arrogance and love of ornament. They wear golden collars upon their necks, and bracelets on their arms and wrists; and those who are of any dignity have garments dyed and worked with gold. Their lightness of character renders them intolerable when they conquer, and forces them into consternation when worsted. In addition to their fury they have a barbarous and absurd custom, common, moreover, with many nations of the north, of suspending the heads of their enemies from their horses' necks on their return from battle, and when they have arrived, nailing them as a spectacle to their gates. The heads of any illustrious persons they embalm with cedar, exhibit them to strangers, and would not sell them for their weight in gold.—*Hamilton.*

A GALLIC FABLE.

But what Artemido'rus tells us concerning the crows partakes of fiction. He narrates that on the coast washed by the ocean there is a harbor named the Port of Two Crows, and that here two crows may be seen with their right wings white. Those who have any dispute come here, and each one having placed a plank for himself upon a lofty eminence, sprinkles crumbs thereon. The birds fly to these, eat up the one and scatter the other; and he whose crumbs

are scattered gains the case. This narration has decidedly too much the air of fiction.

He states that the people are great admirers of the Greeks, and relates many particulars concerning them not applicable to their present state. This is one—that they take great care not to become fat, and that if any young man exceeds a measure of a certain girdle he is punished.—*Hamilton.*

JOSE'PHUS.

BORN 37 A.D.

Flavius Josephus, the great Jewish historian, certainly deserves a place among the classic writers, and as he was of Eastern extraction, and wrote in Greek as well as in Hebrew, we may here include his works among those of Greek authors. He was of royal Jewish lineage, and was born at Jerusalem, 37 A.D. He received a careful education, and his acquirements in Hebrew and Greek literature soon drew public attention to him.

When only twenty-six years of age he was chosen delegate to Nero at Rome, and he afterward did his utmost to dissuade his countrymen from their fatal insurrection against this great power. At the time of the Roman advance upon Judea he was governor of Galilee, and displayed great valor and prudence. The city of Jotopata, which he bravely defended, was captured, after a siege of forty-seven days, Josephus being taken prisoner, but he gained the favor of Vespasian, the Roman general, by predicting, as he himself tells us, that his captor would yet become emperor of Rome.

He accompanied Titus to the siege of Jerusalem, and was present at the fall of that city in 70 A.D. The remainder of his life seems to have been passed in Rome, where he engaged in literary studies and in authorship. It is not known when he died.

His first work, the *History of the Jewish War*, was most favorably received in Rome, gaining a place in the

public library, and the honor of a statue to its author. This is in seven books, written both in Hebrew and in Greek, the Greek version alone being extant. He wrote also *Jewish Antiquities*, in twenty books, containing the history of the Jews from the earliest times; a treatise on the *Antiquity of the Jews*, against A'pion, which is valuable for its extracts from old historians; and an *Autobiography*, which supplements the *Antiquities*.

His style is easy and elegant, and displays the influence of the Greek classic authors, as his opinions do of Greek philosophy. He manifests a sincere attachment to his country, and great pride and enthusiasm in the old national history, but in his religious views shows that he had imbibed much of the "rationalism" of the Greeks. Thus he speaks of Moses as a human, rather than a divinely inspired law-giver; doubts the miracle of the crossing of the Red Sea; the swallowing of Jonah by the whale; and, in general, whatever is claimed as showing that there was a special interposition of Providence in behalf of his race. We extract the following description from Whiston's translation.

THE BURNING OF THE TEMPLE.

So Titus retired into the tower of Antonio, and resolved to storm the temple the next day, early in the morning, with his whole army, and to encamp round about the holy house; but as for that house, God had for certain long ago doomed it to the fire; and now that fatal day was come, according to the revolution of ages: it was the tenth day of the month Lous, upon which it was formerly burnt by the king of Babylon; although these flames took rise from the Jews themselves; for upon Titus's retiring the seditious lay still for a little while, and then attacked the Romans again, when those that guarded the holy house fought with those that quenched the fire that was burning in the inner court of the temple; but these Romans put the Jews to flight, and proceeded as far as the holy house itself.

At which time one of the soldiers, without staying for any orders, and without any concern or dread upon him at so great an

undertaking, and being hurried by a certain divine fury, snatched somewhat out of the materials that were on fire, and being lifted up by another soldier, he set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the rooms that were round about the holy house, on the north side of it. As the flames went upward the Jews made a great clamor, such as so mighty an affliction required, and run together to prevent it; and now they spared not their lives any longer, nor suffered anything to restrain their force, since that holy house was perishing, for whose sake it was that they kept such a guard about it. . . .

While the holy house was on fire everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain; nor was there a commiseration of any age, nor any reverence of gravity; but children and old men, and profane persons and priests, were all slain in the same manner; so that this war went round all sorts of men and brought them to destruction, as well those that made supplication for their lives, as those that defended themselves by fighting.

The flame was also carried a long way, and made an echo, together with the groans of those that were slain; and because this hill was high, and the works at the temple were very great, one would have thought that the whole city had been on fire. Nor can any one imagine anything either greater or more terrible than this noise; for there was at once a shout of the Roman legions, who were marching all together, and a sad clamor of the seditious, who were now surrounded with fire and sword. The people also that were left above were beaten back upon the enemy, and under a great consternation, and made sad moans at the calamity they were under; the multitude also that was in the city joined in this outcry with those that were upon the hill; and besides many of those that were worn away by the famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the holy house they exerted their utmost strength, and brake out in groans and outcries again. Peræ'a did also return the echo, as well as the mountains round about the city, and augmented the force of the entire noise.

Yet was the misery itself more terrible than this disorder; for one would have thought that the hill itself, on which the temple stood, was seething hot, as full of fire on every part of it as the blood was larger in quantity than the fire, and those that were slain more in number than those that slew them; for the ground did nowhere appear visible, for the dead bodies that lay on it; but the soldiers

went over heaps of these bodies, as they ran upon such as fled from them.

As for the priests, some of them plucked up from the holy house the spikes that were upon it, with their bases, which were made of lead, and shot them at the Romans instead of darts.

But then, as they gained nothing by so doing, and as the fire burst out upon them, they retired to the wall that was eight cubits broad; then there they tarried; yet did two of these of eminence among them, who might have saved themselves by going over to the Romans, or have borne up with courage and taken their fortune with the others, throw themselves into the fire, and were burnt together with the holy house.

The soldiers also came to the rest of the cloisters that were in the outer court of the temple, whither the women and children and a great mixed multitude of the people fled, in number about six thousand. And before Cæsar had given any commands about these people, the soldiers were in such a rage that they set the cloister on fire; by which means it came to pass that some of those were destroyed by throwing themselves down headlong, and some were burnt in the cloisters themselves. Nor did any one of these escape with his life.

PLU'TARCH.

Plu'tarch was a native of Chærone'a in Bœo'tia, where he was born about the middle of the first century A.D. He studied philosophy at Delphi, and afterward lived for some years at Rome, and in other parts of Italy, being occupied in public business and in teaching philosophy. The later years of his life were spent in his native town, where he officiated as archon and as priest of Apollo. He lived until 106 A.D., but we do not know how much longer.

Plutarch wrote a large number of works, more than sixty in all, of which all but his celebrated *Lives* are included under the general title of *Moralia*, or Ethical Works; among which may be classed such historical subjects as *Roman Questions; Greek Questions; The Fortunes of the Romans; The Valor of Alexander; The Malignity of Herodotus*, etc. He is much better known, however, as a

biographer than as a Platonist, his philosophical works being nearly bare of speculative philosophy, though they have a value in their good sense, their just views on practical subjects, and their benevolence of tone.

His *Parallel Lives* contains biographies of forty six eminent Greeks and Romans, these being arranged in pairs, with the object of a comparison between the lives, talents and virtues of each pair. They begin with the lives of Theseus and Romulus, and end with those of Dion and Junius Brutus. Some of these pairs are chosen with little judgment, and the comparison between them far-fetched. In a few cases the comparison is omitted, with no loss to the interest of the biographies.

The universal and lasting popularity of Plutarch's *Lives* is due to the dramatic vigor with which it is written, each person being drawn with the vividness of a living individual, and all minor details subordinated to the character as a whole. And, in addition to this merit of artistic harmony, the work is full of anecdotes, to such an extent that it forms one of our chief authorities for the table-talk of the Greeks and Romans. Its graphic interest is shown in the fact that Shakespere wrote his Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra, mainly from Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, in some cases using the exact words.

This anecdotal style, fine characterization, and great naturalness of description, have given Plutarch a wide circle of readers, in both ancient and modern times, and a powerful influence on the art of writing biography. Another feature of great value to students of ancient literature lies in his numerous quotations from preceding authors, two hundred and fifty in all being quoted, of whom eighty are lost to us.

In regard to style this work is far from being a fine specimen of Attic literature, being faulty and careless in

language, lacking the purity of the old tongue, and displaying want of grammatical and rhetorical skill. He is, moreover, often inaccurate in his facts, and partial in his conclusions, and is much better acquainted with his Greek than with his Roman characters. Yet with all these defects this work possesses a high value for its dramatic and graphic vivacity, its sensible reflections, and the high standard of morality which everywhere pervades it.

He expressly declares that his object is not to write histories, but lives, his professed purpose being the delineation of character. With this object he often purposely neglects the order of time, and makes historical events subordinate to jests or to anecdotes. Yet the biographies are correct in their general historical impression.

AN'TONY AND CLEOPA'TRA.

To return to Cleopatra: Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious, or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes. At every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms she was there to see. At night she would go with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a serving woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise; and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was. However, the Alexandrians, in general, liked it all well enough, and joined good humoredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping his comedy for them.

It would be trifling were I to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders for the fisherman to dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it.

But feigning great admiration she told everybody how dextrous

Antony was, and invited them to come next day and see him again. So when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey; and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing art, General, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces and kingdoms."

THE DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES.

Demosthenes, Ar'chias heard, had taken sanctuary at the temple of Neptune in Calau'ria, and crossing over thither in some light vessels, as soon as he had landed himself and the Thracian spearmen that came with him, he endeavored to persuade Demosthenes to accompany him to Antip'ater, as if he should meet with any mild usage from him.

But Demosthenes, in his sleep the night before, had a strange dream. It seemed to him that he was acting a tragedy, and contended with Archias for the victory; and though he acquitted himself well, and gave good satisfaction to the spectators, yet for want of better furniture and provision for the stage he lost the day. And so while Archias was discoursing with him, with many expressions of kindness, he sat still in the same posture, and looking up steadfastly upon him, "O Archias," said he, "I am as little affected by your promises now as I used formerly to be by your acting."

Archias at this beginning to grow angry, and to threaten him, "Now," said Demosthenes, "you speak like a genuine Macedonian oracle; before you were but acting a part. Therefore forbear only a little, while I write a word or two home to my family." Having thus spoken he withdrew into the temple, and taking a scroll as if he meant to write, he put the reed into his mouth, and biting it, as he was wont to do when he was thoughtful or writing, he held it there for some time. Then he put down his head and covered it.

The soldiers that stood by the door, supposing all this to proceed from want of courage and fear of death, in derision called him effeminate, and faint-hearted, and cowardly. But Archias, drawing near, desired him to cheer up, and repeating the same kind things he had spoken before, he once more promised him to make his peace with Antipater.

But Demosthenes, perceiving that now the poison had pierced and seized his vitals, uncovered his head, and fixing his eyes upon

Archias; "Now," said he, "as soon as you please you may commence the part of Creon in the tragedy, and cast out this body of mine unburied. But, O gracious Neptune, I, for my part, while I am yet alive, rise up and depart out of this sacred place; though Antipater and the Macedonians have not left so much as thy temple unpolluted."

After he had thus spoken, and desired to be held up, because he already began to tremble and stagger; as he was going forward, and passing by the altar, he fell down, and with a groan gave up the ghost.

He died on the 16th day of Pyanep'sion, the most sad and solemn day of the Thesmopho'ria, which the women observe by fasting in the temple of the goddess.—*Clough.*

AR'RIAN.

BORN ABOUT 100 A.D.

Flavius Arria'nus, a native of Nicomedi'a in Bithyn'ia, and a writer of great merit both in history and philosophy, was an ardent disciple of Epicte'tus, the celebrated Stoic philosopher. The learned men of Athens were highly pleased with his first works, in advocacy of that philosophical system, and honored him with the freedom of their city. He afterward held high offices at Rome, but spent the later years of his life in his native city, engaged in literary pursuits.

He seems to have been strongly impressed with the works of Xenophon, following him closely in all his writings, and appears to have formed the idea of being to Epictetus what Xenophon had been to Socrates. With this object he published the *Philosophical Lectures of Epictetus*, in eight books, of which four only have been preserved; *Conversations with Epictetus*, in twelve books, which are lost; and *Abstract of Practical Philosophy of Epictetus*, which is extant. This work maintained its authority for centuries as a manual of practical philosophy, and the ardent labors of his disciple have given to the great Stoic philosopher

a celebrity only second to that of the great thinkers of the golden age of Greece.

The most important work of Arrian, however, is the *Anab'asis of Alexander, or History of the Campaigns of Alexander the Great*, a work written in imitation of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and which we possess in a nearly complete condition. It occupies the period from the death of Philip to the death of Alexander, and is written in a simple and vivid manner, inferior only to his celebrated model. As a historical critic he is excellent, being the best and most trustworthy among the numerous historians of Alexander. He is especially clear in his accounts of military movements, having been himself a general in Asia Minor, and being thoroughly acquainted with military tactics. The speeches introduced in his work show a great knowledge of human nature, and some of them, as that of Alexander to his mutinous soldiers, are masterpieces of oratory.

Everything likely to affect the clearness of the narrative is avoided, and probably for this reason he wrote a separate work *On India*, which gives an excellent and accurate description of the coasts and the interior of that country. A curious feature of it are the proofs presented by the author to show that further south than India the earth is uninhabitable, on account of the extreme heat.

Other valuable works are, *A Voyage round the Coasts of the Euxine Sea; A Voyage round the Coasts of the Red Sea*, and *A Treatise on the Chase*, in which he also imitates Xenophon. Among his lost works, which were probably of great value, is a *History of Alexander's Successors; History of Parthia; History of Bithynia; History of the Alani*, and several biographies.

Arrian was one of the best writers of his day, all his works bearing marks of care, honesty and correctness. In style he is remarkably lucid and perspicuous, professedly imitating the best writers of Greece, and carrying this so

far as often to use their exact phraseology. His military knowledge makes him very spirited in descriptions of battles, and in all respects his works are interesting and instructive.

ALEXANDER'S REPLY TO DARIUS.

While Alexander was besieging Tyre ambassadors arrived from Darius, telling him that Darius would bestow upon him 10,000 talents of silver if he would set his mother, his wife, and children, at liberty, as also all the country between the Euphrates and the Hellespont; and if he would take his daughter in marriage he should be styled his friend and confederate.

Which embassy being debated in council, Parmenio is said to have told him that if he were Alexander he would accept the promise, and when the end of the war was gained no longer tempt the hazard thereof. To which the other is said to have replied: So would he if he were Parmenio; but as he was Alexander, he must act worthy of Alexander.

He, therefore, answered the ambassadors that he neither wanted Darius's money, nor would accept of part of his empire instead of the whole, for that all his treasure and his country was his; that he would marry his daughter if he pleased without his consent, but if he had a mind to try his humanity let him come to him.

THE FOUNDING OF ALEXANDRIA.

Alexander continued his journey into Egypt, as he had at first proposed; and when he had passed by the city Cano'pus, and sailed round the lake Ma'rias, he pitched upon the place where Alexandria now stands; and that situation seeming to him convenient for a city, he even then presaged that it would become rich and populous. Being, therefore, fired with the thoughts of this undertaking, he laid the foundations of the city, pointed to the place where the forum should be built, gave orders where the temples should be erected, and how many, and also which should be dedicated to the gods of Greece, and which to the Egyptian Isis, and lastly showed what should be the circuit of the walls. And when he had consulted the Gods upon this subject by sacrifices, the omens promised success.

There is a story told concerning this which seems not improbable, namely, that when Alexander had a mind to mark out the ground

for the walls, and had nothing ready fit for that purpose, one of his workmen advised him to gather in all the meal which his soldiers had in their stores, and scatter it upon the ground where the foundations of the walls would be drawn. His soothsayers, who had already given him many true predictions, viewing this, are said to have prophesied that it would be blessed with plenty of all things necessary for life, but especially the fruits of the earth.

THE GORDIAN KNOT UNTIED.

As soon as Alexander arrived at Gordium, and had entered the castle wherein the palace of Gordius and his son Midas had stood, he discovered his ambition of seeing Gordius's chariot, and the knot which was reported to have been made in the harness thereof. For it was reported concerning this chariot that whoever should untie the knot whereby it hung should obtain the sovereignty of all Asia.

The cord in which this knot was tied was composed of the inner rind of the Corneil tree, and no eye could perceive where it had begun or ended. Alexander, when he could find no possible way of untying it, and yet unwilling to leave it tied, lest it should cause some fears to arise in the minds of his soldiers, is said by some to have cut the cords with his sword, and affirmed that the knot was untied.

But Aristobu'lus assures us that he wrested the wooden pin out of the beams of the wagon, which being driven in across the beam held it up, and so took the yoke from it.

How this knot was loosed by Alexander I dare not affirm. However, he and his followers departed fully satisfied, as if the prophecy concerning the solution had been fulfilled.—*Rooke.*

LU'CIAN.

BORN ABOUT 125 A.D.

Lucian, the greatest of classic satirists and humorists, was a Syrian by birth, being a native of Samos'ata, on the right bank of the Euphra'tes. His parents were poor, and he was apprenticed when young to his uncle, who followed the trade of a statuary. But as the youthful artist spoiled the first piece of marble that was put into his hands, he

was sent home with a beating. This failure induced him to drop the fine arts, and take up literature as a profession.

He traveled to Greece at twenty years of age, and to Gaul at twenty-seven. Here he remained ten years, engaged in teaching rhetoric, in which he had become proficient. He also visited, as a traveling Sophist, Syria, Phœnicia and Egypt. In these journeys he grew thoroughly disgusted with the popular religions, and, among other adventures, exposed a false prophet named Alexander, who came very near having him drowned for his pains.

Having grown somewhat wealthy by his success as a teacher in Gaul, he settled, in 165 A.D., in Athens, where he lived a life of comfort and leisure, engaged in the study of philosophy and in literary labors. He finally became connected with the law courts of Alexandria, and died about the end of the second century.

Lucian has been called the Greek Voltaire, having the versatility and skill of the great French writer, mingled with a keen humor which has influenced such modern satirists as Cervantes, Rabelais, Butler and Sterne. Both in philosophy and in religion he called no man and no system master. His pungent ridicule and rhetoric, and his utter contempt for falsehood, gave the death-blow to heathenism; while philosophers are the constant subjects of his humorous ridicule, and of his richly inventive fancy.

His literary talents are, indeed, of the highest order, and give him a place with the best classic authors. As a writer of dialogues he had eminent ability, and his love of truth, his hatred of shams, bigotry and ostentation, his efforts as an educational reformer, and his genial humor and keen sense of the ludicrous, leave him without a peer, in his peculiar line, among ancient writers. One of his great merits was his cultivation of the old Attic style, in which he gained remarkable skill; while he did his utmost

to oppose the corruptions into which the pure Hellenic tongue had fallen.

As an author he was prolific, there being seventy-nine works and several poems extant under his name, though many of these are considered spurious. His works have been classified under seven heads: the Rhetorical; the Critical; the Biographical; Romances; Dialogues; Miscellanies; and poems. Of these the most celebrated are his Dialogues, the principal of which are: *The Sale of Lives; Dialogues of the Gods; The Fisherman, or the Revivified; The Banquet, or the Lapithæ; Timon the Misanthrope; Dialogues of the Dead;* and *Icaro-Menippus, or Above the Clouds.* The best of his romances is his work called *True Histories*, which is full of a genuine Rabelaisian humor.

Lucian has always been a favorite with scholars, and has been translated into most of the European languages. We give a few characteristic extracts. The following is suggestive of the graveyard scene in Hamlet.

FROM THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN MERCURY AND MENIP'PUS.

Menippus. Where are your beautiful men and beautiful women, Mercury? I am a stranger here, but just arrived, and therefore beg that you would introduce me to them.

Mercury. Menippus, I have not time for that at present. Turn, however, to your right hand, and you will see Hyacinthus and Narcissus and Nereus and Achilles and Tyro and Helen and Leda and the rest of them, the admiration of former ages.

Men. I see nothing but bones, and skulls without hair. They all look alike.

Mer. Those bones and skulls which you seem to despise were the very persons whom the poets so extolled.

Men. Show me Helen, I beseech you, for I cannot distinguish her.

Mer. Yonder bald pate is she.

Men. And were a thousand ships manned from every port of Greece, were so many Greeks and Barbarians slain, and so many cities destroyed, for her?

Mer. You never saw her when she was alive. If you had you would not have wondered; for, as Homer says:

"No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years should set the world in arms."

When the flower is withered, and has lost its color, it becomes disgustful, though where it grew and flourished, it was universally admired.

Men. All I wonder at, Mercury, is that the Grecians did not consider how ridiculous it was to give themselves so much trouble about an object of such a short-lived and decaying nature.

Mer. I have no leisure time to philosophize with you, Menippus; so repose yourself wherever you please. I must go and fetch down some more mortals.

FALSE AND TRUE PHILOSOPHERS.

Once upon a time a certain Egyptian monarch, we are told, taught some apes to dance the Pyr'rhic dance. The beasts (for they mimic every human action) soon learned the lesson, and skipped about in masks and purple robes; and the sight pleased for a long time, till an arch fellow, who came as a spectator, took some nuts out of his pocket, and threw a handful among them; when the performers immediately forgot their procession, and from Pyrrhic dancers returned to mere apes again, tore off their masks and clothes, and went to fighting for the fruit; thus was the celebrity at once dissolved, to the great diversion of the spectators.

And just in the same manner do these men act. These I have exposed, nor will I ever cease to detect their frauds, to laugh at, and to ridicule them. But of you, and such as resemble you (for many still there are who follow true philosophy and observe your laws), I were mad indeed to utter anything severe or disrespectful. What is there in you, Pythagoras, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Chrysip'pus, that has the least similitude with them? As the proverb says, it is Hercules and the ape. Do they imagine themselves like you because they wear long beards, put on austere faces, and philosophize? I could even bear all this if they acted their parts well. But the vulture more resembles the nightingale than they do the real philosopher.

FROM THE TRUE HISTORIES.

After sailing about three hundred stadia we fell in upon a little deserted island. Here we took in water, for ours was almost gone;

killed with our arrows two wild oxen and departed. These oxen had horns not on their heads, but under their eyes. A little beyond this we got into a sea, not of water, but of milk, and upon it we saw an island full of vines. This whole island was one compact, well-made cheese, as we afterward experienced by many a good meal which we made upon it. The vines have grapes upon them which yield, not wine, but milk.

At another place they are bound with chains of roses, and brought captive into a city of gold with walls of emerald. The narrative goes on as follows:

The seven gates were all made out of one trunk of a cinnamon tree, the pavement within the walls of ivory, the temples of the Gods were of beryl, the great altar on which they offered the hecatombs all of one large amethyst. Round the city flowed a river of the most precious ointment, 100 cubits in breadth and deep enough to swim in. The baths are large houses of glass perfumed with cinnamon, and instead of water filled with warm dew. For clothes they wear spiders' webs, very fine, and of a purple color.

They have no bodies, but only the appearance of them. Their souls seem to be naked and separated from them, with only an external similitude of a body, and unless you attempt to touch you can scarce believe but that they have one. In this place nobody ever grows old, but at whatever age they enter here, at that they always remain.—*Francklin.*

LONGI'NUS.

BORN ABOUT 213 A.D.

Dionys'ius Cas'sius Longi'nus, one of the most famous of Platonic philosophers and rhetoricians, was probably a native of Em'esa, in Syria, though some writers make Athens his native place. He traveled much when young, in company with his parents, and made the acquaintance of many celebrated scholars and philosophers. He studied Greek literature at Alexandria, and subsequently settled as a teacher of rhetoric in Athens, where he acquired a great reputation.

Having lived a long time at Athens, where he composed

his best works, he visited Asia, and there became acquainted with Zeno'bia, the future queen of Palmy'ra. He became her instructor in Greek literature, and, after she had attained the throne, was appointed her confidential adviser and prime minister. In this position, incited by his ardent love of liberty, he induced her to rebel against Rome. The natural result followed. She was defeated and captured, and her city taken. Longinus, being accused by the captive queen as her adviser to the rebellion, was beheaded as a traitor, by command of the Emperor Aurelian, 273 A.D. He met his fate with the firmness and cheerfulness of a Socrates.

Longinus was possessed of immense knowledge, so much so that he was called a "living library," and a "walking museum." His taste and critical acuteness were in accord with his acquirements, he being probably the best critic of all antiquity. In him the spirit of both Demosthenes and Plato was reproduced, of the former in his love of liberty, of the latter in his philosophical judgment and sound sense. His talents were the more remarkable if we consider the character of his contemporaries, whose philosophy was the fantastic imaginings of Neo-Platonism, the exponent of which, Plotinus, denied that Longinus was a philosopher at all, declaring that he was a mere philologist, since he had criticised the style and diction of Plato.

In style he was clear, lofty and rational, and surpassed in oratorical power anything existing after the great days of Greek oratory. Of all his works only a portion of one exists, this being a treatise *On the Sublime.*

There is scarcely any work in existence containing so many excellent remarks on oratory, poetry, and good taste in general; or equaling it in sound judgment, liveliness of style, felicity of illustration, and general good sense.

BY WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES IS THE SUBLIME PRODUCED?

As there are no subjects which are not attended by some adherent circumstances, an accurate and judicious choice of the most suitable of these circumstances, and an ingenious and skillful connection of them into one body, must necessarily produce the sublime. For what by the judicious choice, and what by the skillful connection, they cannot but very much affect the imagination.

Sappho is an instance of this, who, having observed the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them all with the most lively exactness. But in what particular has she shown her excellence? In selecting those circumstances which suit best with her object, and afterward connecting them together with so much art.

"Blest as the Gods methinks is he,
The enamoured youth who sits by thee,
Hearing thy silver tones the while,
Warmed by thy love-exciting smile.

While gazing on thee, fair and blest,
What transports heaved my glowing breast,
My faltering accents soon grew weak,
My quivering lips refused to speak;

My voice was lost, the subtle flame
Of love pervaded all my frame,
O'er my filmed eyes a dimness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

Cold moisture every pore distilled,
My frame a sudden tremor chilled,
My color went, I felt decay,
I sunk, and fell, and swooned away."

Are you not amazed, my friend, to find how, in the same moment, she is at a loss for her soul, her body, her ears, her tongue, her eyes, her color, all of them as much absent from her as if they had never belonged to her? And what contrary effects does she feel together? She glows, she chills, she raves, she reasons; now she is in tumults, and now she is dying away. In a word she seems to be attacked not by one alone, but by a combination of the most violent passions.

THE INFINITE EXCELLENCE OF THE GREAT AUTHORS.

With regard, therefore, to those sublime writers, whose flight, however exalted, never fails of its use and advantage, we must add another consideration. Those, their inferior beauties, show their authors to be men, but the sublime makes near approaches to the height of God. What is correct and virtuous comes off barely without censure, but the grand and the elevated command admiration. What can I add further? One exalted and sublime sentiment in these noble authors makes ample amends for all their defects. And what is most remarkable, were the errors of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the rest of the most celebrated authors, to be culled carefully out and thrown together, they would not bear the least proportion to those infinite, those inimitable excellencies, which are so conspicuous in these heroes of antiquity.

And for this reason has every age and every generation, unmoved by partiality and unbiased by envy, awarded the laurels to those great masters, which flourish still green and unfading on their brows, and will flourish

"As long as streams in silver mazes rove,
Or Spring with annual green renews the grove."

PART II.

THE LITERATURE OF ROME.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

In a review of Roman literature we must start from a different standpoint, and pursue a different course, than with the literature of the Greeks. The latter were essentially "to the manner born." Their literary spirit was native, their styles and modes of treatment indigenous. Their productions were a birth, not a transmigration of soul, into the world of books; and though they doubtless received a first impulse from without, all subsequent growth was in the fertile soil of their own genius.

Not so with the Romans. They had no aboriginal literature. When they had conquered leisure, and gained time to rest and to think, we find no home growth springing up in their minds. They began to think in Greek forms, and to write after Greek models. Imitation, not creation, was the mode of their intellectual proceeding, and throughout their whole literary history the same condition prevailed; they originated no new forms, but were content to follow where the great intellectual race of the past had trodden.

With so many romantic legends connected with their early history, they were favorably circumstanced for the growth of a native poetry, yet how different is their record

in this respect from that of the Greeks. Everywhere through the prehistoric gloom that envelops the early days of the latter, the names and half-seen forms of famous writers loom up, like giants of the Brocken. But for the first five centuries of its existence the literary life of the great Roman republic is a blank, nothing being produced but some half-barbarous chants, which no alchemist could transform into the gold of literature. Not until Magna Græcia was conquered and Sicily overrun, and the Roman mind felt the impact of Grecian art, did any literary spirit arise in the Latin-speaking race, and then they rather learned the art than caught the flame of poetry, copying the picture presented to them instead of limning original Nature herself.

Even Horace, the most original poet which Rome produced, recommends the study of Greek authors as an indispensable requisite, and shows in his own writings the strong influence of this study. An imitator, with them, was one who imitated a Roman author. Imitation of the Greeks was, in a measure, an implication of excellence. In short, the history of Latin literature is simply the history of the action of the Greek mind upon the Roman.

This was, of course, partly due to their admiration for and delight in Greek literature, which was carried to such an extent as to act as a check on the formation of any distinctive Roman style, nothing being favorably received that had not in it a flavor of the Hellenic modes of thought.

But lack of originality cannot be fully ascribed to this cause. A Dante, a Shakespere, or a Milton, would have forced recognition, and successfully fought down the prevailing Greek domination. For the true origin of this condition of things we must look deeper, and will find it to be an inevitable result of the difference in character of the two races.

The Romans were devoted to war, their mental vigor all

turned in this direction. Had they been separated in thought between the pursuits of peace and the art of war, they would never have conquered the world, for the task they had to perform was not to be accomplished by a divided mental force. It was one that needed all the energies of a strongly intellectual race. The natural result of their mode of life was the development of a practical spirit, an ability to cope with the hard facts of existence, and to win by force of preparation and prevision, instead of by blind onslaught. But the development of the practical tends to dwarf the imagination and to repress enthusiasm, and that which was the secret of the success of the Romans, as a conquering nation, stood decidedly in the way of their literary eminence.

Thought, with Rome, was not indigenous. It was an exotic, transplanted from Greece. Homer was native to the Hellenic soil, but Virgil borrowed his manner from the great epicist. Demosthenes was an original growth, but Cicero was content to remain a pupil of the Athenian orator. Aristophanes and Menander were true voices, but Nævius and Plautus their echoes. And indeed, even in a more direct sense than this, was Roman literature founded upon Greek thought, for Livius Andronicus, the first name among Roman authors, was a native of Magna Græcia, and probably of Hellenic extraction.

The main element of difference between the Romans and the Greeks is that just adverted to. Of one primitive origin, of equal mental vigor, the essential differences between their conditions and habits of life had caused their intellects to develop in opposite directions, the Roman becoming intensely practical, the Greek warmly enthusiastic and imaginative. The distinction is visible in every point of their histories. It is visible in their languages — the soft, liquid Greek naturally crystallizing into beautiful forms, and eminently fitted for imaginative expression; the Latin,

hard, solid and vigorous, and excellently adapted to the active and the practical. It is even visible in their wars. The military institutions of Sparta partook of this imaginative character; they were an ideal devotion of a people to war, a model despotism dedicated to Mars. Alexander, in his wars, was full of the Grecian enthusiasm. He was led forward by an idea, his imagination excited by the vision of a world prostrate at his feet, and, like a river that has burst its borders, he overflowed all Asia. But it was by no such rapid onslaught that Rome became conqueror. She moved onward with the practical sense and decision of a steady man of business. Step by step she trod down the world, assuring herself that every footprint was indelibly made before she ventured another step forward. The empire of Alexander fell to pieces of its own weight with the death of the great conqueror. The empire of Rome endured long after the valor and virtue of the Roman people had died out, held together by its strong links of formation, and by the practical political ability of its rulers.

But the steady man of business is not likely to become a poet or a philosopher, and this practicality stood immovably in the way of any strongly original literary production in the eternal city, while it produced a strong inclination to the study and imitation of the great preceding models.

In summarizing the progress of Roman literature we find the first five centuries of the republic destitute of anything worthy of the name, to a degree which few nations have ever manifested, and none that made any approach to the power and grandeur of Rome. During this period there was cultivated a sort of rude songs or hymns, which contained, however, not even a germ of poetry. Of this style of composition is the hymn of the Fratres Arvales (priests of agriculture), which was dug up at Rome in 1777, and, in the first burst of enthusiasm, referred to the age of Romulus.

There were, probably, also sacred songs to particular deities, but these were the most prosaic priestly performances, the Roman people taking none of that vital interest in their religious services so warmly displayed by the Greeks. Besides these there were coarse popular carols, and rude triumphal songs, but nothing that could be called literature; certainly not a remote approach to the epoch of vanished Grecian song which culminated in Homer.

About the end of the fourth century[m] a sort of pantomime, probably accompanied by extemporaneous songs, was brought from Etruria to Rome, and became very popular. There may also have been ballads of some length. Cicero mentions a poem by one Appius Claudius Cæcus, who flourished in the fifth century. But beyond this solitary authentic instance of any regular or continued poem there is nothing but the most feeble beginnings of literature.

Literature had its origin in Rome, as we have said, with the conquest of Magna Græcia, and continued to flourish for about four hundred years, though all valuable productions are embraced within a much shorter period. This age of literature is usually divided into four periods, the first of which extends from 240 B.C. to the death of Sulla, 78 B.C. During this epoch the drama alone was ardently cultivated. It was a period in some respects similar to that succeeding the Persian war in Greece, and to the Elizabethan age in England. An excessive love of dramatic entertainment developed itself among the Roman people, and writers of genius arose, as if by magic, to meet the demand. Of these the two names of most note are those of Plautus and Terence, the comedians, though a number of others, whose works have perished, were very popular authors. With this epoch, though theatrical entertainments continued to be admired, dramatic genius seemed to die out, no dramas of any acting value being afterward produced.

To this epoch, too, we must refer the beginnings of history, rhetoric and poetry, all these branches of literature being cultivated, though no names of special eminence arose.

The second period, known as the Golden Age of Roman literature, extended from the death of Sulla to the death of Augustus, 14 A.D.

Peace had now spread her broad wings over the great Roman empire, splendor marked the imperial city, and men's minds, diverted alike from the pursuits of war and of politics, turned to literature as the third great safety-valve for human talent. Under the fostering care of Augustus, this literary spirit expanded to its utmost height, and displayed a vigor and merit at no other time attained among the Roman people. The Greek intellectual control still continued, but the Latin authors had the credit of rivaling, if they failed to exceed, their great exemplars.

Cicero, among the first, was among the greatest of these authors. He began to flourish in an age when imperialism had not yet destroyed the soul of the ancient Roman institutions, and in his political orations proved a worthy successor to the renowned Athenian orators. In rhetoric, letters and philosophy he reached an equal elevation, being in many respects the widest and greatest mind which Rome produced.

The authors of the Augustan age achieved their eminence chiefly in the fields of poetry and history, but, in their special lines, have left us some names marked by the most vigorous genius. Principal among these are Virgil, the great epic poet; Horace and Catullus, the lyrists; Ovid, the elegiac and didactic poet; and the historians Livy, Cæsar, Sallust and Nepos.

With the death of Augustus commenced a long "Middle Age" of literary darkness. Under the series of fierce *tyrants who now* misgoverned the Roman empire, when

fear, licentiousness and adulation were the most active forces in men's minds, there was little encouragement to literature, and the few names which dimly show through the darkness have left but slight meritorious marks of their existence.

With the later beneficent emperors a new literary epoch commenced, that known as the Silver Age, extending to the death of Adrian, 138 A.D. The classic elegance of manner had died out, however, public taste required a more diffused, rhetorical style, and few authors succeeded in approaching the eminence of their talented predecessors. The most meritorious writers were Tacitus, the historian; the elder Pliny, the naturalist; Persius and Juvenal, the satirists; Martial, the epigrammatist; Lucan, the epic poet; and the younger Pliny, the epistolary writer.

The fourth period extends from the death of Adrian to the overthrow of the Western Empire, in 476 A.D. It embraces few names of any note, and none to be compared in literary worth with the great writers of the preceding epochs. In fact, after the beginning of the second century A.D., there was scarcely a writer born who attained to any marked literary prominence, and the most valuable period of Roman literature is even shorter than that of the Greek, as a century will nearly contain it. The work produced during this epoch is, as we have said, an echo of the voice of Athens, and, like all echoes, lacks something of the clear ring of the original tone.

THE ROMAN DRAMATISTS.

UNLIKE the early mental productions of any people whose literature is of native growth, the literary career of Rome begins with the drama. This is readily accounted for by the fact that it began with direct use of the Greek plays, without even an effort to disguise or hide the literary theft.

Liv'ius Androni'cus, the first to introduce the drama to the citizens of Rome, was a native of Magna Græcia, that settlement on the Italian shores which retained so much of the old Attic flavor and talent. He is said to have been taken prisoner and brought as a slave to Rome, where he repaid his enslavers by establishing the theatre after the Greek manner, and introducing plays directly adapted from Greek authors. His earliest play was produced about a year after the close of the first Punic war, being ascribed to 240 B.C.

Like other dramatists in the primitive days of theatrical performances, Andronicus was an actor, and for a considerable time the sole performer, of his own pieces. Afterward he employed a boy to declaim the parts which required much animation, while he himself made the proper gesticulations. The peculiar custom thus originated became usual in the Roman theatre, the final method being for the comedian to gesticulate to the declamation of others in all the monologues, and pronounce nothing himself but the verses of the dialogue; a custom seemingly calculated to take all naturalness out of their performances. Yet, with

their masks, and their distance from the spectators, it may have been difficult to tell who was speaking.

Andronicus produced both tragedies and comedies, but only the titles of them remain, and these indicate that they were all derived, perhaps directly translated, from Greek originals. The longest remnant extant of his works consists of but four lines. Cicero says that his plays were hardly worth a second reading. Another service which he rendered to his new countrymen was the translation of the Odyssey into Latin verse.

The next dramatist whose name appears was Cne'ius Næ'vius, his earliest play being produced in the year 235 B.C. His works are lost, but they appear to have been all translated or adapted from Euripides and other Greek authors. He seems to have been a better comic than tragic artist. Cicero gives some specimens of his jokes, and appears to have highly enjoyed them, but they have a very poor flavor to our modern taste.

The principal effort of Nævius was to introduce comedies in the vein of Aristophanes on the Roman stage, and in this he met with a signal failure. He lampooned the elder Scipio, who, however, took no notice of him. But others did not bear his biting satire so quietly, and he was thrown into prison. Here he wrote some plays intended as peace offerings, and was released. The spirit of the old Athenian comedy was too strong in him, however, to be resisted, and he soon found new subjects for ridicule. He was finally driven from the city by the enemies he had thus made. With him ended the only effort to reproduce the personalities of the old comedy. It was not adapted to the Roman temper.

Nævius also produced a work called the Cyprian Iliad, which, however, was a direct translation from the Greek. He wrote, besides, a metrical chronicle of the first Punic war, which commences with the flight of Æne'as from Car-

thage, and is full of mythological machinery. It is praised by Cicero, but only a few lines remain.

The next author of note was En'nius, a native of Cala'bria, born 239 B.C. He was called, in later times, the father of Roman song; and to judge from the existing fragments of his works, he greatly surpassed his predecessors in poetical genius, and in the art of versification.

He professed to have imitated Homer, and even declared that the soul and genius of the great Greek artist had revived in him through the medium of a peacock, under the Pythagorean idea of transmigration of souls. His works, however, are chiefly imitations of the Greek dramatists; and from their titles, and remaining fragments, seem rather direct translations from Sophocles and Euripides than originals.

Roman audiences liked their comedy, and probably their tragedy also, to be full of the action and bustle of a complicated fable; and their writers appear to have gratified them in this by employing the most active of Greek plays, or even by condensing two Greek dramas into one Roman adaptation.

Ennius seems to have had little originality as a tragic artist. The satires, too, which he produced, were probably copied from Tuscan or Oscan writers. His greatest work is his poetic *Annals*, or *Metrical Chronicle*, of which a considerable portion remains. It celebrates Roman history from the earliest times down, in a sort of versified newspaper style, and is written with much occasional beauty, but displays no invention or imagination, and gives us a picture of the Roman Consuls fighting over again the old Homeric battles.

The remaining names of importance among the Roman comedians are those of Plautus, Cæcil'ius Statius, and Terence. Of these, however, only the first and last have any plays existing; Cæcilius, whom Cicero praises as the best of

Roman comedians, being represented by a long list of fragments, but no works of any extent. After these writers some half dozen other names, indicated to us by a few lines only, close the list of comic authors.

With these Roman comedians were contemporary two tragedians, of considerable original power, and of great popularity with their countrymen. These were Pacu'vius and At'tius, the latter somewhat later in time, being born about 170 B.C. These authors, like the preceding tragedians, copied largely from the Greek, though making many changes in the plots and language of the Greek plays. The fragments of their works which remain are full of original expressions.

We have nothing left of their writings except some short passages, and the titles of a portion of them. With Attius the Roman drama may be said to close. Tragedies were written after his time, but none that achieved success on the stage.

In fact the social condition of Rome after that period, and the love of its citizens for the bloody tragedy of the amphitheatre, must have exercised a most depressing influence on the further development of the drama, though the works of the old comedians long continued popular.

PLAU'TUS.

BORN ABOUT 254 B.C.

T. Maccius Plautus, the greatest comic poet of Rome, was a native of Sar'sina, a village of Umbria. His name signifies splay-foot, a common characteristic of the Umbrians. We are in ignorance of his early life, and can only surmise that he came to Rome while young, acquiring there a complete knowledge of the Latin language, and becoming familiar with Greek literature. He probably was never made a full citizen of Rome.

His earliest employment was at the theatres. What this employment was we are not aware, but it was sufficiently lucrative to enable him to leave Rome and start some business on his own account. All we know about this business is that he failed in it, lost all his money, and returned to Rome, where he was obliged to earn a living by turning a hand mill, the ordinary punishment of worthless slaves.

While thus employed he composed three plays, which he sold to the managers of the public games. The proceeds from these released him from his uncongenial labor. This period, about 224 B.C., may be fixed as the commencement of his literary career, and from this time forward he continued to produce plays with great fertility, until 184 B.C., when he died, in his seventieth year.

There were in all one hundred and thirty plays attributed to him, but Roman critics considered the most of these as spurious, limiting the number of genuine plays extant in the last years of the Republic to twenty-one, of which undoubted plays we are fortunate enough to possess twenty. The text of these, however, is in such a defective and corrupt state that it is impossible to read them with full appreciation and comfort.

Plautus availed himself very freely of the works of Greek authors. And as Nævius had found it dangerous to imitate the old comedy of Athens, Plautus turned his attention to the new, making Menander his model, and adapting freely his plots, as also those of Diphilus, Philemon and others. Yet while using no effort to conceal this literary piracy, and, in fact, closely preserving the tone of the Greek drama, he always made his characters distinctively Roman, and won the popular sympathies by his keen appreciation of life and manners in his adopted city.

It was not for the educated and aristocratic circles that he wrote, but for the people at large, and he met their

fancy by the broad humor and unrefined taste that characterize his plays, and by his frequent use of coarse inuendo. He still more definitely appealed to their demands, however, by the rapid and incessant action which his plays possess, and by the skill with which his plots are constructed. Careless and inharmonious as his language may be, his comedies always teem with life, bustle and surprise. Unexpected situations are constantly developed, while they are everywhere overlaid with sprightly, sparkling raillery, which must have kept his audiences in a fever of enjoyment. They allowed no time for respite, no interval where dullness might creep in, but hurried from incident to incident, from scene to scene, from jest to jest, with a rapidity and vivacity which few, even of modern dramatists, equal. The modern drama, indeed, has made frequent use of his plots.

He wrote prologues to his plays, in the Greek manner, these being sometimes very amusing. The Roman theatre, in fact, was closely imitated from the Greek, all the features in regard to scenery, masks, dresses, etc., being retained. Conventional colors and modes of dressing were used to designate certain classes or nationalities; and plays were occasionally produced with the greatest splendor of scenery and appointments.

Plautus was immensely popular among the Romans, his works holding possession of the stage until a late period in the empire, and being viewed with admiration by such critics as Varro and Cicero. This admiration has extended down to modern times.

We give an extract from the *Aulularia*, or *The Miser*, a very amusing play, in which a miser finds a pot of gold, and hides it with the greatest care. He is in constant dread of its being discovered, moves it from place to place, and accuses every one who comes near his hiding-places of intent to rob him. He has promised his daughter in mar-

riage to an old man named Musidorus, whose main recommendation is that he asks for no dowry. Cooks are sent to the miser's house to prepare the wedding supper, but he, finding them there, and too near his precious gold, drives them headlong forth. He finds a new hiding-place for it, but discovering a slave, named Strob'ilus, close by his treasure, he drags him forth and searches him. The slave, out of revenge, watches him, and steals the gold, which he gives to his young master, who is the lover of the miser's daughter. The conclusion of the play is lost, but it is probable that the young lover exchanged the pot of gold for his sweetheart.

This comedy has been frequently made use of by dramatists, and particularly by Molière, whose best play, *L'Avare*, is founded upon it, and in many respects far surpasses it.

We give first, however, the curious prologue to *The Treasure*, which shows, by a very plain avowal, where the author obtained his plot.

Enter Luxury and Poverty.

Luxury. Follow me, daughter, that you may perform your office.
Poverty. I do follow, but am ignorant where will our journey end.
Lux. It is here. Behold, this is the house. Go in.

[*Exit Poverty.*

Lux. (*To the spectators.*) Lest any of you be lost in error, I'll in brief conduct you in the right road, provided you will hear. First, then, who I am, and who she is that entered here, I'll tell, if you are attent. Plautus has given me the name of Luxury; the other is my daughter, Poverty. Now at my impulse why she entered here, listen, and be all attention while I tell. There is a certain youth dwells in this house, who by my aid has squandered his estate. Since then for my support there is nothing left, I have given him my daughter whom to live with. As for our play, expect not I shall tell the plot. The old men who are coming hither will ope the matter to you. In the Greek it is named The Treasure, which Philemon wrote. Our poet this translated, calling it Trinummus, and this name he begs may stand. No more; farewell; be silent, and attend. *Exit.*

THE MISER. ACT 4, SCENE 5.

Eu'clio dragging out Strob'ilus.

Euclio. Out, earthworm, out! who, but a moment past,
Crept under ground, wert nowhere to be seen.
But now thou dost appear it's over with thee.
Rascal, I'll be thy death.
Strobilus. What a plague ails you?
What business have you, old wretch, with me?
Why do you lug me so? What makes you beat me?
Eu. D'ye ask? you whipping-stock, you villainous thief!
Not one alone, but all the thieves together.
Stro. What have I stole of yours?
Eu. Restore it to me.
Stro. Restore it? What?
Eu. D'ye ask?
Stro. I've taken nothing.
Eu. Come, give me what you've got.
Stro. What are you at?
Eu. *What am I at?*—You shall not carry it off.
Stro. What is it you would have?
Eu. Come, lay it down.
Stro. Why, we have laid no wager that I know of.
Eu. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I say.
Stro. What must I lay down? Tell me. Name it to me.
I have not touched or taken anything.
Eu. Show me your hands.
Stro. Here they are.
Eu. Show them me.
Stro. Why here they are.
Eu. I see.—Show me your third hand.
Stro. (*aside.*) Sure the old fellow is crazy. He's bewitched.
I pray thee now don't use me very ill.
Eu. Very ill, truly, not to have you hanged;
Which I will do if now you don't confess.
Stro. Don't confess what?
Eu. What you did take from hence.
Stro. May I be cursed if I took anything
Belonging to you, or desired it, I.
Eu. Come, come, pull off your cloak.
Stro. (*Pulling it off.*) Just as you please.

Eu. You may have it hid underneath your clothes.
Stro. Search there.
Eu. (*Aside.*) Rogue! How civil he is,
That I may not suspect. I know his tricks
Once more show me your right hand.
Stro. Here it is.
Eu. Well, now show me your left.
Stro. Here they are, both.
Eu. Come, I'll search you no further; give it me.
Stro. What must I give you?
Eu. Psha! Don't trifle with me.
You've certainly got it.
Stro. Got? Got what?
Eu. So you would have me name it; but I will not.
Restore whatever you have got of mine.
Stro. You're mad. Sure you have searched me at your pleasure,
And you have found nothing of yours upon me.
Eu. Stay! stay! Who was that other with you yonder?
(*Aside.*) I'm ruined! He's at work within; and if
I let him go this other will escape.—
I've searched him, it is true, and he has nothing.
(*To Strobilus.*) Go where you will, and may the Gods confound you!
Stro. I'm much obliged to you for your kind wishes.
Eu. I'll in; and if I light on your companion
I'll strangle him. Out of my sight! Begone!
Stro. I go.
Eu. And never let me see you more. [*Exit.*
Stro. (*Alone.*) I'd rather die the worst of deaths than now
Not lay an ambush for this old man's money.
He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy,
But he will bring it out with him, and change
Its situation. Hush, the door is opening,
And out he comes,—the old hunks with his treasure.
I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
And watch where the old miser hides his wealth.
My master bade me wait here; but no matter.
I'll risk mishap in quest of such advantage.—*Thornton.*

TER'ENCE.

BORN 185 B.C.

Publius Teren'tius Afer, the second of the extant Roman comedians, was a native of Carthage, and was born, or became, the slave of a Roman senator, P. Teren'tius Luca'nus. This nobleman, out of regard for the beauty and ability of his slave, highly educated him, and finally gave him his freedom.

His first play, the *Andrian*, written when he was twenty-seven years of age, was highly successful, and gave its author a standing at once in the best Roman society, where his engaging address made him a special favorite. Among his chief patrons was the younger Scipio, with whom he lived in great intimacy. After some years thus spent at Rome he went to Greece, where he translated one hundred and eight of Menander's comedies. He never returned, and is supposed to have died in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year. Six of his comedies are extant, and these may be all he ever wrote.

Of the *Andrian*, the earliest and, perhaps, the most interesting and affecting of all his plays, the following curious story is told: On offering his comedy to the theatrical authorities he was referred by them to Cæcilius, then at the height of his popularity as a comedian. The young author was introduced to the celebrated playwright while the latter was at supper, and was seated on a low stool, as a person of no consequence. The youthful, poorly dressed, and probably timid applicant presented no very promising aspect to the experienced writer, and the latter, with little expectation, asked him to read the opening of his play. He had not got beyond a few lines, however, before Cæcilius stopped him and invited him to share his couch and his supper. As he went on the attention of the veteran playwright became more and more engrossed, and the read-

ing finished with his unqualified admiration and indorsement. This story is, however, of doubtful authenticity.

The plays of Terence are marked by the greatest purity of language, dividing the honors in this respect with the works of Cicero and Cæsar. In style they are very graceful, and display the moral elevation of a thoroughly cultivated mind. He could not endure anything approaching grossness, or the delineation of low vices. His comedies are not the equal of those of Plautus in life, bustle and humor, but display much more elegance and refinement of taste, and are also superior in consistency of plot and character, in tenderness, wit and metrical skill.

They contain many soliloquies, in which their author displays the highest ability in telling his story, and are marked by frequent just reflections and by a wit that is never forced. He is said to have lived and died in poverty, but it does not seem as if he could have been very poor, as he certainly received large sums of money for his plays. His works, like those of Plautus, have been studied as models by many modern playwrights. The names of the extant comedies are *An'drian*, *Heç'yra*, *Heautontimorou'menos*, *Eunu'chus*, *Phor'mio* and *Adel'phi*.

We extract the following scene from the *Andrian*. The main points in the play are as follows: Pam'philus, the son of Simo, becomes attached to a girl of questionable character. Simo, meanwhile, had betrothed him to Philu'mena, the daughter of Chre'mes. Simo discovers his son's passion, but pretends that the marriage shall still take place, in order to test the young man's true sentiments. In this difficulty Pamphilus applies to Davus, a cunning and clever slave, who advises him to offer no opposition.

On the strength of this apparent yielding of his son Simo changes his plans, arranges that the marriage shall take place at once, and thus catches the plotters in their own trap. Pamphilus is in despair, and is inclined to re-

venge himself on Davus for his unlucky advice. But the latter, by a shrewd trick, induced Chremes to refuse his assent to the marriage.

At this juncture Chremes discovers that Glyce'rium, the beloved of Pamphilus, is his own daughter, whom he had formerly intrusted to the care of his brother, now dead. Pamphilus thus finally obtains Glycerium as his wife, and the other daughter is given to a young lover, who has hitherto pressed his suit in vain.

The plot of this comedy, as Terence candidly informs his hearers, is taken from two plays of Menander, which have been skillfully welded into one.

THE FAIR ANDRIAN. ACT 3, SCENE 6.

Enter Davus, from the house of Simo.

Davus. I was coming to you.

Simo. Why, what is the matter?

Dav. Why is not the bride sent for? It is now growing late in the day.

Sim. Do you hear me? I have been for some time not a little apprehensive of you, Davus, lest you should do that which the common class of servants is in the habit of doing, namely, imposing upon me by your artifices.

Dav. What! I do that?

Sim. I fancied so; and, therefore, fearing that, I concealed from you what I shall now mention.

Dav. What?

Sim. You shall know; for now I almost feel confidence in you.

Dav. Have you found out at last what sort of a person I am?

Sim. The marriage was not to have taken place.

Dav. How? Not *to have taken place?*

Sim. But I was making pretense, that I might test you *all.*

Dav. (*Affecting surprise.*) What is it you tell me?

Sim. Such is the fact.

Dav. *Only* see; I was not able to discover that. Dear me, what a cunning contrivance!

Sim. Listen to this. Just as I ordered you to go from here into the house, he (*pointing to Chremes*) most opportunely met me.

Dav. (*Aside.*) Ha! Are we undone, then?

Sim. I told him what you just now told me.

Dav. (*Aside.*) Why, what am I to hear?

Sim. I begged him to give his daughter, and with difficulty I prevailed upon him.

Dav. (*Aside.*) Truly ruined!

Sim. (*Overhearing him speaking.*) Eh! What was it you said?

Dav. Extremely well done, I say.

Sim. There is no delay on his part now.

Chremes. I'll go home at once. I'll tell her to make due preparation, and bring back word here. [*Exit*

Sim. Now I do entreat you, Davus, since you have yourself brought about this marriage for me——

Dav. I myself, indeed!

Sim. Do your best still to reform my son.

Dav. Troth, I'll do it with all care.

Sim. Do it now, while his mind is agitated.

Dav. You may be at ease.

Sim. Come then; where is he just now?

Dav. A wonder if he is not at home.

Sim. I'll go to him; and what I have been telling you I'll tell him as well. [*Exit.*

Dav. (*To himself.*) I'm a lost man! What reason is there why I should not take my departure straightway for the mill? There is no room left for supplicating. I have upset everything now. I have deceived my master, I have plunged my master's son into a marriage. I have been the cause of its taking place this very day, without his hoping for it, and against the wish of Pamphilus. Here is cleverness for you! But if I had kept myself quiet no mischief would have happened. (*Starting.*) But see! I espy him. I am truly undone! Would that there were some spot here for me from which I might this instant pitch myself headlong. (*Stands apart.*)

Enters Pamphilus, in haste, from Simo's house.

Pam. Where is he? The villain who this day——. I am ruined, and I confess that this has justly befallen me, for being such a dolt, so devoid of sense; that I should have intrusted my fortunes to a frivolous slave! I am suffering the reward of my folly. Still he shall never get off from me unpunished for this.

Dav. (*Apart.*) I am quite sure that I shall be safe in future, if for the present I get clear of this mishap.

Pam. But what now am I to say to my father? Am I to deny

that I am ready, who have just promised to marry? With what effrontery could I presume to do that? I know not what to do with myself.

Dav. (*Apart.*) Nor I with myself, and yet I am giving all due attention to it. I will tell him that I will devise something, in order that I may procure some respite in this dilemma.

Pam. (*Catching sight of him.*) Oho!

Dav. (*Apart.*) I am seen.

Pam. (*Sneeringly.*) How now, good sir, what are you about? Do you see how dreadfully I am hampered by your devices?

Dav. Still, I will soon extricate you.

Pam. You extricate *me?*

Dav. Assuredly, Pamphilus.

Pam. As you have just done, I suppose.

Dav. Why, no better, I trust.

Pam. What, am I to believe you, you scoundel? You, indeed, make good a matter that is all embarrassment and ruin! Just see in whom I have been placing reliance ——. You this day, from a most happy state, have been and plunged me into a marriage. Did not I say that this would be the case?

Dav. You did say so.

Pam. What do you deserve?

Dav. The cross. But allow me a little time to recover myself. I will soon hit upon something.

Pam. Ah me! not to have the leisure to inflict punishment on you as I desire! For the present conjuncture warns me to take precautions for myself, not to be taking vengeance on you. [*Ex.*

Riley.

THE EARLY ROMAN POETRY.

POETRY is the first form of the literature of all nations who develop a literary spirit of their own. This spirit Rome cannot be said to have possessed, in those primitive days of her history in which men first begin to weave their thoughts into ordered compositions. We have already seen that she was in possession, to a certain extent, of carols, songs and hymns, but that these metrical productions were rude in form, and unworthy of the name of literature.

When Rome reached that period in her history in which the works of Greek authors forced themselves on her attention, her character as a nation was formed, and her tastes were not at all likely to be those of a primitive epoch. As we have already perceived, the drama was the earliest form in which this borrowed literature appealed to the minds of her citizens. Their practical disposition, too, aroused in them a regard for prose literature long before they showed any aptitude for poetry, and prose in its most utilitarian form, history in the form of dry annals, oratory as dry, and jurisprudence. There was a certain degree of poetic ability displayed by the dramatists, but it is doubtful if it was appreciated as such by their earlier hearers.

Of course, with the passion for Greek literature that rapidly developed among the educated classes, Greek poetry did not remain without its admirers, and the epics written by Nævius and Ennius on the early history of Rome probably aroused a degree of national pride in their readers, and may have been the more admired in that day for their unpolished and annalistic form.

As for lyric poetry, there was no aptitude shown for it in this earlier period. There were some lyric strains, imitated from the Greek, in the works of the tragedians, but no separate attention was paid to this form of poetry, unless Læ'vius, whose date is very uncertain, flourished in this epoch. He left some fugitive amatory pieces, which are, however, destitute of any special lyrical merit.

The one form in which poetry did take early root among the Romans, and the only form with whose origin they are credited, is that of satire. Not that Greece lacked the satiric spirit, as displayed, for instance, in the poems of Archilochus and in the old comedy, but satire as a distinctive poetic form was originated by the Romans. A love for this species of poetry had probably made considerable progress before the time of Lucil'ius, who was born 148 B.C.

His works form an era in Roman literature. Hitherto it had been considered the province of slaves and freedmen, the stern old Roman spirit despising such inactive employment as intellectual cultivation. Some of the higher classes enjoyed and patronized literature, but did not make it their pursuit, and Lucilius was the first of knightly rank to appear in the poetic field. He was the grand-uncle of Pompey, and had served under Scipio.

His Satires were comprised in thirty books, of which many fragments are still extant. These poems lack literary merit, and were adversely criticised by later Romans. His style is careless, unrefined, affected, and shows great lack of metrical facility. But as a satirist he had great merit, striking right and left at vice with a frank honesty and biting wit that must have made his victims writhe. His encomiums on virtue form as striking pictures as his attacks on vice, and show that he was a man of high moral principle. After his death satire languished, until the days of Persius and Juvenal; and poetry waited the sun of the Augustan age for its full development.

Dramatic literature, in this later age, took the form of the mime, a combination of comedy, farce and pantomime, in which burlesque, satire and the coarsest humor, contended for the applause of the unrefined multitude. As the mimes became more popular, the dialogue took a more prominent position, and was written in verse, instead of in prose.

During the rule of Julius Cæsar a Roman knight, named Decimus Labe'rius, became eminent for his mimes. A slave and pupil of Laberius, named Publilius Syrus, became also an admired author in this field. The profession of an actor of mimes was looked on as infamous and degrading, yet Laberius, at the request of Cæsar, which amounted to a command, was forced to enter the lists against his former slave, in a trial of improvisatorial skill. He took occasion to revenge himself upon his imperial master by a series of sarcasms, some of which are still extant.

In the prologue to his mime he remonstrated, in some beautiful and spirited verses, against the tyranny of Cæsar. They commence as follows:

"O strong necessity! of whose swift course
So many feel, so few escape the force,
Whither, ah whither in thy prone career,
Hast thou decreed this dying frame to bear?
Me, in my better days, nor foe, nor friend,
Nor threat nor bribe, nor vanity could bend;
Now lured by flattery, in my weaker age
I sink my knighthood and ascend the stage.
Yet muse not wherefore — how shall man gainsay
Him whom the Deities themselves obey?
I'm Cæsar's actor now, and compass more
In one short hour than all my life before."

He was restored to his rank, but could not be to the respect of his countrymen. On one occasion Cicero called out to him, as he was making his way to the stalls of the knights in the theatre: "If we were not so crowded, I

would make room for you here." Laberius cuttingly replied, alluding to Cicero's public reputation: "I am astonished that you should be crowded, as you generally sit on two stools!"

LUCRE'TIUS.

BORN 95 B.C.

Ti'tus Ca'rus Lucre'tius, the earliest born of the noted poets of Rome, marks, by his poem, an epoch both in poetry and philosophy. His philosophy, however, is but a reflection of that of the Epicurean school, and his principal merit lies in his poetry.

Of the life of Lucretius we are in almost complete ignorance. It is alleged that he died by his own hand, in his forty-fourth year, having been made frantic by a love potion which had been administered to him; and that he composed his works in the intervals of his madness. All this, however, is very doubtful.

The great work on which his fame rests is an epic poem *On the Nature of Things*. This is in six books, and is written in imitation of the similar poem of Empedocles. It teaches the atomic theory of Leucippus; sustains the axiom that "nothing is created out of nothing"; and upholds that there are divine beings, but that they are neither the creators nor the governors of the world. He ascribes to nature a living vigor — almost an intelligence; and infers, from the destructibility of its material elements, that the soul cannot be immortal.

Combined with these philosophical doctrines is an exposition of physical science, covering such subjects as the nature of the soil, the character of sensation, the history of mankind, and the phenomena of disease and death. All these are treated with a fullness and perspicuity which lifts his work to the highest place among didactic poems, the minutest facts of science and the deepest speculations of

philosophy being unfolded with equal clearness, while dry and even repulsive subjects are invested with a warm life and interest.

Indeed, while his philosophy is at second hand, his poetry is full of original genius; and it was no empty boast of his, that he had opened a path through the territory of the Muse, untrodden before by poet's foot, culling fresh flowers from fields where they had never before been sought to wreathe a garland for the poet's brow.

The great beauty of his poetry is its variety. To the grandeur and sublimity of his speculations he adds the widely different qualities of softness and tenderness, and yearns for a release of his country from the horrors of war in tones instinct with the deepest pathos. His work is richly embellished with episodes, which serve to illuminate the barrenness of much of his philosophy, and is written in a majestic verse which is only inferior to that of Virgil in melody, and which wonderfully moulds the hard nature of the Latin tongue.

We extract the following reference to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which is full of the spirit and feeling of Greek fancy.

IPHIGENIA SACRIFICED.

"By that Diana's cruel altar flowed
With innocent and royal virgin's blood;
Unhappy maid! with sacred ribands bound,
Religious pride! and holy garlands crowned;
To meet an undeserved, untimely fate,
Led by the Grecian chiefs in pomp and state;
She saw her father by, whose tears did flow
In streams—the only pity he could show.
She saw the crafty priest conceal the knife
From him, blessed and prepared against her life!
She saw her citizens, with weeping eyes,
Unwillingly attend the sacrifice.
Then, dumb with grief, her tears did pity crave,
But 'twas beyond her father's power to save.

She fell — even now grown ripe for bridal joy —
To bribe the Gods, and buy a wind for Troy.
So died this innocent, this royal maid;
Such fiendish acts religion could persuade."—*Creech.*

CONDITION OF PRIMITIVE MANKIND.

"Then hardier, as bescemed, the race of earth,
Since the hard ground had ushered them to birth;
More vast their solid bones, and firm within
Were strung the nerves, that branched beneath the skin.
No change of skies impaired that giant mould,
Proof 'gainst the heat, and braced to feel the cold.
No unknown aliment their frames diseased,
No plagues infectious on their bodies seized;
While rolling lustres round the heavens had fled,
Wild as the beasts their wandering lives they led.
No swain, robust, had turned with guiding hand
The crooked plow, no iron delved the land;
None then to set the tender sapling knew,
Or from tall trees the withered branches hew;
What earth spontaneous gave, and sun and shower
Matured, sufficed them for the passing hour;
Midst oaks, whose rustling mast bestrewed the ground
Nourished they lay, their feasts with acorns crowned.
Then wintry arbutes, that allure the sight,
With blushing hue of ripened scarlet bright;
Earth poured more plenteous, and of ampler size;
For the new world, in fresh varieties,
Blossomed with genial fruits, abundant then
To sate the wants of miserable men.
Rivers and fountains, with their gurgling sound,
Called them to slake their thirst, in crowds around,
As now upon the mountain torrent's brink,
By the shrill roar allured, the beasts impending drink.
With nightly-wandering step they sought the cells,
Where, in her haunt, the fabled wood-nymph dwells;
Where sliding waters stealing from the cave,
Crept o'er the humid rocks, with smoothly-spreading wave;
The humid rocks, that drop by drop distill
Through the green moss the slowly-trickling rill;
Or where swift springs, in gushes, broke away,
And laved the open plains in bubbling play.

Nor fire to them its uses had revealed,
Nor did the skins of beasts a vesture yield.
With wondrous force of feet, and hands endued,
They the wild race of woodland beasts pursued;
With missile stones and ponderous clubs opprest,
Full many fell, deep lairs concealed the rest;
And when the chase was done, in night's dark shade.
Like bristly boars beneath the forest laid,
They stretched their naked limbs upon the ground,
With broken boughs and leaves enveloped round."

INVOCATION TO VENUS.

"Kind being! mother of the line of Troy!
Venus! of Gods and men voluptuous joy!
Who wide beneath the stars, that gliding trace
The zodiac circle, mov'st through teeming space,
O'er sail-skimmed sea, or corn-exuberant earth;
All breathing species quicken into birth
By thy vivific power; by thee they raise
To the sun's orb their light-awakened gaze.
Thee and thy coming, Goddess! whirlwinds fly,
The clouds of air disperse when thou art nigh;
The variegated earth with flowerets sweet
Springs into life, and blooms beneath thy feet;
Laugh the wide waves of ocean in thy sight,
And heaven smooth glitters with expansive light.
Since thou alone dost Nature's system sway,
Since without thee none breathe the light of day,
And nothing joyous, nothing lovely shines,
Be thou the gracious partner of my lines."—*Elton.*

CATUL'LUS.

BORN 87 B.C.

C. Vale'rius Catul'lus, a contemporary of Lucretius, was born of a good family, residing in the neighborhood of Verona, his father being an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar. He went to Rome while quite young, probably for purposes of education, but his warm temperament led him into all the licentious excesses of the capital. His only occupation, at this period of his life, seems to have been indul-

gence in the pleasures of dissipation, and the cultivation of his literary talents. The elegance and tenderness of his amatory poetry made him a favorite with the fair sex, and its licentiousness was not out of keeping with the tone of Roman fashionable society.

This course of life finally involved him in pecuniary troubles, and in order to retrieve his fortunes, in the customary method of colonial plunder, he accompanied Mem'mius, the friend of Lucretius, when he went as prætor to Bithyn'ia. He did not succeed, however, as the superior robber kept all the plunder for himself, and Catullus returned to Rome "with his purse full of cobwebs." On his return to the capital he resumed his old habits, and died in the prime of life, probably in 47 B.C.

His works consist of numerous short lyrics, elegies and epigrams, of which one hundred and sixteen have been preserved; of odes, four of which are extant; of a narrative poem on the marriage of Pe'leus and The'tis; and of a wildly enthusiastic poem entitled A'tys.

He was thoroughly acquainted with the Greek poets, on whom his own style was formed, though he had the skill to conceal his lack of originality, and to adapt to his own purposes the materials of the Hellenic muse. His polish and learning, and the living reality with which he invested his poems, made him a favorite in Roman literary society, and the ability with which he applied to Roman life and habits the ideal of Greek love and beauty, kept his fame green during all the ages of Rome's literary existence. His poems are still admired for their exquisite grace and beauty of style, despite their impure voluptuousness. No genius has ever shown more various aspects. His playfulness and petulance, his childlike vivacity and simplicity, are combined with the greatest melody and tenderness; while with these he unites passion and vehemence, and a biting satiric wit.

His satire, indeed, was more vindictiveness than a noble indignation against vice. He attacked Cæsar most offensively, reading bitter lampoons in his presence; but the noble Roman would not stoop to crush his insulter, and did not even suffer a change of expression to show itself in his countenance.

Catullus lacked the mental grasp and grandeur of tone to conduct an epic poem. His heroic subject of the marriage of Peleus and Thetis lacks epic unity and majesty, but is marked by liveliness, pathos and luxuriant fancy. Its most beautiful passage is the episode relating the story of Theseus and Ariadne, which is represented as being embroidered on the hangings of the palace of Holeus.

The following verses form part of the complaint of Ariad'ne for the perfidious desertion of The'seus.

"And couldst thou, Theseus, from her native land
Thy Ariadne bring, then cruel so
Desert thy victim on a lonely strand?
And didst thou, perjured, dare to Athens go,
Nor dread the weight of Heaven's avenging blow?
Could naught thy heart with sacred pity touch?
Naught make thy soul the baleful plot forego
'Gainst her that loved thee? Ah! not once were such
The vows, the hopes, thy smooth professions did avouch!

Then all was truth, then did thy honeyed tongue
Of wedded faith the flattering fable weave.
All, all unto the winds of heaven are flung!
Henceforth let never listening maid believe
Protesting man. When their false hearts conceive
The selfish wish, to all but pleasure blind,
No words they spare, no oaths unuttered leave;
But when possession cloys their pampered mind,
No care have they for oaths, no words their honor bind.

For this, then, I from instant death did cover
Thy faithless bosom; and for this preferred,
Even to a brother's blood, a perjured lover;

Now to be torn by savage beast and bird,
With no due form, no decent rite, interred!
What foaming sea, what savage of the night,
In murky den thy monstrous birth conferred?
What whirlpool guides and gave thee to the light,
The welcome boon of life thus basely to requite?

What though thy royal father's stern command
The bond of marriage to our lot forbade,
Oh! safely still into thy native land
I might have gone thy happy serving maid;
There gladly washed thy snowy feet, or laid
Upon thy blissful couch the purple vest.
Ah, vain appeal! upon the winds conveyed,
The heedless winds, that hear not my behest,
No words his ear can reach or penetrate his breast!"

TO HIMSELF.

"Catullus! give thy follies o'er;
Ah, wretch! what's lost expect no more:
Thy suns shone bright, when to and fro
Thou, at her beck, didst come and go;
The nymph who once thy passion proved,
As never nymph shall e'er be loved.
Then clear and bright thy sun would shine;
And doth she now thy love decline?
Then be a like refusal thine.
Follow not her who flies from thee;
Nor wretched in despondence be,
But scorn the weakness that can feel,
And bear thy grief with breast of steel.
Farewell, oh girl! whom I adore!
Catullus now laments no more:
Firm he persists: he will not woo,
Nor for unwilling favors sue.
Yet thou wilt grieve, when asked by none:
Think, cruel! how thy days will run!
Who to thy side shall now repair?
In whose fond eyes shalt thou be fair?
Whom wilt thou for thy lover choose?
Whose shall they call thee? false one! whose?

Who shall thy darted kisses sip,
While thy keen love bites scar his lip?
But thou, Catullus! scorn to feel:
Persist — and let thy heart be steel."

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

"Sparrow! my nymph's delicious pleasure!
Who with thee, her pretty treasure,
Fanciful in frolic, plays
Thousand, thousand wanton ways;
Thy beak with finger-tip incites,
And dallies with thy becks and bites;
When my beauty, my desire,
Feels her darling whim inspire,
With nameless triflings, such as these,
To snatch, I trow, a tiny ease
For some keen fever of the breast,
While passion toys itself to rest;
I would that happy lady be,
And so in pastime sport with thee,
And lighten love's soft agony."

ELEGY ON THE SPARROW.

"Each love, each Venus, mourn with me!
Mourn, every son of gallantry!
The Sparrow, my own nymph's delight,
The joy and apple of her sight;
The honey-bird, the darling dies,—
To Lesbia dearer than her eyes.
As the fair one knew her mother,
So he knew her from another.
With his gentle lady wrestling;
In her snowy bosom nestling;
With a flutter and a bound,
Quivering round her and around;
Chirping, twittering, ever near,
Notes meant only for her ear.
Now he skims the shadowy way,
Whence none return to cheerful day.
Beshrew the shades! that thus devour

All that's pretty in an hour.
The pretty sparrow, thus, is dead;
The tiny fugitive is fled.
Deed of spite! poor bird!—Ah, see!
For thy dear sake, alas! for me—
My nymph with brimful eyes appears,
Red from the flushing of her tears."

OF QUINTIA AND LESBIA.

"Quintia is beauteous in the million's eye;
Yes—beauteous in particulars, I own:
Fair-skinned, straight-shaped, full-sized; yet I deny
A beauteous whole; of *charmingness* there's none:
In all that height of figure there is not
A seasoning spice of that—I know not what;
That *piquant* something, grace without a name:
But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame;
Yes—Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,
From all her sex their single graces stole." —*Elton.*

VIR'GIL.

BORN 70 B.C.

P. Virgil'ius Ma'ro, famous as the greatest poet of the Latin race, was not a native of the city which his genius so adorned, but was born at a small village a few miles from Mantua. He probably received a thorough education, his first school life being passed at Cremo'na, whence he went to Milan, and afterward to Naples. Here he studied Greek literature and philosophy, but his favorite studies are said to have been medicine and mathematics; an unusual but a useful discipline for the future poet.

From Naples it is conjectured that he sought the imperial city, but that he was too bashful in disposition and too delicate in health for the bustle and turmoil of Rome, which he soon left for the quiet of his native home.

It is possible, however, that his first visit to Rome was not made until his thirtieth year, when he went there to

try and recover his patrimony. After Brutus and the republican party were defeated at the battle of Philip'pi, the districts surrounding the towns of Cremona and Mantua, which had supported Brutus, were divided among the soldiers of Octa'vius and An'tony. Virgil's modest estate was included in this confiscation; but it was restored to him after he had sought Rome and made the acquaintance of the influential Mæce'nas, and, through him, of Octavius.

He now became a prosperous and popular man, his genius making him chief of the literary coterie that graced the table of the wealthy and liberal Mæce'nas, and which included such other names as Hor'ace, Plo'tius, and Va'rius. During this period he finished his *Eclogues*, and, at the suggestion of Mæcenas, commenced the composition of the *Georgics*. This work he finished at Naples, where he spent the later years of his life, its climate being favorable to his pulmonary weakness. He had also a villa in Sicily, and a pleasant house on the Esquiline in Rome. He had now become rich,—possibly through the liberality of Mæcenas, and the favor of Octavius, who had reached the imperial dignity as Augustus. The *Æne'id* was his latest work, probably occupying many of the declining years of his life.

In 19 B.C. he went to Greece, intending, during his tour in that classic land, to give the final polish to his great poem. He only reached Athens, however, meeting there Augustus, on his triumphal return from the east, and being induced to accompany him back to Rome. This journey proved too much for his feeble health. He was taken seriously ill, and died a few days after landing, in his fifty-second year. It is said that, dissatisfied with the unfinished condition of the *Æneid*, he desired that it should be burned after his death, but that it was saved by the injunction of the emperor, or by the interposition of some of his friends.

Virgil was a tall, dark, farmer-like man, retiring in disposition, and by nature pensive and melancholy. He was

very temperate in manner of living, pure-minded in the midst of a licentious age, his native simplicity never leaving him, and his rustic shyness resisting all the polish of the polite circles of the capital. Of the value of his own works he was always distrustful, and could not be induced to send an unfinished portion of the *Æneid* to the emperor to read. "If I had anything worth your reading I would send it with pleasure," he writes, "but the work is only just begun, and I even blame my folly for venturing upon so vast a task."

Virgil's earliest extant poems are some short lyric and elegiac works, principally on rural subjects; but the productions which established his reputation are his *Bucolics*, or *Eclogues*. These are a series of pastoral poems, the characters Italian, but the sentiments, scenery and customs Sicilian. This is partly due to the fact that there was no true pastoral life in Italy, and still more to their being imitations of the Idyls of Theocritus, the great Syracusan poet. They are inferior, both in power of characterization and in naturalness, to the works of Theocritus, yet are possessed of great merit.

His *Georgics*, in which he took Hesiod as a model, were far better adapted to Italian life, where the peasants were an honest, plain-spoken, rough-mannered people, without a grain of the sentimentality imputed to the pastoral races. This work has received the greatest praise, and is considered by Addison as the noblest production of its author, superior even to the *Æneid*. It is much more poetic in spirit than its Hesiodic model, being rather descriptive than didactic, and illuminating its pictures of rural life by frequent episodes. It treats, in the first book, of tillage; in the second, of orchards; in the third and most spirited, of the care of horses and cattle; in the fourth and most entertaining, of the management of bees. But its greatest merit lies in its

varied digressions, and in the lofty descriptive outbursts which occur throughout the poem.

For the idea and plan of the *Æneid* our author is indebted to Homer. As the wrath of Achilles is the moving principle in the *Iliad*, so in the anger of Juno we have the connecting link of the *Æneid ;* and many of the finest passages and images are imitations, or even direct translations, of Homer. Later Greek epics, too, the works of the tragedians, and the *Argonautica* of Apollonius, supplied him with materials, and the chief merit of his plot is his skillful interweaving of these varied threads. He even laid the old Roman poets under contribution, and copied from them freely; but to everything he touched he gave a lofty or a pathetic merit which only the hand of genius can impart. Despite his want of originality, he remains the greatest of classic epic poets after Homer, and in some respects surpasses even this grand master of the art.

For variety of incidents and skill in their arrangement, the interest with which every detail of his story is invested, its majesty of tone and the polish of its language, its well-sustained characters, and the tender pathos of many of its episodes, Virgil has no superior. In that rhetorical artifice of adapting the sound to the sense he is especially skillful, many striking instances occurring in his work. He is unsurpassed, too, in personification, and in a power of word painting which gives many of his descriptions the picturesque force of a landscape painting.

With these merits, however, are certain defects. His frequent borrowings from previous writers; his extracting whole similes, word for word, from Homer; his allegiance to models; show a poverty of original conception. The pious Æneas, too, whom he presents as a model of virtue and honor, only shows his piety in his talk, not in his actions. His base and cowardly desertion of Dido, and his no less base slaughter of Turnus, for having dared defend

his country, hardly accord with our modern ideas of piety. Dido, in fact, the wronged Carthaginian queen, is Virgil's finest effort, and excites our warmest sympathy with her melancholy and her despair.

In the Middle Ages Virgil became raised to the rank of a magician, through some magical influence attributed to his writings. Many absurd legends were gathered about his name, and it was long before his true life and character emerged from the mists of superstition in which they were thus enveloped.

FROM THE GEORGICS.—PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

"Oh peasants, far too blest! if only this
Were theirs, the simple knowledge of their bliss!
Far from the din of arms, earth's foodful soil
With easy nutriment repays their toil.
Though not, at morn, their mansions' portals proud
Wide disembogue the ebbing flatterer crowd;
No pillars, chased with shells, they rapt behold;
Busts of fine brass, nor arras wrought with gold:
Though their fine wool no Syrian venom paint,
And their pure oil no foreign perfumes taint;
Yet, rich in various wealth, the peasant knows
A life ingenuous, and a safe repose;
Calm fields, fresh dells, grots, limpid lakes, the breeze
Echoing with herds, and slumbers bowered with trees.
* * * * * * * *
Be woodlands, then, my joy, and bubbling springs
That down the valley branch their murmurings;
Yes— let me, lost to fond ambition's dreams,
Inglorious love the forests and the streams!
Plains! where Sperche'us rolls his waters deep!
Tăygetus! above whose craggy steep
The Spartan maid in Bacchic orgies flies,
Oh! wherefore are ye hidden from my eyes?
Who, now, shall lay me down to feel the gale,
That freshening breathes in Hæ'mus' breezy vale?
Stretch broad the giant branches o'er the glade,
And screen me with immensity of shade?"

FROM THE ÆNEID.— ÆNEAS IN AFRICA.

The good Æneas, musing through the night,
Sprang forth, with earliest dawn of cheerful light;
Intent the unknown region to explore;
What realm received them, wrecked upon its shore;
If men, or beasts, possessed the desert land;
And bear the tidings to his Trojan band.
Beneath a hollow cliff the ships were laid,
Screened by the woods, that frowned in shaggy shade.
Acha'tes at his side, he trod the sands,
Two broad-tipped javelins quivering in his hands:
When sudden, on his path, amidst the shade,
His mother came, in look a Spartan maid;
So armed, so clad; or as the fair of Thrace,
Who left the steed behind her in the race,
And, with her flying feet, outstripped the blast;
A pliant bow was o'er her shoulders cast;
She seemed a huntress; her neglected hair
Flowed on the breezes, and her knee was bare;
While gathered in a knot, the girded vest
Within her zone its floating folds compressed.
'Ho! youths!' she cried, 'declare, if on your way
One of my sisters here has chanced to stray;
A quiver, and a lynx's hide she wore;
Heard ye her shout pursue the foaming boar?'
Thus Venus said; and thus her son replied:
'None such we heard, and none have we descried:
O thou! whate'er thou art! O maid divine!
No mortal look, no human accents thine;
Most sure a Goddess! if a sister, say,
Of woodland nymphs, or of the God of day?
Be blest, whoe'er thou art, and ease our toil;
Reveal what clime we breathe, and what the soil.'
Then Venus: 'Not to me belong the claim
Of these high honors, or a heavenly name.
Your eyes the Carthaginian Kingdom trace,
Age'nor's city, and a Tyrian race.'"

THE BUILDING OF CARTHAGE.

"Meanwhile the Trojans took their onward way
Where the directing path before them lay;
Anon they climbed a hill, whose beetling brow
Hung o'er the town in prospect stretched below.
His wondering glance, from high, Æneas throws
On piles that rise, where reedy cabins rose;
Admires the din, deep-rolling on his ear,
Sees lofty gates, and spacious streets appear.
Their fervent toil the thronging Tyrians ply;
Some rear the citadel; and heave on high
The ponderous stones; the wall's vast circuit trace,
Or trench around the future dwelling place.
Some dig the port; bid theatres ascend,
Whose broad foundations deep in earth extend:
And, hewn from rocks, stupendous columns raise,
While future scenes swell, pompous, on the gaze.
Such restless toil, in summer's early hours,
Employs the bees among the sunny flowers:
When their young swarms the wingèd nation leads
Through the warm air, and o'er the enamelled meads:
Or when the liquid gold they thickening blend,
And every cell with nectarous balm distend;
Relieve the comers of their load, or drive
The slothful drones at distance from the hive:
The rival task in glowing murmur spreads;
The fragrant honey breathes of thymy beds.
O'er the high towers Æneas bends his eyes;
And 'Happy ye! whose walls already rise!'
He said; and wonderous! passed unseen along,
Wrapt in the cloud; and mingles with the throng.
 While these Æneas wonderingly surveys,
Hangs on the scene, and rivets all his gaze;
Dido the temple's lofty steps ascends,
Of fairest form; a guard of youths attends.
Such as Diana, who the dances leads
O'er Cynthus' heights, or o'er Eurotas' meads."

FROM THE MINOR POEMS.— THE TAVERN DANCING-GIRL.

"The Syrian girl, who haunts the taverns round,
Her forehead with a Greek tiara bound;
Expert in dance her pliant sides to twine
With sound of castanets, now reels with wine;
As round the reeky booth she frisking speeds,
Her nimble elbow shakes the rattling reeds.
Why should it please to plod our weary way
Through cloudy dust, in summer's scorching day?
How better far on table-beds recline,
That drop with odors of refreshing wine!
Here casks, cups, beakers, wait; here roses spring
To crown our heads; lutes breathe, and viols ring;
Here the bowered walk a breezy cool entwines,
And chequered shadows fall from arching vines.
Here too from an Arcadian grot's retreat,
A pipe with shepherd music babbles sweet;
Poured from pitched cask the new-drawn wine runs clear,
A brook, in brawling murmurs gurgles near.
Crocus and violet in one garland blow,
And saffron wreaths with purpling roses glow;
And lilies, dipped in clear and virgin spring,
Some naiad shall in osier basket bring;
Here cheeses, dried in rushy frails, abound;
And yellow plums, that heap the autumnal ground;
Chestnuts, and apples, that sweet-reddening shine;
Pure wheat, gay love, and mirth-inspiring wine,
Here mulberries bleed; the grape's lithe cluster bends;
And blue the rush-bound cucumber depends."—*Elton.*

HOR'ACE.

BORN 65 B.C.

Quin'tus Hora'tius Flac'cus, the renowned lyric poet, was a native of Venu'sia, in Apu'lia. His father had been born a slave, but had attained his freedom, and had acquired sufficient fortune to purchase a small estate in that locality. At this period the *Libertini*, or freedmen, had gained

a higher social position than they formerly held, through the frequent wealth which the restrictions of Roman law threw into their hands. None of the nobility were free to engage in commerce, nor in any avocation, indeed, except war and agriculture. Commerce, manufactures, etc., fell into the hands of the freedmen, who, by the wealth thus acquired, became a powerful and important class, both socially and politically. They were the bankers, merchants and tradesmen of Rome.

The father of Horace, who was a man of strict integrity and of sound judgment, seeing the promise of his son, determined to give him an education equal to that bestowed on the children of the higher classes. For this purpose he removed to Rome, placed him in the best schools, and enabled him by dress and a retinue of slaves to associate with boys far above him in rank. At the same time he kept him under his own roof, and Horace himself tells how he benefited by the liberality, good example and sage advice of this excellent father.

His education at Rome being finished, he was sent to Athens, whither the Roman youth then resorted for all the branches of a higher education. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Horace, then twenty-two years of age, and an ardent republican in spirit, joined the army of Brutus, and served under him as a military tribune. He must already have attained distinction, to be given so high a rank in the army. He himself gives us to understand that he was not born to be a soldier, relating how he threw away his shield in his flight from the battle of Philippi; though this may have been intended as a piece of politic flattery to the conqueror.

On his return to Rome he found his father dead and his patrimony confiscated, and was obliged to purchase the place of public scribe, which gave him a modest livelihood. He hated business, however, and applied himself earnestly

to literary labor, soon becoming favorably known to Virgil and Varius, then the leading poets of Rome.

A strong attachment ensued between the three poets, and Horace was introduced by his friends to Mæcenas, the powerful patron of literary genius. He was very curtly received by Mæcenas, who took no further notice of him for nine months. He then sent for him and enrolled him in the number of his friends. From that time forward our poet enjoyed uninterrupted intimacy with his wealthy patron, and through him was introduced to the favor of Augustus. He acquired, by the gift or through the aid of Mæcenas, a farm in the neighborhood of Tibur (Tivoli).

The remainder of his life was spent between this estate and Rome, where he had a house on the pleasant heights of the Esquiline, passing, with fickle fancy, from the brilliance and luxury of Rome to the quiet retirement of his farm, and the reverse, in frequent alternations. He thus lived a happy and perfectly satisfied life, coveting no greater wealth, and enjoying alike the gayeties of the capital, the quiet and intelligent converse of his friends, and the hours of musing idleness by the side of his favorite stream. He died of a sudden illness, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The first known poems of Horace were his *Satires;* these being followed by a series of poems called *Epodes*, in imitation of the Greek satirist, Archilochus. His next publication was of his *Odes*, many of which, however, had probably been written in his earlier years. He also wrote two books called *Epistles*, and some other works.

Horace, as a man, was of refined tastes and genial manners, adroit in compliment, but no flatterer. His morals were lax, as indeed were those of most of his contemporaries. He was jealous of his poetical reputation, and could not be made to see any merit in old Roman poetry, apparently from a vain wish to be considered the first of Roman satirists; but otherwise he was candid and sincere.

As a poet he stands, in his special vein, without an equal. His *Satires*, or *Discourses*, as they may more appropriately be called, are a creation peculiarly his own. They have none of the bitterness of Lucilius, the love of purity of Perseus, or the burning indignation of Juvenal. Indeed, society had not yet reached the debased state which called forth the keen strictures of his successors, and Horace was not the man for an assault on vice from the standpoint of high morality.

He writes from the position of a man of the world, treating vices as follies, and sketching a good-humored picture of the inherent viciousness of Roman social life. But, though not himself shocked by this, he appreciates the virtue of prudent moderation, and enforces it with such sound sense, dramatic liveliness and vivacious wit, that the pulpit, as well as the study, have profited by his teachings, and he has been a favorite of ecclesiastics, as well as of men of letters.

The *Epistles* contain the graver element of the *Satires* in still greater perfection, with the addition of a fine vein of personal emotion and reflection, and a tinge of melancholy, which make them, on the whole, the most valuable of the works of Horace.

But despite the artistic and dramatic power of the *Satires*, and the correct taste, lively wit, and critical elegance of the *Epistles*, it is to the *Odes* we must look for the fullest display of the poetical genius of Horace. Poetic effect was not the main object of the previously mentioned works, and only in these inimitable lyrics does the beauty of sentiment, gracefulness of language, and melody of versification, give us a complete conception of the powers of their writer.

They embrace every variety of subject suited to the lyric muse, rising to the grandest subjects of history and mythology, and sinking to the simplest themes of everyday life.

They breathe now all the gayety, now all the sadness, of the ancient mind, with a charm that is irresistible. They exhibit a complete mastery over the Greek metres; and frequently as he has imitated, and adopted the very ideas and phrases of, the Greek lyrists, they are made so completely his own that they seem rather improved upon than plagiarized. His odes, indeed, possess a delicacy of insight, a fineness of touch, and a power of minute finish, which very few writers have ever exhibited, and which have rendered them models of construction, valuable to poets of every school, having been no less carefully studied by Wordsworth than by Pope.

The literature pertaining to Horace in modern Europe is enormous, no ancient writer having been more studied and commented upon, or more frequently translated.

FROM THE EPISTLES.— ON THE REGULATION OF THE MIND.

"We are but worthless ciphers; things just born
To waste the fruits of earth; luxurious suitors
Of a Penelope; vile prodigals;
Trim courtiers of Alcin'ous, who show
In their plump ease, the superfluity
Of daintiness; who deem it true delight
To slumber till the noon, and soothe away,
To sounds of tinkling harps, the thoughts of care.
* * * * * * * *
The deed begun
Is half accomplished; dare then to be wise;
Begin; the man, who still postpones the hour
Of living well, is like the clown, who waits
Till the whole river shall have flowed away:
The rolling river glides before his eyes,
And so shall glide, for ever and for ever.
Spurn guilty pleasures: pleasure is but pain
If bought with penitence. The covetous man
Is ever craving. Set a certain bound
To each unruly wish. The envious wretch
Grows lean by gazing on another's fatness.

No tyrant of Sicilia could invent
A torment worse than envy. He that knows not
To moderate sudden wrath, shall wish undone
That, which his will and his resentment urge;
And, with impatient violence, draw on
His own sure punishment, and yet his hate
Be unrevenged. All anger of the mind
Is a short madness. Govern then the mind;
Which must obey, or gain the mastery:
Bind it with curbs, and fetter it with chains.
'Tis thus the master of the manege forms
The docile colt, while yet his mouth is soft,
To turn the way the rider guides the rein:
And the staunch hound, since practiced first to bay
The deer-skin in the court, with well-trained nose
Hunts in the woods. Then now, ingenuous boy!
Now lay the words of wisdom to thy breast,
While yet thy breast is pure: now seek thy elders
Who can instruct thee: the new cask will long
Retain the flavor which it first imbibed."

FROM THE ODES.—ON THE LUXURY OF HIS AGE.

"Its regal walls the mansion rears,
And leaves the plow a scanty rood;
And, like the Lucrine lake, appears
The spacious fish-pool's widening flood;
And plantanes wave their barren lines,
Where elms were clasped with married vines.

Now myrtles bud, and violets bloom;
A world of sweets usurps the soil;
And breezes scatter waste perfume
Where the green olive gushed with oil;
And the broad laurel, thickening, weaves
Against the sun its fence of leaves.

Not thus did Romulus command,
Not such was bearded Cato's law;
The ancient worthies of the land
A rule of life far different, saw;
Small was the cost they called their own,
But vast the public splendor shone.

No colonnade of private men
Admitted wide the northern air;
The turfy hut was lawful then,
The city was the common care;
The fanes of Gods were seen to shine
With marble chiseled from the mine."

TO PYRRHA.

"What shapely youth, on heaps of roses laid,
And bathed with dropping odors, wooes thee now
In gloom of pleasant grot? for whom dost thou
Thy yellow locks, oh Pyrrha, backward braid
So simply elegant? how oft shall he
On woman's faith, and changèd Gods bewail;
And view, with unaccustomed wonder pale,
The winds scowl dark upon the troubled sea?
Who, credulous, in thy gilded beauty blest,
Now fondly deems thou shalt forever prove
Thus amiable, thus open to his love;
Unweeting of the gale's fallacious rest.
Ah wretches! that with inexperienced eye
Gaze that serenest brow! I, shipwrecked, flee,
With painted storm, to the strong God of sea,
And hang my dank weeds in his temple high."

TO MÆCE'NAS.

"For thee, within my mansion, wait
A virgin cask of mellow wine;
Rose-buds and essence of the date
To scent thy hair, oh Prince of Tuscan line!

Leave thy satiety of state,
Thy tower, that touches on the clouds;
Nor muse on prosperous Rome, elate,
Her smoke, her pomp, the clamor of her crowds.

The rich have found these changes sweet;
And pure and homely meals, that know
Nor tapestried walls, nor purple seat,
Have smoothed to gayety the wrinkled brow.

The present, calm and wise, dispose;
 The rest is carried spite of thee;
Even as a river level flows,
In peaceful channel, to the Tuscan sea:

But, chafed by floods, it saps the rocks,
 And, headlong, from the crumbling shore
Rolls shattered trees, and huts, and flocks;
The neighboring woods and mountains swell the roar.

He's master of himself, who cries,
 Rejoicing, 'I have lived to-day';
Let Jove o'ercloud to-morrow's skies,
Or clear expand them in the sunny ray;

But not Omnipotence has power
 To make the backward blessing void;
New form the past and fleeted hour,
Or bid the joys that *were*, be unenjoyed.

Fortune, whom busy mischiefs please,
 Still willful bent on taunting wiles;
Transfers her gifts from those to these,
To me, and to another, throws her smiles.

I praise her stay; but if she shake
 Her wings, I bid her favors fly;
Wrapt in my virtue, refuge take,
And hug my honest, dowerless poverty."—*Elton.*

OV'ID.

BORN 43 B.C.

P. Ovid'ius Na'so, was born at Sulmo, a town about ninety miles distant from Rome, of a family which had been noble for some generations. While quite young he and his brother were sent to Rome, where the elder studied rhetoric, but died at the age of twenty. Ovid, too, for a time, pursued the same study, and became proficient in declamation. Seneca, who had heard him declaim, says of him: "The style of Ovid could at that time be termed nothing else but poetry in prose."

By the death of his brother Ovid inherited all his father's property, and went, for the purpose of completing his studies, to Athens, where he became a thorough master of the Greek language. He afterward made a tour in Asia and Sicily, whence he returned to Rome to pursue the life of an indolent and licentious man of letters.

Here his rank, fortune and talents brought him into the highest society, and made him the familiar friend of the best poets of the day. His juvenile poems became very popular while he was yet extremely young. Indeed he burned all that displeased him, and only published such as suited his fastidious taste. At the same time he was frequently careless in his language, and could hardly be induced to correct a poem once written. The following amusing anecdote is told of him. Being once requested by his friends to erase three lines from a poem, he consented on condition that he should make an exception in favor of three lines which he wished to retain. He accordingly wrote down the three he wished preserved, and his friends the three they wished erased. On comparing the papers it was found that they each contained the same lines.

His father, who was a man of practical ideas, objected to his son's entering the barren and unprofitable service of the Muses, and Ovid attempted to comply with his wishes, and to write in prose. It was all in vain; his words spontaneously flowed into numbers, and all he tried to say became poetry. He never took the seat in the Senate to which his rank entitled him, but devoted all his time to his favorite pursuit, and to the habits of a dissolute life.

Ovid for many years lived in easy enjoyment, in the possession of a beautiful mansion in Rome and an estate in his native town. He was married three times, but did not seem suited for a wedded life, as he divorced his first two wives, though he appears to have had a stronger love for *the third.*

This sunny life was destined to come to an end. After he had reached his fiftieth year he incurred, in some unknown way (possibly by an intrigue in the imperial family), the anger of Augustus, and was banished to Tomi, a town of a rude, inhospitable country near the mouth of the Danube.

In this inclement climate and among these uncivilized people, the tenderly nurtured poet languished for ten years, preyed upon by anxiety, languor, loss of sleep and of appetite, and general hopelessness. Here he died, in his sixtieth year, the Tomitæ, who had learned to honor and respect him, erecting a tomb to his memory.

All the extant poems of Ovid, with the exception of the *Metamorphoses*, are in the elegiac metre, which was, at that time, most in vogue. One of his earliest works is the *Amores*, a collection of elegies, licentious in tone, but full of freshness, grace and buoyancy. There are also twenty-one *Epistolæ Heroidum*, a series of passionate love letters, to and from women of the Heroic Age. These are his most polished productions, and have been most popular next to the *Metamorphoses*.

The *Art of Love*, the work whose immoral nature was the reason assigned for his banishment, though it had been published ten years before, is a gross production, addressed only to the most dissolute of either sex. It was followed by the *Remedies of Love*.

The *Fasti* is a versified Roman calendar, describing the festivals, and the myths attached to them, in simple and beautiful narrative. His latest works were the *Tristia* and the *Epistles from Pontus*, which are full of the gloom and despair of his period of exile, and destitute of his early brilliancy and wit.

His most valuable production is the *Metamorphoses*, which was just finished at the time of his exile. In his despair he burnt it, but fortunately some copies escaped.

this fate. It is comprised in fifteen books, which contain a series of mythological narratives, from the earliest times to the translation of the soul of Julius Cæsar, and his metamorphosis into a star.

This work approaches as near to the epic as its disconnected episodes permit, and is full of picturesque truthfulness and force. It shows to what an extent Greek literature was studied by the Romans, and yields us a fuller knowledge of their mythology than the Greeks themselves give us, the sources of his information being no longer extant.

As a poet, Ovid has always been admired; his facility of composition, lively fancy, and musical versification, having made him a favorite of poets from Milton downward. His wit was sometimes contrary to good taste, but it was not forced or unnatural, and his occasional carelessness was atoned for by his usual neatness and beauty. Besides the poems above mentioned there are several minor ones, and a tragedy, the *Medea*, which was admired by the ancients, but of which only two lines remain.

FROM THE METAMORPHOSES.—THE CREATION.

"Earth, air and sea, and covering heavens were known.
The face of nature o'er the world, was one;
And men have called it Chaos; formless, rude,
The mass; dead matter's weight, inert and crude;
Where, in mixed heap of ill-compounded mould,
The jarring seeds of things confusedly rolled.
No sun yet beamed from yon cærulean height;
No orbing moon repaired her horns of light;
No earth, self-poised, on liquid ether hung;
No sea its world-enclasping waters flung;
Earth was half-air, half-sea; an embryo heap;
Nor earth was fixed, nor fluid was the deep;
Dark was the void of air; no form was traced;
Obstructing atoms struggled through the waste;
Where hot and cold, and moist and dry rebelled;
Heavy the light, and hard the soft repelled.

Some better Nature, or some God was he,
That laid the strife, and severed earth from sea,
The sky from earth, and ether's liquid glow
From the dim atmosphere of clouds below.

* * * * * *

First, lest the earth should disproportioned fall,
The rounded mass he gathered in a ball;
Diffused the seas, to heave with every blast,
And round the shores their ambient waters cast.
He added many a fount and spacious lake;
Banked the slope streams, that serpent-windings take;
Now sink, absorbed in earth; now seaward pour,
And beat for banks the expanded ocean shore;
Bade champaigns spread; bade valleys downward bend;
Woods foliaged branch, and rocky hills ascend.

* * * * * *

There wanted, yet, among terrestrial kind,
A holier creature, and enlarged with mind.
One o'er the rest to stretch his lordly sway:
Then man uprising saw the face of day.
Whether that mighty mechanist of things,
From whom this better world of order springs,
Formed him of seeds divine; or earth, from sky
Late severed, glowed with lingering sparks from high:
The God Prometheus mixed with streams the clay,
Thus inly heated with the kindred ray;
While from his moulding hands a form was given,
The seal and image of the Gods in heaven."

FROM THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

"Take ease away, and snapt is Cupid's bow,
And dim, despised, his deadened torches glow.
Planes shade their banks; in streams the poplar laves;
The reed's moist stem in marshy meadows waves;
So Venus joys in ease; to end your love,
Let busy scenes your active ardor prove.

* * * * * * *

Haste, yoke thy oxen, let the crooked share
Rend the hard ground; in crumbling furrows strew

The buried seed, and claim the harvest's due.
See ponderous apples bend the pliant spray;
The o'erladen branches with their burden sway.
See the slant brooks in bubbling murmurs glide;
See nibbling flocks that range their grassy side.
The shepherd pipes his reed beneath the shade,
While at his feet the watchful dogs are laid;
For her stray calf the heifer lows around,
And woodland echoes deepen to the sound.
Thyself mayst set the plant and guide thy rill,
Whose freshening gushes through thy garden trill;
And graft the adopted bough, whose leaves unknown
Shall clothe the tree with foliage not its own.
When once these pleasing cares the soul surprise,
Love shakes his fluttering wings, and powerless flies.
Or let the chase invite thee to the field;
Venus to Dian shall inglorious yield;
Now with staunch beagles track the doubling hare;
Now spread on woody slope the meshy snare;
With motly-feathered net amaze the deer,
And lance the wild boar with thy thrusting spear.
The wearied man for no proud beauty grieves;
Night brings him rest, and dewy sleep relieves.
Lighter the employ, yet still employ is there,
With limèd reeds, or noosing string, to snare
The quivering bird, or hide in tempting bait
The barbèd hook, when fishes gorge their fate.
By these, by those beguiled, unlearn your love.

* * * * * * *

Hard are my precepts? Yes, but many a pain
Must oft be borne, or health be sought in vain.
The bitter juice with hand averse is poured;
In vain the patient craves the foodful board;
To save a limb, the steel, the fire we brave;
Our thirst-parched lips in sickness shun the wave;
For thy mind's health then dost thou pain deny?
Yet know the mind is of a price more high."

TO A WAITING MAID WITH TABLETS.

"Oh! skilled the straggling locks with art to braid,
Napé! too noble for a servile maid!

That oft hast spurred Corinna's wavering will,
To my fond love's distresses faithful still;
Take these my tablets, scrawled at break of day;
Give in thy mistress' hands; forbear delay;
Say, when Corinna asks, 'Is Ovid well?'
'He lives in hope'; the rest the wax may tell.
But while I speak time flies; go, give with speed
The note; at earliest leisure let her read.
Mind while she reads, watch close her brow, her eyes;
The future limned in silent features lies.
Let her, when read, a lengthened answer trace;
I hate the waxen tablet's glaring space;
Close let her press her lines, her letters write
Even on the edge, that I may strain my sight.
Why tire her fingers with the pen? the sum
Be this, the eloquence of answer, 'Come.'
With laurel then will I the tablets twine,
And as an offering lay at Venus' shrine:
Mean maple-wood no more; inscribed above,
'Ovid to Venus these, true ministers of love.'"—*Elton.*

MINOR POETS OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

CONTEMPORARY with Catullus was a number of other poets of some note in their day, but whose works have not survived. We may name Calvus, Cinna, Cato, Valgius and Varro.

The first of these was an orator, as well as a poet; his orations being, indeed, much superior to his poems. His verses, the brief fragments of which are very highly praised by Niebuhr, were similar in tone to those of Catullus. Cinna was the author of an epic, entitled *Smyrna*, now lost, but greatly esteemed by Virgil and Catullus. Cato was a grammarian, but has left some poems, of which a fragment, called *Dirœ*, or *Curses*, has been ascribed to Virgil, but is far from reaching his level. It bestows curses on his lost home, reft from him by military confiscation, and bewails his loss of rural joys. This poem is now ascribed to Cato on little other grounds than that it cannot belong to Virgil. In regard to Valgius we know nothing, except that Pliny speaks of his learning, and Horace expresses confidence in his critical taste and judgment. Varro's main work was a translation of the *Argonautica* of Apollonius. He also wrote geographical and heroic poems, from which Virgil has done him the honor to plagiarize.

Among the minor poets of the Augustan age we may mention Mæcenas, celebrated for his munificent encouragement of genius, though his own efforts at poetry were excessively weak.

Three others of some note in the same period were *Valgius* Rufus, Varius and Gallus. The first of these was

a great favorite with Horace, but none of his verses have stood the test of time. Varius shared with Virgil and Horace the strong friendship of Mæcenas, but of his poems only a few lines, of no special merit, have been preserved. Gallus was more distinguished as a general than as a poet. He wrote four books of elegies, which were praised by his contemporaries, but have not survived.

The only two of these minor poets who have left works of any value were Tibul'lus and Proper'tius. Both of these, like Virgil, Horace and Cato, suffered from the loss of their estates by confiscation, the result of the civil wars of that period.

There are four books of poems ascribed to Tibullus, of which two only are genuine. They are deficient in vigor, but display good taste, and sweetness and tenderness of tone. Muretus praises his simplicity, and his natural and unaffected genius.

Propertius differed from the other Augustan poets in imitating the Alexandrian writers instead of the authors of the earlier age. This has vitiated the value of his works, which, despite their grace and elegance, display neither the tenderness of Tibullus nor the facility of Ovid.

TIBULLUS.—EXTRACT FROM PASTORAL ELEGY.

"Let others pile their yellow ingots high,
And see their cultured acres round them spread;
While hostile borderers draw their anxious eye,
And at the trumpet's blast their sleep is fled.

Me let my poverty to ease resign;
While my bright hearth reflects its blazing cheer;
In season let me plant the pliant vine,
And with light hand my swelling apples rear.

Content with little, I no more would tread
The lengthening road, but shun the summer day
Where some o'erbranching tree might shade my head,
And watch the murmuring rivulet glide away.

Be this my lot; be his the unenvied store,
Who the dread storm endures, and raging sea;
Ah! perish emeralds and the golden store,
If one fond anxious nymph must weep for me."

PROPERTIUS.—THE EFFIGY OF LOVE.

"Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, while lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbèd darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
And those inflicted wounds forever last.

In me are fixed those arrows, in my breast;
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins."

—*Elton.*

EARLY ROMAN ORATORS.

ELOQUENCE, rude though it may have been, must have been, at an early period, a Roman characteristic. In a republican nation, amid a free people, where the lowliest born often reached the loftiest rank, where oppression kindled the fires of indignation, and where an incessant contention between plebeians and patricians existed, the art of the orator must frequently have been called into requisition, and the burning tongue of eloquence have wrought the half-barbarous multitude to fury, or given to the army the spirit that achieved victory.

Such speeches probably partook of the vigorous, direct, practical nature of the people; rude in language, empty of rhetorical ornament, marked only by the simplicity of pathos or the brevity of passion. The first speech on record is one made by Ap'pius Clau'dius Cæ'cus (the author of a poem to which reference is made by Cicero). This was delivered against the celebrated Macedonian ruler Pyr'rhus, represented by Cin'eas, his wily minister. The eloquence of the blind old Roman proved so powerful that the accomplished Greek was obliged to quit Rome without gaining the peace which he came to negotiate.

Other orators of note in these early days were Metullus, the two Scipios, Cato the censor, the celebrated Gracchi, and numerous others of less importance. One phrase exists, showing the nervous vigor of style of the elder Scipio. He had been accused of peculation, but disdained to answer the charges of his malignant opponent, detailing,

instead, at length, his benefits to his country. He closed as follows:

I call to remembrance, Romans, that this is the very day on which I vanquished in a bloody battle on the plains of Africa the Carthaginian Hannibal, the most formidable enemy Rome ever encountered. I obtained for you a peace and an unlooked-for victory. Let us then not be ungrateful to heaven, but let us leave this knave, and at once offer our grateful thanksgivings to Jove, supremely good and great.

The people obeyed his summons — the forum was deserted, and crowds followed him with acclamations to the Capitol.

M. Anto'nius was the first of the celebrated judicial orators, being particularly marked for his pathetic power. Four years later than he, in 140 B.C., Crassus, the most noted of the early orators, was born. He is very highly praised by Cicero, who could scarcely find a fault in his orations, and selected him to represent his sentiments in his imaginary conversations, as Plato had selected Socrates.

The last of the pre-Ciceronian orators was Horten'sius. He was born 114 B.C., and was thus a contemporary and rival of Cicero, being the acknowledged leader of the Roman bar until his great successor arose. His talents were only surpassed by those of the latter, with whom, indeed, he usually pleaded in common, an intimate friendship existing between them. He left a daughter, whose eloquence also became celebrated, one of her orations being highly praised by Quintilian. The defect in the style of Hortensius seems to have been its florid manner, which was probably carried to excess.

Other branches of literature, incidental to oratory, were jurisprudence, which the Romans systematically studied, and brought to a state of great perfection; and grammar, which was also pursued by many learned men, but whose *greatest* writer was Varro, a man of the most extensive

learning and industry, though destitute of genius. He was employed by Cæsar in the formation of the great public library, which was completed by Pollio, a man of much literary merit.

CIC'ERO.

BORN 106 B.C.

On the banks of the gently flowing Li'ris, near Arpi'num, lived a Roman knight named M. Tullius Cicero. He had two sons, the elder, who bore his father's name, being born January 3, 106 B.C. The father had a native love of learning, and seeing the same faculty in his boys, he removed to Rome when the elder was fourteen years of age, so that they might have the benefit of the best schools. Here they were instructed in Greek literature, and in all the arts of a polite education.

Afterward Cicero studied philosophy under teachers of three separate schools, the Epicurean, the Stoic, and the Academic; thus early sustaining his opinion that an orator should have almost universal information.

He performed some little military service, but passed most of his time in study, until his twenty-fifth year, when he first began to plead in public, his earliest distinction being attained in defending Ros'cius, a private citizen, against one of the favorites of the dictator Sulla. Shortly after he went to Athens, and from there to Asia and Rhodes, occupying himself in the study of philosophy and oratory.

His first public office was as governor of Sicily, which he filled with the greatest mildness, integrity and judgment. After his return to Rome he defended the Sicilians against their oppressor, Verres, in six orations, the first of which was so powerful as to drive the accused into voluntary exile, without waiting for the others.

But the greatest triumph of Cicero was his vigorous con-

test against the conspirator Cat'iline, whose treasonable effort took place during his consulship.

Formidable as was this conspiracy, and powerful as was its leader and his supporters, Cicero, armed with only the spirit of a patriot and the genius of an orator, crushed it with remarkable rapidity and thoroughness. The highest honors were showered upon Cicero, he was hailed as the "Father of his country," and public thanksgivings in his name were voted to the Gods.

But it was not long before his enemies brought a charge against him of having executed the conspirators without a formal trial, and an edict of banishment was procured against him. This exile lasted but sixteen months, however, when he was triumphantly recalled to Rome. His next service was as governor of Cilic'ia, which he admirably filled.

But now the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey was on the point of breaking out. Cicero, with the weakness and vacillation which he often displayed, hesitated to join his friend Pompey, being divided between the questions of principle and personal safety. He finally joined the army of the Senate, but, after the fatal battle of Pharsa'lia, abruptly quitted it, and threw himself on the generosity of the conqueror. Being kindly received by Cæsar, he returned to Rome, where he passed a retired life, engaged in literary pursuits. The assassination of Cæsar threw him again into the political field, and he now assailed Antony in a series of the most vigorous and eloquent speeches — those known as his fourteen Philippic orations.

The result was fatal to the orator. The second triumvirate was formed, each member of it giving up personal friends to the vengeance of his colleagues. Octavius yielded Cicero to his incensed foe Antony. The old man, now in his sixty-third year, attempted, at the entreaty of his brother, to escape; but he was overtaken by the assassins,

to whose violence he submitted with a philosophic courage, his head and hands being cut off and carried to Antony. They were fixed on the rostrum which his eloquence had so often adorned, and where all who saw them bewailed his death with the most affectionate feeling.

The character of Cicero is easily estimated. Much as he loved virtue, he needed popular applause to sustain him in any dignified course. He was weak where his private interests opposed his public duty, and was destitute of any true heroism. He had undoubted abilities as a statesman, but lacked courage and resolution. His ruling faults were vanity, timidity, and a morbid sensibility: but they were offset by such virtues as candor, generosity, purity of mind, and warmth of heart. As an advocate it was his delight to defend, not to accuse; and with all his faults, Rome possessed few such noble and virtuous souls as that of her great orator.

The literary labors of Cicero were numerous, and covered a wide field. Of these the *Orations*,— particularly those against Verres, the defense of Cluen'tius, the speech for the poet Archias, the oration *pro Cœlio*, and that in defense of Milo,— are wonderful specimens of oratorical skill and beauty; as also the Demosthenic vigor and indignation of the speeches against Catiline, and the celebrated second Philippic.

His rhetorical works are of the greatest beauty and value. These consist of *De Oratore; Brutus sive de claris Oratoribus*, and *Orator ad M. Brutum*, with some shorter treatises. He treats the subject of oratory in the full Platonic spirit, investing it with a dramatic interest, and in his graphic conversational manner transporting the reader into the midst of the scenes described.

His next works to be considered are his philosophical treatises. In these he takes the true Roman standpoint, that of the practical, and shows clearly the inability of the

Roman mind for any abstruse philosophical speculation. As we have seen, he had made a thorough study of the leading Grecian systems, but he does not follow them into any abstruse reasonings, his creed being less a system than a collection of precepts, of no original value.

The study of his works is valuable, however, as they gave the tone to all Roman philosophy after his time; and the most of the middle-age speculation is simply Greek philosophy filtered through the Latin mind. His works on this subject consist of *The Academica*, a defense of the belief of the New Academy; *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, dialogues on the supreme good; *The Tusculanæ Disputationes*, five treatises on philosophic subjects; *Paradoxa*, treating on the stoical paradoxes; and some smaller works.

He has left two political works — *De Republica* and *De Legibus*, — in imitation of the similar treatises of Plato; their principles, however, being derived from the Roman laws and constitution. Of these only fragments remain. They are written in the form of dialogues, and are very interesting.

In addition to the above works are his *Letters*. Cicero was a voluminous letter writer, more than eight hundred of his epistles being still extant. Most of them were never intended for publication, yet they are models of the epistolary art, and of the purest Latinity, being written in a simple, unaffected style, and revealing the internal nature and the social life of their author with the most engaging frankness.

Cicero may be claimed as not only the representative of the most flourishing period of the Latin tongue, but as the main instrument of its perfection. He freed the language from all coarseness and harshness, and taught the educated classes to substitute pure sentiments for the gross expressions to which they were accustomed. From his in-

fluence the conversational language of the higher classes became in the greatest degree refined, and the Latin tongue purified morally as well as æsthetically. His dialogues present us with conversations on all the worthiest subjects of thought, and enlivened with the culture of all the preceding ages, and their powerful influence is shown in the literature of the golden age of Roman thought, of which Cicero was the fit progenitor.

In oratory he combined the powers of the most celebrated Athenians, uniting the force of Demosthenes with the elegance of Isocrates. There is a florid exuberance in his style that sometimes offends against just taste, but his melody of language, brilliancy of expression, extensive knowledge, and thorough acquaintance with human nature, gave his speeches a charm which is almost as convincing to modern readers as it was to his Roman audiences.

FROM THE ORATIONS AGAINST VERRES.

As it happened Verres came on that very day to Messana. The matter is brought before him. He was told that the man was a Roman citizen; was complaining that at Syracuse he had been confined in the stone quarries, and how he, when he was actually embarking on board ship and uttering violent threats against Verres, had been brought back by them, and reserved in order that he might himself decide what should be done with him.

He thanks the men, and praises their good will and diligence in his behalf. He, himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, came into the forum. His eyes glared; cruelty was visible in his whole countenance; all men waited to see what steps he was going to take; what he was going to do; when all of a sudden he orders the man to be seized, and to be stripped and bound in the middle of the forum, and the rods to be got ready. The miserable man cried out that he was a Roman citizen; a citizen also of the municipal town of Cosa; that he had served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who was living as a trader at Panor'mus, and from whom Verres might know that he was speaking the truth.

Then Verres says that he has ascertained that he was sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves, in order to act as a spy; a matter as to which there was no evidence, no trace, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides,—in the middle of the forum of Messana, a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods! while, in the meantime, no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from that wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sounds of the blows, except these words: "I am a citizen of Rome!"

He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows, and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed in averting by his entreaties the violence of the rods, but as he kept on repeating his entreaties, and the assertion of his citizenship, a cross—a cross, I say—was got ready for that miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power.

O the sweet name of Liberty! O the admirable privileges of our citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by and at last restored to the Roman people!—in a town of our confederate allies—a Roman citizen should be bound in the forum and beaten with rods, by a man who only had the fasces and axes through the kindness of the Roman people!

If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you, were you not moved even by the weeping and loud cries of the Roman citizens who were present at the time? Did you dare to drag any one to the cross who said he was a Roman citizen?—*Guthrie.*

NATURE AND ART IN HARMONY.

How wonderful is the vegetable creation! Where there is not a stock, there is not a bough, no, nor a leaf, which does not operate in preserving and propagating its own nature, yet all is beauty. Let us pass from nature to the arts: In a ship what is more necessary than the sides, the keel, the prow, the stern, the yards, the sails, the masts? Yet altogether they appear so comely that they seem as designed not for preservation only, but for beauty.

Pillars support porticoes and temples, yet they are not more graceful than they are useful. It was not beauty, but necessity, that contrived the noble cupola of the Capitol, and of other sacred

structures. For in the contrivance how to let the rain off on each side of the edifice, the very form in which this was brought about, created the lofty appearance it makes; so that, though the Capitol stood in the heavens, where no rain could fall, the majesty of its structure would be lost without its cupola.

The same observation holds good with regard to eloquence, almost through all its parts; for there wit and harmony almost attend utility, and, I may say, necessity. For the steps and divisions of periods were first introduced for recovering the breath, and sparing the lungs; and yet in their own nature they are so musical that, though one's lungs were inexhaustible, yet we should not wish for a continuation of its style without any stops. Such a sympathy exists betwixt what is agreeable to our ears and what is not only possible but easy for our lungs.—*Guthrie.*

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MARCUS MARIUS.

While you were employing the rest of the day in these various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself, we alone had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations to which Martius, it seems, our professed critic, had given his infallible sanction. But as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you that, though our entertainments were very magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished, at least if I may judge of your taste by my own.

Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great plays, but had long since retired, I imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage, as in honor, it seems, of the festival.

Among them was my old friend Æsopus, but so different from what he was that the whole audience cried that he ought to be excused from acting any more, for when he was pronouncing the celebrated "If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurled," etc., the poor old man's voice left him, and he had not strength to go through with the speech.

As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainment you know the nature of them so well that it is scarce necessary to mention them. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would very willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to

the judicious spectator to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage in the tragedy of Clytemnestra? or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armor, in that of the Trojan Horse?

In a word, what man of sense could be entertained with viewing a mock army drawn up on the stage in battle array? These, I confess, are spectacles extremely well adapted to captivate vulgar eyes, but undoubtedly would have had no charm in yours.—*Melmoth.*

THE EARLIER ROMAN HISTORIANS.

PROSE, far more than poetry, was in accordance with the genius of the Romans. They lacked ideality or imaginative power, and held the useful in far higher esteem than the beautiful. They were vigorous and just thinkers, but not inclined to philosophy or intellectual invention; their practical disposition giving them a much stronger bias to historical and legal pursuits than to culture of the imagination.

History, moreover, had the advantage over other branches of literature, that it was not left to the hands of slaves and freedmen, being considered as a pursuit worthy of the noblest Roman; its first writers, Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus and others being of equestrian families.

The first historical labors were of the nature of simple annals, and were largely devoted to the transfer of poetic legends into prose, as their most popular vehicle. Neglecting ornament, they cared only to be intelligible, and considered that the chief excellence of a writer was brevity, their works being destitute of picturesque detail or political reflection.

Fa'bius Pic'tor, a contemporary of Nævius, the dramatic artist, and a member of the noble family of the Fabii, was the most ancient of Roman historians. This is unfortunate, as later historians have copied freely from him, and have repeated his heterogeneous mass of facts and fables; which latter might have been entirely avoided had he possessed the judgment and care to investigate the important original records then in existence.

His work on early Roman history was followed by that of Cin'cius Alimen'tus, on the second Punic war. The accurate study by the latter of original monuments gave value to his chapter on early Roman history; as did his participation in the war, and his being a prisoner to Hannibal, to his account of the events of the Carthaginian invasion of Italy. These works, however, were bare records of facts, — the mere frame-work of history. It is to the celebrated Ca'to Censor'ius that we must look for anything more truly worthy of the name.

This remarkable man, who was born 234 B.C., was notable alike for his learning, his lofty standard of morality, and his versatility of talent. He was of an ancient and distinguished family; became a soldier while yet young, and soon afterward rose to eminence as a pleader in the courts of law. After holding various offices of honor he was elected censor in 184 B.C. This high position was exactly suited to his talents, and he discharged it with an activity, fearlessness and integrity which have gained him the highest fame.

As a literary man Cato was possessed of great ability. His style had the rugged, unpolished directness of his character, but was clear, striking and lively in treatment. He seems to have written on a variety of subjects, as politics, war, rural economy, oratory and history, all treated in a direct and original manner.

His historical work, the *Origines*, or *Antiquities*, is unfortunately lost, with the exception of some brief fragments. His learning has been highly praised by Cicero, Cornelius Nepos and Livy, but there is some doubt as to the historical value of his work. Its most valuable feature was its researches into the constitutions of Rome, Italy and Carthage. These were probably the result of original and carefully conducted investigation.

One of the longest of the extant fragments describes the

following act of self-devoted heroism: A consular army was surrounded by the Carthaginians in a defile, from which there was no escape. The tribune, whom Cato does not name, advised the consul to send four hundred men to occupy a certain height. The enemy, he said, will attack them, and they will be slain to a man. But while the foe is thus occupied the army will escape. But who, asked the consul, will lead this band? "I will," said the tribune. "I devote my life to you and to my country." The brave band set forth to die. They sold their lives dearly, yet all fell. But the army was saved.

"The immortal Gods," adds Cato, "granted the tribune a lot according to his valor. For thus it came to pass: though he had received many wounds none proved mortal; and when his comrades recognized him among the dead, faint from loss of blood, they took him up and he recovered. Leonidas, of Lacedæmon, is praised, who performed a similar exploit at Thermop'ylæ. On account of his valor united Greece testified her gratitude in every possible way, and adorned his exploit with monumental records, pictures, statues, eulogies, histories. The Roman tribune gained but faint praise, and yet he had done the same thing and saved the republic."

The only extant work of Cato is *De Re Rustica*, an agricultural treatise, devoted, in the most commonplace manner, to the most commonplace details of a farmer's life.

This earlier period of historical literature comprises a large number of names of other writers, whose works, however, like those of the authors already named, are all lost.

Of these the most important were Cæ'lius Antip'ater and Lucius Sisen'na. The former is praised by Vale'rius Max'imus for his accuracy, particularly in regard to the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal; while the latter wrote a history of the civil war between Marius and Sulla, which is praised in the highest terms by Cicero and Sallust. Its loss

is the greatest misfortune in the general disappearance of the early Roman historians.

In the Augustan age arose a number of valuable historians, whose treatment of their subjects was of a high order of merit. In this field Rome not merely imitated, but rivaled, and sometimes surpassed, the Greeks. The simplicity of Cæsar is as attractive as that of Herodotus; Livy's picturesqueness equals that of the best Greek historians; and Tacitus, in condensation, vigor and philosophical judgment, is not inferior to Thucydides.

The most important historians of this age were Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Sallust and Livy; whom we will consider more at length.

CORNE'LIUS NE'POS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 60 B.C.

Of the first of the above mentioned historians we know neither the date nor place of birth. We only know that he was a contemporary and friend of Cicero and Catullus, and lived until the sixth year of the reign of Augustus. The prevailing opinion is that he was born either at Verona, or at a neighboring village. Beyond these few facts we know nothing of his personal history.

All of his works of which ancient writers have made mention are unfortunately lost, and that which goes by his name is of very doubtful authenticity. These lost works were three books of *Chronicles*, being an abridgment of Universal History; five books of anecdotes, called *De Viris Illustribus*; a *Life of Cicero*; and *De Historicis*, or *Memoirs of Historians.*

The work now extant is entitled *The Lives of Eminent Generals.* Besides biographies of twenty generals, it contains accounts of some celebrated monarchs, and lives of Hamilcar, Hannibal, Cato and Atticus.

Until the sixteenth century this work was ascribed to

Æmil'ius Pro'bus, a writer of the fourth century, whose name is prefixed to a dedication to the Emperor Theodo'sius. But at this period the celebrated scholar Lambinus, arguing from its purity of style and the excellence of its Latin, declared that it could not have been written at the date ascribed to it, and pronounced it to be, in reality, the lost work of Nepos, *De Viris Illustribus*. There is other evidence in favor of this hypothesis, and the probability is that it is an abbreviation, made by Probus, of the work in question.

These biographies, whether rightfully attributed to Nepos or not, are beautifully written, being distinguished by the purity of their Latin, their concise and chaste style, and their admirable character drawing, which renders them models of their class of composition. Their defects are, lack of carefulness in the examination of authorities, and of regard for the relative importance of occurrences.

There are many modern editions of the work, and it is in general use as a school book. We extract his account of Aristides.

ARISTI'DES.

Aristides, the son of Lysim'achus, a native of Athens, was almost of the same age with Themis'tocles, and contended with him, consequently, for preëminence, as they were determined rivals, one to the other; and it was seen in their case how much eloquence could prevail over integrity; for though Aristides was so distinguished for uprightness of conduct, that he was the only person in the memory of man (as far at least as I have heard) who was called by the surname of Just, yet, being overborne by Themistocles with the ostracism, he was condemned to be banished for ten years.

Aristides, finding that the excited multitude could not be appeased, and noticing, as he yielded to their violence, a person writing that he ought to be banished, is said to have asked him: "Why he did so, or what Aristides had done that he should be thought deserving of such a punishment." The person writing replied that "he did not know Aristides, but that he was not pleased that he had labored to be called Just beyond other men."

He did not suffer the full sentence of ten years appointed by law; for when Xerxes made a descent upon Greece, he was recalled unto his country by a decree of the people, about six years after he had been exiled. He was present, however, in the sea fight at Salamis, which was fought before he was allowed to return. He was also commander of the Athenians at Platæa, in the battle in which Mardonius was routed, and the army of the barbarians was cut off. Nor is there any other celebrated act of his in military affairs recorded besides the account of this command.

But of his justice, equity and self-control, there are many instances. Above all, it was through his integrity, when he was joined in command of the common fleet of Greece with Pausa'nias, under whose leadership Mardonius had been put to flight, that the supreme authority at sea was transferred from the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians; for before that time the Lacedæmonians had the command both by sea and land. But at this period it happened through the indiscreet conduct of Pausanias, and the equity of Aristides, that all the states of Greece attached themselves as allies to the Athenians, and chose them as their leaders against the barbarians.

In order that they might repel the barbarians more easily, if perchance they should try to renew the war, Aristides was chosen to settle what sum of money each state should contribute for building fleets and equipping troops. By his appointment 460 talents were deposited annually at Delos, which they fixed upon to be the common treasury; but all this money was afterward removed to Athens.

How great was his integrity, there is no more certain proof, than that, though he had been at the head of such important affairs, he died in such poverty that he scarcely left money to defray the charges of his funeral. Hence it was that his daughters were brought up at the expense of the country, and were married with dowers given them from the public treasury.

He died about four years after Themistocles was banished from Athens.

CÆ'SAR.

BORN 100 B.C.

Caius Julius Cæsar, whose history is the history of Rome during the fifty-six years of his life, need here be considered but in his literary biography. He was a descendant of one of the oldest of the patrician families of Rome,

and early developed that good taste, great tact, and pleasing manners, which aided so much toward his popularity. He became a soldier in his nineteenth year, serving in the first Mithridatic war, and receiving the honor of a civic crown for saving the life of a citizen.

His first literary career was as an orator, in which he achieved a distinction second only to that of Cicero. After pleading in several important cases in the Roman courts he repaired to Rhodes, where he studied oratory under Apollonius Molo, a distinguished teacher. After his return to Rome he again pleaded in a number of important cases, being always unsuccessful, which may have been from his usually pleading on the weak side, as he was looked upon as a most accomplished orator.

His next literary labor was a work descriptive of his investigations into the history and nature of the Roman belief in augury. This *Libri Auspiciorum* was succeeded by a treatise on astronomy, entitled *De Astris*, and a poem resembling the *Phenomena* of Aratus. These works are interesting, but valueless as scientific productions.

Shortly after this he was appointed to his military province, and began that career of victory and conquest which has made him so famous in the annals of history. But the continual labors to which he was now devoted did not cause him to cease his literary pursuits, his leisure moments being given to the writing of his celebrated *Memoirs*, or *Commentaries of the Gallic and Civil Wars.*

Indeed his active and comprehensive mind failed to find sufficient employment in his incessant military and political duties, but was constantly devising new literary schemes, among which was the design of reducing the disconnected mass of Roman laws to a regular code. His treatise on this subject has perished. He also contemplated a complete survey and map of the Roman empire; and among his most valuable aids to literature he established

a public library, the first which Rome possessed. Besides these labors he wrote a number of minor works, of which his orations, whose titles only now exist, were probably the most valuable.

His great work, and the one on which his literary reputation rests, is the *Commentaries*. Of this ten books were written by Cæsar himself, seven on the first seven years of the Gallic war, and three on the Civil war. The eighth book, *De Bello Gallico*, and three supplementary books of the work *De Bello Civili*, were written by a literary friend to whom Cæsar had probably intrusted the completion of his labor.

These *Commentaries* are exactly what they profess to be, materials for history, sketches taken on the spot, jotted down while the incidents were yet green in the memory of the man who best understood them. They are marked by the most graphic power, and in their deep insight into human nature, and their delineation of the character of the Gallic race, are unsurpassed. With this there is the elegance and polish of style flowing from the refined taste and rhetorical skill of their author, and the pure, classic Latin of the Augustan age.

His calmness and equability of character are reflected in his work, which has none of the sudden rise and fall of an ardent temperament, but sustains one uniform height, a feature which detracts from its interest with some readers. Its lack of contrast, of light and shade, seems to them a lack of life and energy. The simple beauty of his language is, as Cicero says, statuesque rather than picturesque. It was this calm, marble-like severity, and absence of passion, which probably caused the failure of his efforts in oratory, to which energy and ardor are so essential.

He has been charged also with credulity, in accepting too readily accounts given him concerning races with whom he came into warlike contact. He, however, used the best

sources of information at his command, and has been proven in most instances to be correct.

A partial fault of the *Commentaries* is the egotism of the writer. Not that he praises himself directly; he is too shrewd to do that; nor does he detract from the merit of those who served under him, or recount his own successes with pretension. Yet, withal, he has managed to make himself the hero of his own tale, veiling his selfish and ambitious motives, and making Cæsar right, whoever may be wrong, with all the skill of a Napoleon. His memoirs are in no sense confessions. He records no weaknesses or defects in himself, and displays by his very reserve his desire to place his character in the most favorable light.

His work has been sometimes compared with that of Xenophon, the *Anabasis*. But, except that both are simple and unaffected, there is no parallel. The severe, unornamented style of the stern Roman is totally unlike the flowing sweetness of the Attic historian.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

There was as much space left between the two lines as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies; but Pompey had ordered his soldiers to await Cæsar's attack, and not to advance from their positions, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by advice of Caius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Cæsar's soldiers might be checked and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops, remaining in their ranks, might attack them when in disorder; and he thought that the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept on their ground than if they met them in full course; at the same time he trusted that Cæsar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become weary and exhausted by the fatigue.

But to me Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason; for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit, and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors

that the trumpets should sound on all sides, and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched; but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet the charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practiced in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed, and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted; and after a short respite they again renewed their course and threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Cæsar had ordered them.

Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks; and having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time Pompey's horse, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our cavalry did not withstand their charge, but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's troops pressed them more vigorously, and began to file off in troops and flank our army.

When Cæsar perceived this he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward, and charged Pompey's horse with such fury that not a man of them stood; but all wheeling about, not only quitted their posts, but galloped forward to seek refuge in the highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenseless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about upon Pompey's left wing, while his infantry still continued to make battle, and taking them in the rear at the same time Cæsar ordered the third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. These new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack upon their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled; nor was Cæsar deceived in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to the soldiers, must have its beginning from these six cohorts, which he had placed as the fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed, by them the archers and slingers were cut to pieces, by them the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded and obliged to be the first to fly. . . .

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors, in which tables were

laid; a large quantity of plate set out; the floors of the tents covered with fresh sods; the tents of Lucius Len'tulus and others shaded with ivy; and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury, and a confidence of victory; so that it might readily be inferred that they had no premonitions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Cæsar's army, distressed and suffering troops, who had always been in want of common necessaries.

Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse, and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out of the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Laris'sa; nor did he stop there, but with the same dispatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-shore attended by only thirty horse, and went on board a victualling barque, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation, that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, as they began the flight.

THE NATIVES OF BRITAIN.

The interior portion of Britain is inhabited by those, of whom they say that it is handed down by tradition that they were born in the island itself; the maritime portion by those who had passed over from the country of the Belgæ for the purpose of plunder and making war, almost all of whom are called by the name of those states from which, being sprung, they went thither, and having waged war, continued there, and began to cultivate the land.

The number of the people is countless, and their buildings exceedingly numerous, for the most part very like those of the Gauls. The number of cattle is great. They use either brass or iron rings, determined by a certain weight, as their money. Tin is produced in the midland region; in the maritime, iron; but the quantity of it is small; they employ brass, which is imported.

There, as in Gaul, is timber of every description, except beech and fir. They do not regard it lawful to eat the hare, and the cock, and the goose; they, however, breed them for amusement and pleasure. The climate is more temperate than in Gaul, the cold being less severe.

The most civilized of all the natives are those who inhabit Kent, which is entirely a maritime district, nor do their customs

differ much from those of the Gauls. Most of the inland inhabitants do not use corn, but live on milk and flesh, and are clad with skins.

All the British, indeed, dye themselves with woad, which occasions a bluish color, and thereby they have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved, except their head and upper lip.

SAL'LUST.

BORN 86 B.C.

Ca'ius Sallus'tius Cris'pus, the first of Roman historians in the modern sense, was a native of Amiter'num, in the Sabine territory. He was of plebeian rank, but attained official distinction, and held public positions, which raised him to the senatorial dignity. He was expelled from the Senate, however, in the year 50 B.C., on the charge of immorality, though his attachment to Cæsar's party was the probable secret reason of his expulsion.

In the civil war that ensued he joined the army of Cæsar, through whom he was restored to his rank. In 46 B.C., he took part in Cæsar's African war, being left governor of Numidia at its close. Here, by extortion, he accumulated great wealth, and, though accused before Cæsar of rapacity and oppression, escaped a trial.

The enormous fortune which Sallust had thus obtained he lavished on expensive but tasteful luxury, laying out magnificent grounds, on the Quirinal, which were celebrated for their beauty. In this charming retreat, surrounded by the choicest works of art, and avoiding the wars which yet raged, he passed the remainder of his life, devoting himself to historical composition. His death took place in the year 34 B.C.

The charges against Sallust of immorality have been denied, but the internal evidence of his works tends to support them, as their assumed tone of morality seems far

more affectation and pretense than reality, and certainly lacks the ardor of sincerity. He did not attempt a connected history of Rome, but only detached portions of history, avoiding those periods, as he himself explains, of which already satisfactory accounts existed.

His first work, in order of time, is the Jugurthine war, which raged from 111 to 106 B.C. The next period, extending to 78 B.C., had been treated by Sisenna, a friend of Cicero. Beginning where Sisenna had ended, he wrote a work, now unfortunately lost, bringing down his history to 66 B.C. His next work begins two years afterward, and is devoted to the conspiracy of Catiline, during the consulship of Cicero. Other extant works are ascribed to him, but the *Jugurtha* and the *Bellum Catilinarium* are the only ones clearly authentic.

Sallust never wrote without an object. He is no mere chronicler of events, but uses all his facts to enforce some important political principle. It is this that gives him the merit of being the first Roman who wrote history in the true sense of the term. In the *Jugurtha* he points out the unworthiness of the foreign policy of Rome as then administered. In the *Bellum Catilinarium* he vividly paints the depravity of the new nobility, who, bankrupt in fortune and dead to honor, still took pride in their rank and exclusiveness. His hatred toward this vicious, ruined and reckless aristocratic party was sincere, and he draws them in an animated and most unflattering picture.

As a writer Sallust, though frequently inexact, especially in the *Jugurtha*, is vigorous, lively, and excellent in a literary point of view. The speeches, of his own composition, which he puts into the mouths of his characters, are very effective, and show him a complete master of rhetoric. His personages are drawn with great naturalness, as though he not only knew them, but accurately understood them. His works, in short, have at once the charm

of the historical romance, and the value of the political treatise, being far in advance of the dry chronicles of earlier writers.

His style, though elaborate and artificial, is pleasing, and usually transparently clear. It imitates the brevity of Thucydides, and with considerable skill, though he lacks the wonderful power of condensation of the great Athenian. The brevity of the one is natural; that of the other, artificial. Thucydides expresses himself in condensed thoughts, which may be unfolded and expanded. Sallust uses elliptical expressions, to which the reader must supply what is wanting. Neither is his method the business-like brevity of Cæsar, whose straightforward statements convey in themselves all that is requisite to be understood.

The great merit of Sallust lies in his philosophical method, in which he analyzes the motives of parties, and lays bare the hidden springs which move the great actors on the public stage, revealing the secret soul by which national movements are animated. It is this which gives him the credit of being the first true Roman historian, and makes him so valuable as a guide to succeeding writers.

THE COMPANIONS OF CATILINE.

When riches began to be held in high esteem, and attended with glory, honor and power, virtue languished; poverty was deemed a reproach, and innocence passed for ill-nature. And thus luxury, avarice and pride, all springing from riches, enslaved the Roman youth; they wantoned in rapine and prodigality; undervalued their own, and coveted what belonged to others; trampled on modesty, friendship and continence; confounded things human and divine, and threw off all manner of consideration and restraint.

To see the difference between modern and ancient manners, one needs but take a view of the houses of particular citizens, both in town and country, all resembling in magnificence so many cities; and then behold the temples of the Gods built by our ancestors, the most religious of all men. But they thought of no other ornament *for their* temples than devotion; nor for their houses, but glory;

neither did they take anything from the conquered but the power of doing hurt. Whereas their descendants,— the most effeminate of all men,— have plundered from their allies whatever their brave ancestors left to their conquered enemies; as if the only use of power was to do wrong.

It is needless to recount other things, which none but those who saw them will believe; as the leveling of mountains by private citizens, and even covering the sea itself with fine edifices. These men appear to me to have sported with their riches, since they lavished them in the most shameful manner, instead of enjoying them with honor. Nor were they less tempted to all manner of extravagant gratifications. Procuring dainties for their tables sea and land were ransacked. They indulged in sleep before nature craved it; the returns of hunger and thirst were anticipated with luxury; and cold and fatigue were never so much as felt.

The Roman youth, after they had spent their fortunes, were tempted by such deprivations to commit all manner of enormities; for their minds, impregnated with evil hopes, and unable to resist their craving appetites, were violently bent on all manner of extravagances, and all the means of supplying them. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city Catiline had always about him, what was no difficult matter to find in Rome, bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts, contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes; add to these parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters, such as were convicted of crimes or feared conviction; nay, further, all who lived by perjury and shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence or a guilty conscience disquieted; were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy.—*Rose.*

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.

Not far from the river of Mulucha, which separated the kingdoms of Jugur'tha and Boc'chus, there stood in the midst of a plain a small fort, on a rock of considerable breadth, and of prodigious height, naturally as steep on every side as art could render it; but it had no access except at one place, and that was by means of a narrow path.

As the king's treasure was deposited in this place, Ma'rius ex-

erted his utmost force to reduce it, and succeeded more by accident than by prudent management. The castle was abundantly provided with men, arms, provisions, and a spring of water. The path to it was very narrow, with a precipice on either side; the soldiers could neither maintain their footing, nor make use of their batteries; the most adventurous were either slain or wounded, and the rest were greatly discouraged. Marius, having thus spent many toilsome days, now hesitated whether he should abandon his enterprise, which had proved unsuccessful, or await the interposition of fortune, which had so frequently befriended him.

While these reflections, day and night, occupied his mind, a Ligurian, who had gone out of the camp in search of water, happened to perceive, not far from the opposite side of the castle, some periwinkles creeping among the rocks. Gathering one, then another, and still climbing to procure more, he was led insensibly almost to the top of the mountain, where, perceiving that all was quiet in that quarter, the natural desire of viewing unknown objects prompted him to proceed.

It chanced that an oak tree of considerable magnitude here grew out of the side of the rock, and bending its trunk downward near the roots, then, taking a turn, mounted upward, as is natural to trees in such situations. By the help of this the Ligurian, by laying hold of the branches of the tree, or of the prominences of the rock, was at length enabled to survey the whole plan of the castle, without being discovered by the Numidians, who were all engaged on that side on which the attack had been made.

On his return to the camp he hastened to Marius, informed him of what he had done, advised him to make an attempt on the castle on that side where he himself had mounted, and promised that he would lead the way, and be the first to face the danger. . . . At the time appointed the party left the camp, having previously taken such measures as were necessary. . . .

The Ligurian, leading the way, fixed cords about the stones and such roots of trees as appeared proper for the purpose, to assist the soldiers in climbing, stretching his hand from time to time to such as were discouraged at so rugged a march. When the ascent was more steep than ordinary he would send them up before him unarmed, and then follow himself with their arms. Wherever it appeared more dangerous to climb he went foremost, and, by ascending and descending several times, encouraged the rest to follow. At length, after much tedious labor, they gained the castle, which

was quite naked on that side, the Numidians being all employed in the opposite quarter.

As a result the castle was taken, this small party frightening the defenders by a sudden blare of trumpets, while Marius made a violent assault from the front.

LIV'Y.

BORN 59 B.C.

Ti'tus Liv'ius Patavi'nus, the most popular of Roman historians, and the only one of note who flourished during the reign of Augustus, was probably a native of Pata'vium (Padua). Little is known concerning his life. He came to Rome in the Augustan period, where he enjoyed the favor of the emperor, though he was an outspoken admirer of the ancient institutions of the country.

His great work was probably not commenced until he had approached middle age, but, as he lived till his seventy-seventh year, he had ample time to finish it. His fame spread so rapidly, even during his life, that an inhabitant of Cadiz came to Rome for no other purpose than to see him.

His celebrated production is a history of Rome, which he modestly entitles *Annals*, extending from the very earliest period to the death of Drusus, in the year 9 B.C. This work originally comprised one hundred and forty-two books, but of these only thirty now exist complete, with the greater part of five more. Of the remainder we have only meager epitomes of their contents, drawn up by some unknown author. The most valuable of these extant portions are the first decade, containing the early history; and the third, containing the wars of Hannibal.

Livy cannot be praised for the critical correctness of his work. Though abundant original documents were ready to his hand he never seems to have taken the trouble to consult them, contenting himself with following the works of previous historians, and taking many dubious statements

on trust which he could easily have verified. These defects injure the value of his work as a history, but as a narrator, a historical story-teller, he is unrivaled, either in ancient or modern times. In this respect he was a man of pre-eminent genius, and possessed of a fresh, lively and fascinating style, whose charm no reader can escape.

He had one object in view in writing his history, namely, to celebrate the glories of his beloved country; and he writes in a vein of panegyric which makes his work like the joyous lay of a bard at a festive meeting, singing, indeed, of days bright and dark, but bringing all things to a happy ending. Where there are two stories of an event he always chooses the one most favorable to Rome, with little regard to its probability; and in treating of ancient times his aristocratic tendencies prevent him from doing justice to the old tribunes, of whom he speaks as if they were on a level with the demagogues of the worst period. Indeed, his work is invaluable as a picture of the view which the Romans of the cultivated age took of their old traditions.

Whatever his demerits as a historian, he has never been surpassed in the art of telling a story, and the speeches which he ascribes to his characters are faultless as works of art, though they are too much in one tone to properly represent the various persons speaking. There is also something in a high degree winning and engaging about what may be called the moral atmosphere of Livy's history, which no one can read without feeling that the historian had a kindly disposition — a large, candid and generous soul. A lost battle is misery to him. He trembles at the task of relating it. Indeed, he everywhere shows the truth of Quintilian's well known criticism, "that he is especially the historian of the affections, particularly of the softer sensibilities."

A CAUSELESS PANIC.

When the Roman army first reached the Lake Timavus, the Istrians took post behind a hill where they could not be seen, and in its march thence followed it through by-ways, watching attentively for some opportunity that might give them an advantage; nor did anything that was done, either on sea or land, escape their observation. When they saw that the advanced guards of the Romans were weak, and that they had not fortified themselves, either by works on land, or by the help of ships, they made an attack on two of their posts at once. A morning fog concealed their design, and when this began to disperse, as the sun grew warm, the light piercing through it in some degree, yet still being far from clear, and, as is usual in such cases, magnifying the appearance of everything, deceived the Romans, and made the army of the enemy appear much greater to them than it really was.

And when the troops in both the posts, terrified, had fled in the utmost confusion to the camp, there they caused much greater alarm than that they were under themselves, for they could neither tell what made them fly nor answer any question that was asked. Then a shouting was heard at all the gates, since there were no guards to them which could withstand an attack, and the crowding together of the soldiers, who fell one against the other in the dark, raised a doubt as to whether the enemy was within the rampart. Only one cry was heard — that of those urging to the sea.

This cry, uttered by one, and without an object, and by chance, resounded everywhere throughout the entire camp. At first, therefore, a few with their arms, and the greater part without them, as if they had received orders so to do, ran off to the sea-shore; then followed more, and at length almost the whole of the army, and the consul himself, when he had in vain attempted to call back the fugitives. The military tribune of the third legion, with three companies, alone remained, being left behind by the legion. The Istrians, having made an attack upon the empty camp, after that no other had met them in arms, came upon him where he was drawing up and encouraging his men, at the general's quarters. The fight was maintained with more resolution than might have been expected from the small number of the defenders; nor did it cease until the tribune and those who stood by him were all slain.

The enemy then, tearing down the general's tent, and seizing on all they could find, went to the quæstor's quarters, and the adjoin-

ing forum called Quintana. Thereupon, when they found all kind of food dressed and laid out in the quæstor's tent, and the couches placed in order, their chieftain lay down and began to feast. Presently all the rest, thinking no more of fighting or of the enemy, did the same, and being unaccustomed to any sort of rich food, they greedily gorged themselves with meat and wine. . . .

The appearance of affairs among the Romans was by no means the same. There was confusion both on land and sea; the mariners struck their tents and hastily conveyed on board the provisions which had been sent on shore; the soldiers on the bank rushed into the boats, and even into the water. Some of the seamen, in fear lest their vessels should be overcrowded, opposed the entrance of the multitude, while others pushed off from the shore into the deep. Hence arose a dispute, and in a short time a fight, accompanied by wounds and loss of life both of soldiers and seamen, until, by order of the consul, the fleet was removed to a distance from the shore.

He next set about separating the armed from the unarmed. Out of so large a number there were scarcely twelve hundred who had preserved their arms, and very few horsemen who had brought their horses with them. At length an express was sent to call in the third legion; and at the same time the troops began to march back from all parts in order to retake the camp, and wipe out their disgrace. The military tribunes of the third legion ordered their men to throw away the forage and wood, and commanded the centurions to mount two elderly soldiers on horses from which the loads were thrown down, and each of the cavalry to take a young foot soldier with him on his horse; telling them that "it would be great honor if they should recover by bravery the camp which had been lost by the cowardice of the second."

This exhortation was received by the army with the utmost alacrity; they eagerly bore on the standards, nor did the soldiers delay the standard bearers. However, the consul, and the troops which were led back from the shore, reached the rampart first.

Immediately after this he ordered his own standard bearer, a man of known bravery, to bear in the standard, who replied that if the men were willing to follow him he would cause it to be done more quickly. Then, exerting all his strength, after throwing the standard across the entrenchment, he was the first that entered the gate. On the other side the military tribunes of the third legion, with the cavalry, arrived; and quickly after them the soldiers whom

they had mounted in pairs on the beasts of burden; also the consul, with the main body.

Only a few of the Istrians, who had drunk in moderation, betook themselves to flight; death succeeded as a continuation of the sleep of the others; and the Romans recovered all their effects unimpaired, except the victuals and the wine which they had consumed. About eight thousand of the Istrians were killed, but not one prisoner taken, for rage and indignation had made the Romans regardless of booty. The king of the Istrians, though drunk after his banquet, was hastily mounted on a horse by his people and effected his escape. Of the conquerors there were lost two hundred and thirty-seven men, more of whom fell in the fight of the morning than in the retaking of the camp.—*McDevitte.*

THE SILVER AGE OF ROMAN LITERATURE.

After the close of the Augustan age a long, dark period succeeded, scarcely illuminated by a ray of genius. The atmosphere of Rome was not favorable to the free growth of thought. Morally and politically the souls of men were under a cloud, through which it was difficult to rise to the heights on which genius loves to dwell.

During the reign of the dark Tiberius and his weak and wicked successors it was dangerous to speak; it was almost dangerous to think. The few historians and poets who wrote during this period managed by flattery, or by mediocrity, to keep their heads on their shoulders; though Cordus, the historian, lost his life through letting a spice of the truth, which every one knew, creep into his pages.

We have seen how poor Ovid, even in the reign of Augustus, suffered, apparently for knowing too much. To say too much was a still deeper crime. Authors needed to weigh their words with great care, or to escape danger by unblushing adulation of their tyrants. Phædrus, in his mask of fable, apparently intended to cover some unpleasant truths; which he failed, however, to mask deeply enough to escape unpleasant consequences, as he himself vaguely gives us to believe. No writer dared more than dimly hint that he had suffered for his boldness; the truth in this particular, too, needing to be veiled. Nero affected a love for literature, but he was hardly the sun for thought to sprout freely under. In fact, it was not until the days of Trajan that men's souls became in any sense free, or that the embargo

was raised which tyranny had laid upon the free speech of mankind.

During this dark age the taste for literature rapidly changed. The language was losing its classic purity, and a rhetorical, declamatory style of writing replaced the simple, pure directness of the Augustan age. Amplification and ornament took the place of vigor and earnestness, and men thought far less of what they said than of how they said it. Such a feeling was fatal to any high literary merit, and we find, in fact, but a few names that retained any of the old classic tone.

After Ovid, nearly half a century passed unmarked by any writers of distinguished merit. Then the darkness thinned and some rays of talent shone through. It was not the clear lustre of the preceding age, however, for the taste for rhetoric had blinded men to the recognition of true literary merit, and the pure soul of thought was replaced by meretricious ornament, wordy declamation taking the place of vivid strength.

Only three names during this period preserved any clear traces of the old classic tone, namely, Phædrus, Lucan and Persius. At a later date, under the liberal emperors, Juvenal and Tacitus brought back vigor of thought and independence of spirit. There was a revival of taste, but it failed to reach its former lofty range. In even the best of these authors evidence of the vitiated public taste is to be seen. Seneca's tragedies are made up of theatrical declamation, the satires of Persius are philosophical declamation, and Lucan's poems contain more of rhetoric than of poetry.

Only to Juvenal and Tacitus can we give credit for a brevity, clearness and directness equaling that of the older writers, and to Pliny the younger for an epistolary style modeled after that of Cicero, and but little inferior to that of his great exemplar.

PHÆ'DRUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 30 A.D.

This writer, who, like the great preceding fabulist Æsop, seems to have been born in slavery, was probably brought from Thrace or Macedonia to Rome during the reign of Augustus, by whom he was emancipated. His principal period of authorship was during the reign of Tiberius, in which he appears to have gained the enmity of Seja'nus, by covert satires on that base favorite. He escaped his wrath, however, and probably lived till an advanced age, dying in the reign of Claudius.

The fable was known to the Romans long before his time, being copied or imitated from the Greek, and was a popular form of literature. He, however, struck into a new field, changing the fable from its former office as a moral instructor into that of a political satirist, and striking severe though well masked blows at the corruption and venality of his times.

He is the only extant author of Roman fable, and occupies that dark age after the Augustan period which is so barren of literature. His style shows the transitional spirit through which the taste of the Roman people was passing, though there are no contemporary authors with which to compare it, the poet, the historian and the philosopher being alike silent.

Phædrus is his own biographer. We only know of his life that he wrote during the reign of Tiberius, with an obscure hint that he suffered from persecution under this tyrant. He styles himself a translator of Æsop, but in addition to his translations many fables original with himself appear in his works. In these he fails to display the native genius of the great Greek fabulist. He manifests good observation and ingenuity in the grouping of his animals, whom he makes to speak noble and wise sentiments;

but he never becomes lost in his characters, like Æsop. They look and act like animals, but talk like men. He lacks, indeed, the imaginative power of Æsop, who makes his brutes talk in sentiments natural to their presumed characters, while Phædrus translates human sentiments into the brute language.

His style has much merit, combining the elegance of the Augustan age with the terseness of succeeding writers. He is at once as facile as Ovid and as brief as Tacitus. In his extant works there seem to have been many alterations and fables of much later composition introduced, which has thrown a doubt upon the authenticity of the work, and particularly of the sixth book, recently discovered. There is little question, however, that the first five books are mainly his. We give the following examples:

THE PERILS OF WEALTH.

Two mules, laden with heavy burdens, were journeying together. One carried bags of money; the other, sacks filled with barley. The former, proud of his rich load, carried his head high, and made the bell on his neck sound merrily. His companion followed with quiet and gentle paces. On a sudden some thieves rush from an ambuscade, wound the treasure mule, strip him of his money bags, but leave untouched the worthless barley. When, therefore, the sufferer bewailed his sad case, "For my part," replied his companion, "I rejoice that I was treated with contempt, for I have no wounds, and have lost nothing." The subject of this fable proves that poverty is safe, whilst wealth is exposed to perils.

A CHANGE OF MASTERS NOT A CHANGE OF LABOR.

In a change of princes the poor change nothing but the name of their master. The truth of this is shown by the following little fable: A timid old man was feeding his ass in a meadow. Alarmed by the shouts of an advancing enemy he urged the ass to fly, for fear they should be taken prisoners. But the ass loitered, and said, "Pray, do you think that the conqueror will put two pack saddles on my back?" "No," replied the old man. "What, then, does it matter to me in whose service I am so long as I have to carry my load?"

SEN'ECA.

BORN ABOUT 4 B.C.

There are two Roman writers of this name, father and son, though only the latter deserves to be classed among classical authors. The father, M. An'næus Sen'eca, was born at Cordova, Spain, about 54 B.C., and is principally noted for his wonderful memory, he having been able to repeat two thousand disconnected words after once hearing them. There are two works of his extant, entitled *Controversiæ* and *Suasoriæ*, elaborately rhetorical in style, and of very little value; the first being exercises in judicial oratory on fictitious occasions; the second, exercises in deliberative oratory. These were the results of his long success in teaching rhetoric, but are destitute of true eloquence or vital warmth.

L. Annæus Seneca, his son, was born about the commencement of the Christian era. He studied oratory at Rome while quite young. He cared more for philosophy, however, studying the Pythagorean and Stoical systems, and traveling in Greece and Egypt. At his father's request he pleaded in courts of law; but his success seems to have aroused the jealousy of Caligula, and he left the bar in dread.

He afterward filled the office of quæstor, but was exiled to Corsica by Claudius, for some offense, and remained eight years in exile, studying philosophy, and querulously complaining of his lot. He was finally recalled, and made tutor to young Nero. When Nero, as emperor, gave way to his depraved passions, Seneca lost all control for good over his pupil. He even consented to Nero's murder of his mother, and wrote a letter to the Senate accusing Agrippina of treason, and asserting that she had committed suicide.

He profited by the extravagant bounty of the emperor, and became enormously rich, his wealth being equivalent to

about twelve million dollars of our money. This wealth finally excited the envy of Nero, and Seneca, to avoid danger, shrewdly offered to refund the imperial gifts, and retire on a small allowance. Nero declined this, and Seneca, under pretense of illness, shut himself up, and ceased to appear in public. Nero now made an ineffectual effort to have him poisoned. This failing, he soon managed to connect him with Piso's conspiracy, under which Lucan was also condemned. An accusation was quite enough to fix Seneca's guilt. He was condemned to put himself to death. His noble wife, Pauli'na, determined to die with him, but was prevented by the emperor; and the old philosopher was suffocated by the vapors of a stove, after vainly seeking death through bleeding and poison. He died in the year 65 A.D.

As a man Seneca was not insincere, but he lacked the firmness to live up to his own standard. He was avaricious, and retained his influence over Nero by base expedients; yet he had great ability, and some of the noble qualities of an old Roman. He would have been a great man in the days of the Republic.

His extant works consist of epistles, and of ethical treatises on various subjects, the best being *On Consolation*, *On Providence*, and *On Philosophical Constancy*. He also wrote on physical phenomena, composing a work called *Quæstiones Naturales*, in which he is thought to have anticipated some of the principles of modern physics.

There are extant ten tragedies, which are ascribed to him by Quintilian, but their real authorship is a debated point. They are not adapted to the stage, are overloaded with declamation, and are destitute of dramatic vigor, though rich in moral sentiments.

His philosophical views are usually clear and practical. He cared, indeed, very little for abstract speculation, having the true Roman mind, and being far more inclined to incul-

cate than to investigate. He is, in fact, more like a teacher of youth than a philosopher, and gives maxims without any accompanying proof.

His Epistles are a series of moral essays in that form, and are the most interesting of his works. They are rich in varied thought and natural reflection, and teach that the great end of science is to learn how to live and to die.

He has the false declamatory style of his father, attending more to expression than to thought, and elaborating his writings too much to make them pleasant reading. They have an affected, florid and bombastic manner, all sparkle and glitter, and lack the repose and simplicity essential to true art.

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.

How vain and idle are many of those things that make us stock mad! A resty horse, the overturning of a glass, the falling of a key, the dragging of a chair, a jealousy, a misconstruction. How shall that man endure the extremities of hunger and thirst, who flies out into rage for putting a little too much water into his wine? What haste is there to lay a servant by the heels, or break a leg or an arm immediately for it; as if he were not to have the same power over him an hour after that he has at that instant! The answer of a servant, a wife, a tenant, puts some people out of all patience; and yet they can quarrel with the government for not allowing them the same liberty in public which they themselves deny to their own family. If they say nothing, it is contumacy; if they speak or laugh, it is insolence. As if a man had his ears given him only for music, whereas we must suffer all sorts of noises, good and bad, both of man and beasts. . . .

That was a blasphemous and sottish extravagance of Caius Cæsar, who challenged Jupiter for making such a noise with his thunder that he could not hear his mimics, and so invented a machine in imitation of it, to oppose thunder to thunder; a brutal conceit, to imagine, either that he could reach the Almighty, or that the Almighty could not reach him.

And every jot as ridiculous, though not so impious, was that of Cyrus, who, in his design upon Babylon, found a river in his way that put a stop to his march; the current, being strong, car-

ried away one of the horses that belonged to his own chariot. Upon this he swore that since it had obstructed *his* passage, it should never hinder anybody's else; and presently set his whole army to work upon it, which diverted it into an hundred and four-score channels, and laid it dry. In this ignoble and unprofitable employment he lost his time, and the soldiers their courage, and gave his adversaries an opportunity of providing themselves while he was waging war with a river instead of an enemy.

OF IMPERTINENT STUDIES.

He who duly considers the business of life and death will find that he has little time to spare from that study; and yet how we trifle away our hours upon impertinent niceties and cavils! Will Plato's imaginary ideas make me an honest man? There is neither certainty in them, nor substance. *A mouse is a syllable; but a syllable does not eat cheese: therefore a mouse does not eat cheese.* O these childish follies! Is it for this that we spend our blood, and our good humor, and grow grey in our closets? We are jesting, when we should be helping the miserable; as well ourselves as others. There is no sporting with men in distress. The felicity of mankind depends upon the councils of philosophers. Let us rather consider what nature has made superfluous and what necessary; how easy our conditions are, and how delicious that life which is governed by reason rather than opinion!

There are impertinent studies as well as impertinent men. Did'ymus the grammarian wrote four thousand books, wherein he is much concerned to discover where Homer was born; who was Æneas' true mother; with other fopperies that a man would labor to forget if he knew them. Is it not an important question which of the two was first, the mallet or the tongs? Some people are extremely anxious to know how many oars Ulysses had; which was first written, the Iliad or the Odyssey; or if they were both done by the same hand. A man is never a jot the more learned for his curiosity, but much the more troublesome. Am I ever the more just, the more moderate, valiant, or liberal, for knowing that Curius Dentatus was the first who carried elephants in triumph? Teach me my duty to Providence, to my neighbor, and to myself; to dispute, to doubt, to master my appetites, and to renounce the world.—*L'Estrange.*

STOICAL FATALISM.

I am neither compelled to do nor to suffer anything against my will. I am not a slave to God, but I bow to his will. The more so because I know that all things are fixed and proceed according to an everlasting law. Destiny is our guide, and the hour of our birth has disposed all the remainder of our lives. Each cause depends upon a preceding one; a long chain of circumstances links together all things, both public and private. Therefore we must bear all things with fortitude, since all things *come to pass*, and do not, as we suppose, *happen*. Our joys and sorrows have been determined long ago; and although a great variety of items distinguishes the lives of individuals, the sum total is the same. Perishable creatures ourselves, that which we have received is perishable likewise.

LU'CAN.

BORN 39 A.D.

M. An'næus Luca'nus, the great epic poet of the decline of Latin literature, was a native of Cordova in Spain, being a nephew of the philosopher Seneca. Pliny relates a story which has in it a suspicious flavor of Greek origin, that in his infant days a swarm of bees settled on his lips. He was brought by his father to Rome while quite young, and received there an excellent education. He was a schoolfellow of the poet Persius, and a friend of the emperor Nero, entering upon life with the most brilliant auspices.

But his good fortune was soon overclouded. Nero, who could not bear a rival, and who grew jealous of Lucan's poetry and his fame, forbade his reciting his verses in public,—then the common mode of publication. He also silenced him as an advocate. Lucan, bitter at this provocation, joined a conspiracy against the emperor's life in 65 A.D. The plot failed. Lucan was arrested, and at sight of the instruments of torture, and under promise of a pardon if he should point out his associates, he is said by Tacitus to have actually impeached his own mother.

This base act failed, however. The mother was overlooked by Nero, and a warrant for Lucan's death issued. Now that it was inevitable, he met death with a philosophic calmness, opening his own veins, and reciting, as he bled to death, a description from his poems of a soldier dying of his wounds. His death occurred in his twenty-seventh year.

Despite the faults of Lucan's character, among which vanity and levity may be named, he has gained a conspicuous place among the poets of Rome. The only work of his that now exists, the Pharsa'lia, is an epic poem in ten books, its subject being the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey. In this he shows a love of liberty so far as he dared express it. He flatters Nero at the start, but at the end pours out a flood of satire against the cruel tyrant.

As an epic it lacks the comprehensiveness and unity of the greatest works of its class, proceeding in the manner of annals, and being marked by a style which is often turgid and obscure, and is full of the rhetorical affectation of his day. But with all its faults the Pharsalia affords ample evidence that Lucan was a man of original and powerful genius, and had he lived to finish and correct his poem, he might have pruned it of many of these imperfections.

He is inferior to Virgil in taste, propriety of thought, elegance of diction and metrical harmony; but in originality, in imaginative ardor, and in the display of character, he surpasses the great Augustan poet. He has an excellent historic subject, which he has treated with brilliancy and animation, drawing many noble historical pictures, while the characters of Cæsar and Pompey are masterpieces of word painting. He has a taste for the sublime, both in the physical and moral worlds, and with it an epigrammatic felicity which has secured to many of his lines a constant freshness, as part of the familiarly remembered literature of the world.

His subject was too fresh a one to be treated with the celestial machinery supposed by many to be essential to the epic; but he has satisfactorily replaced the supernatural by his many splendid descriptions, terse sayings and fine comparisons, which have excited much admiration. More than half the Pharsalia is occupied by description, which is, indeed, a characteristic feature of the decline of Roman literature.

THE CHARACTERS OF CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

"Nor Cæsar can to aught superior bow,
Nor Pompey bear an equal. But to know
Which in the juster quarrel drew the sword,
Exceeds our power. Not on equal terms
Close the great rivals in the lists of war.
The one declines into the vale of life;
Calm in the habits of the gown, he now
Had half unlearned the chieftain's art, more apt
To court the multitude for noisy fame,
And deal his liberal largess to the crowd;
Hang on the popular breath, and joy to hear,
Round his own theatre the rising shout
Applaud his entrance. Nor with strength new nerved
Repairs his youthful vigor; but secure
Of glory, on his former fortunes leans.
He stood, the shadow of a mighty name,
As, on some acorn-teeming plain, an oak
No longer clings to vigorous roots, but stands
By its own weight made steadfast, and, in air
Spreading abroad its bare and straggling boughs,
Makes with its trunk a shadow, not with leaves.
. . . But no such name
Of old renown, nor glory of the field,
Was Cæsar's; but a valor that could brook
No rest: his only shame was victory won
By aught but open force; a spirit keen
And unsubdued; at beck of sanguine hope,
Or anger, prompt to rush; and never slow,
On rash occasion's spur, to stain the sword.
Fervid to push success; adroit to seize

The auspicious hour of fortune; beating down
All obstacles, while pressing to the heights;
And glorying still to hew himself a path
Through havoc and destruction. So, by winds
Crushed from the clouds, the glittering lightning breaks,
With roaring of the agitated air,
And hollow crash of earth; through the clear day
It cleaves a fiery track, while, terror-struck,
The nations tremble; and their darkening eyes
Are dazzled by the crooked glare of flame."

THE SACRED WOOD.

"Against this forest Cæsar bade them lift
The leveling axe. It grew hard by the works
Which the besiegers raised; and stood untouched
In former wars, though all the mountains round
Were stripped of all their shades. But valiant hands
Then faltered. Such the reverend majesty
That wrapt the gloomy spot, they feared the axe,
That struck those hallowed trees, would from the stroke
Recoil upon themselves. When Cæsar saw
The legions lingering in perplexed dismay,
He snatched and poised an axe; and dared, the first,
Mark an aerial oak-tree to its fall;
And plunging in the violated bark
The steely edge, exclaimed, 'Lest any doubt
To fell the grove, the sacrilege be mine!'
The soldiery obeyed; not then secure,
Or freed from fears; but weighing in their thoughts
The wrath of Cæsar 'gainst the wrath of Heaven.
Then stooped the lofty elms; the knotted oaks
And beech-trees of Dodona prostrate bowed;
The forest, bending to the stroke, yet hung
Suspended in its fall, and stood self-propped
By multitudinous stems." —*Elton.*

CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

"Now Cæsar, marching swift with wingèd haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
With vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.

Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he surveyed the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confessed to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared;
A towering crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around;
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then, groaning, thus the mournful silence broke:
'Presumptuous man! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on!
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come.'
She said, and sunk within the closing shade.
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff rose his starting hair; he stood dismayed,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stayed.

* * * * * * * *

The leader now had passed the torrent o'er,
And reached fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
'Here farewell peace and injured laws!' he said;
'Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess Fortune, art my bride!
Let fate and war the great event decide.'"—*Rowe.*

DEATH OF POMPEY.

"Now in the boat defenseless Pompey sat,
Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power aboard,
E'en every villain drew his ruthless sword.
The chief perceived their purpose soon, and spread
His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head;
And when the cursed Achillas pierced his breast,
His rising indignation close repressed.
No signs, no groans, his dignity profaned,
No tear his still unsullied glory stained.
Unmoved and firm he fixed him on his seat,
And died, as when he lived and conquered, great."

STA'TIUS.

BORN 47 A.D.

P. Papin'ius Sta'tius was the son of a writer of the same name, a native of Naples, whose works are now lost. The father opened a school at Rome, having the young Domitian among his pupils, and on several occasions won the public prize in contests for poetry.

The son inherited his talents, but in a superior degree, becoming very popular, and on three occasions winning the prize of poetry in the Alban games. He basked in the sunshine of imperial favor, partly won by a gross flattery of the tyrant; and died at Naples, 95 A.D., in his thirty-fourth year. Very little more is known about his life.

He was the author of an epic poem called *The Thebaid*, in the composition and revision of which twelve years of his life were occupied. He also left an unfinished epic called the *Achilleid*; and a series of minor poems entitled *Sylvæ*, on which his fame chiefly rests.

Statius had not the grasp nor the imaginative vigor necessary to success in epic poetry. His efforts in this direction are marked by bombast and affectation, his characters have little interest, and the general effect of his work, notwithstanding its occasional beauty of parts, is languishing and heavy.

It is in the minor poems that he excels. He had a thorough perception of the beauties of nature, and the faculties necessary to success in poetry of this fugitive character, though lacking the epic grasp. The *Sylvæ* consists of thirty-two separate pieces, whose character is best expressed by their title. They are the crude materials of thought; a spontaneous and luxuriant growth from the native soil of the poet's imagination, unpruned and untrimmed, and free from the artificial style of the finished work of his day.

The *Sylvæ* are full of truthful pictures, displaying a natural elegance and a truth of perception, with a facility of versification unsurpassed except by Ovid. Many of the poetical incidents which they contain might be extracted as perfect fugitive pieces.

The principal fault of Statius in these minor poems is his too great display of Greek learning, they being full of mythological allusions, which sometimes make them dry and wearisome.

FROM THE THEBAID.

"Then, lest her cumbered footsteps, as she led,
Retard the chiefs who follow on her tread;
Ah! hapless innocent! by Fate beguiled,
On a soft turf she lays the clinging child,
Where pillowing flowers in fragrant tufts arise,
And his soft tears with fondling murmurs dries.
So Cybele the infant Thunderer laid;
With trembling watch her Cretans guard the shade:
In rival strife they beat the timbrels round,
While Ida's glades with infant screams resound.
Meantime the boy, amid the herbage deep,
Reclined on vernal earth, essayed to creep,
With downward face, self-striving as he lay,
And trailed through yielding grass his lengthening way.
Now craved with asking cry the balmy breast,
Now, brightening into smiles, his cry suppressed;
Now with soft lips in lisping stammerings strove;
Now startled at the noises of the grove;
Or plucked the flowery stems that near him lay,
Or with round mouth sucked in the breath of day.
Nor dreamed of dangers lurking in the shade,
But full of life, secure and careless, strayed.
Such infant Mars, where Thracia's mountains rose,
Pressed with his hardy limbs the encrusted snows:
Such Love, a winged babe, was seen to lie
On turfy hills of pastoral Arcady;
Or young Apollo, in his frolic wile,
Rolled on the imprinted sands of Delos' isle.
They track the thickets, wandering far and wide,
Through the green glooms, that arch on every side:

Outstrip their guide; or in compacted throng
Impatient following, pour at once along.
She, in the midst, the secret pathway traced,
Though hastening, yet majestic in her haste.
The dell's hoarse echo speaks the river near;
And pebbly murmurs strike the thrilling ear.
First in the van, glad Argus shook on high
The standard staff; and 'water' was the cry.
From rank to rank the flying sound was flung,
And shouts of 'water!' burst from every tongue.
So while the vessel shoots the Epyrian shores,
The helmsman's voice, amid the dash of oars,
Proclaims Leucadia's height, with sunshine crowned,
And the shrill rocks with answering shouts rebound.
Impetuous to the stream they rushed along,
Confused and mixed; the leaders and the throng;
Alike their thirst, alike they cowering clung
To the cool banks, and o'er the waters hung.
Plunged with their cars the bitted horses flew,
And the mailed riders 'midst the current drew.
The whirling eddy and the slippery rock
Betray their footing in the heedless shock;
The kings, too, strive; all forms of reverence lost;
Borne down by hampering crowds, in whirlpools tost:
The friend, in watery hollows plunging, tries
To raise his head, with unregarded cries;
The chafed waves flash; the stream slow-lessening sinks
And, distant from its feeding fountain, shrinks;
The glassy waters, that were seen to glide
With greenish clear transparency of tide,
Discolored mantle in their troubled bed;
The crumbling banks with grassy ruin spread
The muddied stream; yet still their lips they lave,
And slake their hot thirst in the slimy wave."

—*Elton.*

TO HIS WIFE, ON HIS INTENDED RETIREMENT TO NAPLES.

"Say, why those gentle looks should changed appear;
Why hangs the cloud upon that forehead clear?
Is it that thoughts of Naples move my breast,
And native fields invite my age to rest?

But wherefore sad? no wanton lightness thine;
Not to the cirque thy fond regrets incline,
Beat by the rapid race; nor shouts, that roll
From the thronged theatre pervade thy soul.
But the cool shade of life is dear to thee;
Joys undegrading; modest probity.
Whither could ocean's waves my bark convey,
Nor thou be found companion of my way?
Yes—did I seek to fix my mansion drear
Where polar ice congeals the inclement year;
Where the seas darken round far Thule's isle,
Or unapproached recedes the head of Nile,
Thy voice would cheer me on. May that kind power
Who joined our hands when in thy beauty's flower,
Still, when the blooming years of life decline,
Prolong the blessing, and preserve thee mine!

* * * * * * * *

Tempered by breezy summers, winters bland,
The waveless seas glide slumbering to the land;
Safe peace is here; life's careless ease is ours;
Unbroken rest, and sleep till morning hours.
Why the magnificence of structures trace,
The fanes, the colonnades of pillared space?
The rival theatres—this vaulted high
And that unroofed and open to the sky?
The five-year games, that in their pompous round,
With Capitoline lustres vie renowned?
Why praise Menander's scenes? his easy strain,
Transfused with Rome's free grace and flowing vein?
Nor less the various charms of life are found
Where the wide champaign spreads its distant bound.
A thousand pleasures could my verse expand,
And darling loves of this my native land.
But I unkindly lengthen out the line
That dares mistrust a nature soft as thine:
Yes—thou wilt come; oh consort! dearest! best!
Nay—eager spring before my fond request:
Thou Tyber's aqueducts wilt loathing see,
And scorn Quirinus' roofs, bereft of me."—*Elton.*

PER'SIUS.

BORN 34 A.D.

Au'lus Per'sius Flac'cus is the first Roman satirist of high repute after the days of Lucilius, for the satires of Horace scarcely deserve the name, their spirit being essentially different from the tone of bitter invective indulged in by the true satirists.

This, the one form of literature on which the Romans can base any claim to originality of invention, does not seem to have produced many experts in its use, considering its popularity. After the days of Lucilius it languished, and not until the days of Persius and Juvenal did it spring again into active life. This was a period strongly inviting satire in one sense, and sternly repelling it in another. A period of unequaled vice and profligacy, and yet a period when the sting of the satirist was likely to recoil upon himself, and when poets were executed, and even burned alive, for a single satirical verse reflecting on the emperors.

Of the satirists separate from those mentioned we may refer to a curious satirical work, ascribed to Seneca, in which the emperor Claudius is wittily commented on. In this the dead emperor is translated to the paradise of pumpkins, and condemned to play forever with a bottomless dice-box.

Another writer, of very uncertain date, is Petro'nius Arbiter, possibly the same as C. Arbiter of the days of Nero. The work ascribed to him is called the *Satiricon*. It exists only in fragments, the character of which gives us little reason to regret the loss of the remainder.

There is also extant a spirited and elegant satire, the work of a noble Roman lady named Sulpic'ia. Its subject is the expulsion of the philosophers from Rome by Domitian.

Persius was born at Vollaterræ, in Etruria, of a distin-

guished equestrian family. He studied rhetoric and grammar in Rome in his younger years, and at sixteen was placed under the care of the Stoic philosopher Cornu'tus. He seems to have lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished persons of his time, was a close friend of young Lucan, and was acquainted with Seneca, though apparently he had a rather poor opinion of him and his works.

He died of a disease of the stomach in his twenty-eighth year, leaving a large fortune to his mother and sisters, and his library, of seven hundred volumes, to his tutor and friend, Cornutus.

Modest and gentle in his manners, virtuous and pure in his whole conduct, he stands out conspicuously from the mass of profligate persons who formed the Roman "society" of his day, and established his right to be severe by leading a blameless life himself.

Persius has not the biting severity of his model, Lucilius, indulging rather in a caustic irony similar to that of Greek comedy, and failing to display the fiery ardor and unsparing indignation of Juvenal. He was by nature too tender of heart and gentle of disposition to use the lash with the direct virulence of these writers, and avoids touching the grosser vices prevalent among his contemporaries, though he rebukes sins of a milder mould with uncompromising severity.

His education in the tenets of the Stoics developed in him an indifference to worldly affairs hardly consistent with his rôle as a satirist. He cared nothing for politics, wealth or splendor, and always continued more of a student than a man of the world. Naturally, therefore, he lashes wickedness in the abstract, and with an amiability and disinterestedness which have made his satires always popular.

His works consist of six satires, in all about six hun-

dred and fifty lines. In these he attacks the prevalent false taste in poetry, and powerfully draws the sensualist, the hatefulness of envy, the meanness of avarice, etc. His language is terse, homely, and sometimes obscure, from the nature of the allusions and the expressions used, but his dialogues are marked by great dramatic power. This obscurity probably arises largely from his employing the conversational Latin of his day, which is a different idiom from those of writers before and after him.

Persius was immensely popular in his own day, and throughout the Middle Ages. Several of the church fathers were particularly fond of him, and Jerome has made frequent use of his expressions.

THE DEATH OF THE SENSUALIST.

"Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious fare,
See the pale wretch his bloated carcass bear:
While from his lungs, that faintly play by fits,
His gasping throat sulphureous steam emits!
Cold shiverings seize him, as for wine he calls;
His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls!
From his loose teeth the lip, convulsed, withdraws,
And the rich cates drop through his listless jaws.
Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn state;
And my fine youth, so confident of late,
Stretched on a splendid bier and essenced o'er,
Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost at the door;
Romans of yesterday, with covered head,
Shoulder him to the pyre, and—all is said."—*Gifford.*

REPREHENSION OF SLOTHFUL HABITS.

"'What? is it ever thus? Noon's entering ray
Broadens the shutter's chinks with glare of day;
Yet still you snoring lie; a spell of rest
That might the surfeit-fumes of wine digest.
The shadowed dial points eleven; arise!
The dog-star heat is raging in the skies;
The sun already burns the parching wheat,
And the faint flocks the spreading elms retreat.'

Thus to his hopeful charge some tutor cries:
'Indeed? and, is it so?' the youth replies:
'Come, quick, my slave!' Is none at hand? how green
His color instant changes with the spleen!
He splits his throat with rage: a man would say,
He heard a hundred asses deafening bray.
At length he's drest; his book he handles then,
Fumbles his papers o'er, and dips his pen.
But now the ink in globules clots the quill;
Now, too diluted, pale weak drops distill
From the pen's point, and blot the paper o'er;—
Oh wretched wight! and wretched more and more,
As every day grows old! and is it come
To this at last? are these the youth of Rome?
But why not rather then be cockered up
At home, and pap and tender spoon-meat sup,
Like royal infants, or pet doves; and cry,
In peevish passion at the lullaby?
'How can I write with such a wretched pen?'
Are these excuses for the ears of men?
For ever whining is this shuffling tone?
Yours is the loss and ridicule alone.
Your life, poor silly one! is flowing by;
Contempt be sure will glance from every eye.
The jar ill-baked, when rung, will shrill betray,
With its cracked sound, the raw unhardened clay.
You now are moist and ductile loam; begin,
Let the lathe turn, the wheel swift-circling spin,
And fashion you to shape. 'But, I've enough
Of victuals, and bright plate, and household stuff,
And platters, safely stored, of ample size
To feed the fire with bits of sacrifice;
Then what have I to fear?' And is this all?
And do you puff and swell, if you can call
Some kinsman censor, wear a robe of state,
Or trace your pedigree to ancient date,
The thousandth from a Tuscan sire?—away!
Dazzle the crown with trappings, as you may;
My glance can pierce thee deeper than thy skin,
Can look thee through, and know thee from within."

—*Elton.*

SCHOOLDAY SPORTS.

"Oft, I remember yet, my sight to spoil,
Oft, when a boy, I bleared my eyes with oil;
What time I wished my studies to decline,
Nor make great Cato's dying speeches mine;
Speeches my master to the skies had raised,
Poor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised:
And which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear,
With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear.

For then, alas! 'twas my supreme delight
To study chances and compute aright
What sum the lucky dice would yield in play,
And what the fatal aces sweep away;
Anxious no rival candidate for fame
Should hit the long-necked jar with nicer aim;
Nor, while the whirling top beguiled the eye,
With happier skill the sounding scourge apply."

—*Gifford.*

JU'VENAL.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 100 A.D.

Dec'imus Ju'nius Juvena'lis, the greatest of Roman satirists, was the son of a freedman, and born at Aqui'num, a Volscian town. The years of his birth and death are unknown, and very little is on record concerning his personal history. We only know that he flourished about the close of the first century, his life probably extending from the reign of Nero to that of Trajan or of Hadrian. He died at about eighty years of age.

In his younger years he seems to have practiced as an advocate, not appearing as a satirist until middle age. In this rôle he is thought to have given offense to Domitian, probably for satirizing his favorite actor Paris; and to have been sent to the frontiers of Egypt in command of a cohort —a mild form of banishment.

The times in which Juvenal lived called for the pen of the satirist more perhaps than any other period, ancient or

modern. It was, in all respects, an age of political horror and misery. The fabric of society was a mere ruin. The popular religion had died, and had left no successor. What was called religion was a mere empty pomp and ceremony, that neither touched the hearts, nor aroused the faith of the people. The administration of the state was a mass of corruption. In social circles the grave reserve of the old days of Rome was lost. Emperors and empresses themselves set an example of folly, profligacy and indecency. Wealth alone was respected; poverty simply excited contempt. In political matters a vote was merely esteemed at its value in money; players and dancers had places of public importance in their gift; the city was full of informers, and every man distrustful of his associates. Philosophy was a cheat, morality a fraud; gambling, gluttony, and worse crimes, were everywhere prevalent; the morals of men and women alike depraved; the streets never safe from robbers and assassins; and in the private recesses of his own house a man hardly dared speak his true sentiments; even a thought adverse to the ruling favorite was dangerous.

It was in such a Rome that Juvenal wrote, and such public and private manners are revealed in his appalling pictures of depravity and corruption. As a man he was bold and fearless; none other would have dared to speak with his freedom. His intense hatred of vice reveals itself in the bitter earnestness of his writings. He was not a man of amiable or kindly disposition, but was at once a stern moralist and a fierce critic, grasping vice with ungloved hands and with unyielding nerves.

The pen of Juvenal is not armed with ridicule, like that of Horace, but with burning indignation, and the humor which flashes through his pages is of a scornful and austere though pungent kind. He writes with an active vehemence, his vigorous descriptions being combined with just and profound moral reflections.

His Satires are sixteen in number, and are written in a clear, powerful style, and with a classic elegance of language, though he lived in a time of degenerate taste. They are full of a vehement but natural eloquence, and display a fine power of word painting.

The language is frequently gross. He, indeed, deals with gross vices, and in very plain terms, but the public for which he wrote had no very delicate sense of the proprieties of language. In style he is more diffuse than Persius, but not less strong, his luxuriance being that of a mind fertile in thought and imagery. Of modern authors he most resembles the plain-spoken Dr. Johnson, who has imitated two of his best satires.

EMPTINESS OF AMBITION.

"The spoils of war: a coat of mail, fixed high
On trophied trunk, in emblemed victory;
A dangling beaver from its helmet cleft;
A chariot's shivered beam; a pendent reft
From boarded galley; and the captive shown
On the triumphal arch in imaged stone;
Behold the sum of grandeur and of bliss!—
Greek, Roman and barbarian aim at this.
Hence the hot toil and hair-breadth peril came,
For less the thirst of virtue than of fame.
Yet has the glory of some few great names
Enwrapt our country in destroying flames;
This thirst of praise and chiseled titles, read
On stones that guard the ashes of the dead.
But a wild fig-tree's wayward growth may tear
The rifled tomb, and shake the stones in air;
Since sepulchres a human fate obey,
And vaults, that shrine the dead, themselves decay.
Try in the balance Hannibal; adjust
The scales; how much weighs this big hero's dust?
This—this is he whom Afric would, in vain,
Coop 'twixt the tepid Nile and Moorish main;
Swarth Æthiop tribes his yoke of empire bore,

And towery elephants bowed down before.
Spain crouches as his vassal; at a bound
He high o'erleaps the Pyrenean's mound;
Nature with Alps and snows the pass defends;
Through juice-corroded rocks a way he rends,
And strides on Italy; yet nought is won;
He throws his glance beyond; 'yet nought is done,
Till at Rome's gates the Punic soldier beats,
And plants my standard in her very streets.'
Oh, how, in painting, would that form enchant!
That blinking hero on an elephant!
What is his end? oh godlike glory! say—
He flies in rout; in exile steals away;
A great and gazed-at suppliant, lo! he takes
His outdoor station till a monarch wakes.
Nor swords, nor stones, nor arrows gave the wound,
And crushed the soul that shook the world around;
What mighty means the blood-atonement bring?
Cannæ's avenger lurks within a ring.
Go! madman, scour the Alps, in glory's dream;
A tale for boys, and a declaimer's theme!
They tell of Athos' mountain sailed with ships;
Those bold historic lies from Grecian lips;
Of ocean bridged across with paving keels,
And hardened waves o'erpast with chariot wheels;
We pin our faith on rivers deep that shrank,
And floods which, at a meal, the Median drank;
And all that marvel-mongering poet sings,
That maudlin swan, who bathed in wine his wings.
Say how from Salamis this Sultan passed,
Who lashed the eastern and the western blast;
Stripes, which they knew not in the Æolian cave;
He, who with fetters bound the earth-shaking wave,
And, in his mercy only, spared to brand?—
What! crouched a god, like Neptune, to his hand?
Then say, how passed he back?—behold him row
One bark, through bloody waves, with corse-choked prow;
Such is the glorious fame for which we sigh,
And such ambition's curse and penalty."—*Elton.*

CAUSES OF SATIRE.

"Feel we no gust, e'en in the public square,
To scrawl our tablets full; when, high in air,
Borne on six slavish necks, we see him ride
In open litter, seen on every side;
Lolling, Mæcenas-like, in foppish pride;
Who forged a signature with pliant quill,
And simply interlined a scrap of will,
And pressed a deftly-wetted seal,—to shine
In this smooth case, and in this ease recline?
Can I refrain, nor on my quarry prey,
When that rich matron sails across my way,
Who in Calenum's mellow wine instilled
Toad's juice, and, busy, for her husband filled?
A new Locusta, willing to impart
To inexperienced wives the poisoning art;
And her fair neighbors teach to bear along
The livid husband's bier, through Rome's loud-babbling throng.
Dare something worthy of the dungeon floor,
Or banishment to Gyara's rock-pent shore;
Dare this, or worse, if thou wouldst great become;
For probity is praised, and starves at home.
Gardens, pavilions, citron tables, plate
Of antique fashion and of massive weight;
Goblets embossed with goats; all, all their state
Is owing to their crimes: then who can think,
And let his eyes in midnight slumber sink?
Mere indignation vents, in nature's spite,
Such boggling rhymes as I or Cluvienus write.
 Down from the time when storms raised high the deep,
And old Deucalion on the mountain steep
Moored his tossed skiff, and at the tripod knelt;
When stones a breathing warmth, slow-softening, felt;
When did a richer crop of vices wave?
Or when the bag of avarice wider crave?
The gaming fever hotlier burn?—when they
Who haunt the table, for no purses play,
But the strong box is staked: the fight runs high,
While black-leg armor-bearers dice supply;
And are ye not stark mad a plum to lose,
Yet to your shivering slave a cloak refuse?"—Elton.

MAR'TIAL.

BORN 43 A.D.

Mar'cus Vale'rius Martia'lis was a native of Spain, being born at Bilbilis, a town whose very site is now lost. We know nothing of him except from his works, and this is but little. Of his parents he only tells us that they were fools for teaching him to read. He came to Rome in his twenty-second year, the twelfth of Nero's reign. Here he soon became famous as a wit and poet, and enjoyed the patronage of the emperors Titus and Domitian, being raised by the latter to the rank of court poet. Despite his city house and country villa, and his pension as poet laureate, he complains much of poverty, declaring that poets only get compliments for their verses, while every one else grows rich.

After residing fifty-five years in Rome he returned to his native city, where he married a rich Spanish lady called Marcella, with whom he lived in affluence till his death, about 104 A.D. He praises this rich wife, as he had before flattered his imperial patrons, declaring that the climate of her estate is so genial that the olive groves are green in January, and that the roses bloom twice in the year; and that the equal of his wife for sweetness of manners and rarity of genius is not to be found. Yet, despite this flattery, he evidently longs for the Capital, and finds his life a dull one. In fact, Martial everywhere shows that he was of a discontented disposition, longing, when in Rome, for the quiet of Bilbilis, and when in Bilbilis, for the bustle of Rome.

The Epigram, in its modern acceptation, may be almost said to have originated with him, he being the only Roman who achieved fame in this direction. In the Greek sense the epigram is simply an inscription, a short, concise poem in the elegiac metre, neat in its treatment, and without bitterness. Among the Romans epigrams were written by

Catullus, Virgil and Ovid, and some are extant from the pens of Cæsar, Augustus, Mæcenas and Hadrian. To the grace and elegance of the Greek epigram the Roman poets added the sting of satiric bitterness, and an acute observation of human nature. They thus invented both the satire and the epigram in their modern sense; the latter being with them but a condensed satire, all its power and severity being concentrated upon a single point.

Martial's epigrams, which became very popular throughout the Roman empire, are comprised in fourteen books, yet extant. He had a wonderful inventiveness and facility in this species of composition, his works having always received the highest admiration. This, however, is qualified by his grossness, he depicting the profligacy of Rome in the most impure language, and seeming to delight in obscenity.

Yet, though his poems are often spiteful or immoral, they are not all of this character. Many of them are full of a Grecian sweetness and elegance, kind-hearted in tone, and marked occasionally by pleasing descriptions of nature. He combines a ready and varied wit, poetical imagination, and happy and graceful expression, with a strong sensuality.

Martial has never found an adequate translator; his works, indeed, being of a kind very difficult to transmit, with their full power and point, into another language. The great mass of them are best untranslated.

ON THE GIRL EROTION.

"The girl that was to ear and sight
More soft of tone, of skin more white,
Than plumaged swans, that yield in death
The sweetest murmur of their breath:
Smooth as Galesus' soft-fleeced flocks,
Dainty as shells on Lucrine rocks,
As red-sea pearls, bright ivory's glow,
Unsullied lilies, virgin snow;
Whose locks were tipped with ruddy gold,
Like wool that clothes the Bætic fold,

Like braided hair of girls of Rhine,
As tawny field mouse sleek and fine;
Whose vermeil mouth breathed Pæstum's rose,
Or balm fresh honey-combs disclose,
Or amber yielding odor sweet
From the chafing hand's soft heat;
By whom the peacock was not fair,
Nor squirrels pets, nor phœnix rare;
Erotion crumbles in her urn,
Warm from the pile her ashes burn;
Ere yet had closed her sixteenth year
The Fates accurst have spread her bier,
And with her all I doated on,
My loves, my joys, my sports are gone.
Yet Pætus, who like me distrest,
Is fain to beat his mourning breast,
And tear his hair beside a grave,
Asks, 'Blush you not to mourn a slave?
I mourn a high, rich, noble wife,
And yet I bear my lot of life!'
Thy fortitude exceeds all bounds,
Thou hast two hundred thousand pounds;
Thou bearest—'tis true—thy lot of life;
Thou bearest the jointure of thy wife."

TO THE POSSESSOR OF A FINE SEAT.

"So thick your planes and laurels spread,
And cypress groves so rear the head
High in the air; your baths so wide
Expand their streams on every side;
They'd shade and bathe full half the town;
Yet shades and baths are all your own.
Your porch on hundred columns soars;
You tread on alabaster floors;
The race-horse beats your dusty ring;
Fountains, with ever-wasting spring,
Fall on the ear with gliding sound,
And spacious courts are opening round.
'Tis all so grand and so complete,
There is no room to sleep or eat;

How excellently lodged, sir, here,
In this no-lodging you appear!"

TO CÆCILIANUS.

"'Oh times! oh manners!' Tully cried of old;
When Catiline in impious plots grew bold:
When in full arms the son and father stood,
And the sad earth reeked red with civil blood:
Why now—why now, 'oh times! oh manners' cry?
What is it now that shocks thy purity?
No sword now maddens, and no chiefs destroy,
But all is peace, security and joy:
These times, these manners, that so vile are grown,
Prythee, Cæcilian, are they not *thy own*?"—*Elton.*

THE SUMMER FLITTING.

"When near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,
I draw the sultry air and gasp for breath,
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze where, nearer home,
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome.
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And Baia with redoubled fury burns;
Then, briny seas and tasteful springs, farewell,
Where fountain nymphs confused with naiads dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivola that bears the prize."—*Addison.*

TO A BOASTING CHARACTER.

"Fine lectures Attalus rehearses;
Pleads finely; writes fine tales and verses;
Fine epigrams, fine farces vie
With grammar and astrology;
He finely sings, and dances finely;
Plays tennis; fiddles most divinely;
All finely done and nothing well;
Then, if a man the truth may tell,
This all-accomplished Punchinello
Is a most busy, idle fellow."

TO CALLISTRATUS.

"Yes, I am poor, Callistratus! I own;
And so was ever; yet not quite unknown,
Graced with a knight's degree; nor this alone:
But through the world my verse is frequent sung;
And 'that is he!' sounds buzzed from every tongue;
And, what to few, when dust, the Fates assign,
In bloom and freshness of my days is mine.
Thy ceilings on a hundred columns rest;
Wealth, as of upstart freemen, bursts thy chest;
Nile flows in fatness o'er thy ample fields;
Cisalpine Gaul thy silky fleeces yields:
Lo! such thou art, and such am I; like me,
Callistratus, thou canst not hope to be;
A hundred of the crowd resemble thee."—*Elton.*

"When Arria to her Pætus gave the steel,
Which from her bleeding side did newly part,
'From my own stroke,' she said, 'no pain I feel;
But ah! thy wound will stab me to the heart!'"

PLIN'Y THE ELDER.

BORN 23 A.D.

C. Plin'ius Secun'dus, usually called Pliny the Elder to distinguish him from his talented nephew, was born in the north of Italy, either at Como or Verona. He was sent to Rome while still young, where his ample means and high connections secured him the best education. At twenty-three years of age he entered the army, and served in Germany. He traveled over nearly all the extensive frontier of the German region, composing in the intervals of his military duty a treatise, entitled *De Jaculatione Equestri;* and commencing a history of the German wars, which he afterward completed in twenty books.

He subsequently practiced at the bar, but not succeeding well in this, he engaged in authorship in his native [redacted]*n*, writing his *Studiosus*, a treatise on the training of

a young orator; and his grammatical work, *Dubius Sermo*, in eight books. At a later period he served as procurator in Spain, and on his return to Rome became an intimate friend of the Emperor Vespasian. In the year 79, the first year of the Emperor Titus, he was stationed in command of the fleet off Mise'num, when occurred the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius, by which Hercula'neum and Pompe'ii were overwhelmed.

With a scientific ardor to examine the phenomena more closely, Pliny landed at Sta'biæ, where, being affected by asthma, he became suffocated by the vapors and died. His nephew has given a very vivid description of the occurrence in one of his letters to the historian Tacitus.

Pliny was one of the most ardent and untiring of students, being, indeed, a model of systematic application. When living in the busy world of Rome he would be at his studies long before daybreak. Calling early on the emperor, and executing such commissions as were given him, he would then take notes from books read to him. After a light meal and a short sleep he would resume his studies until dinner time; and even at this meal would have some book read to him. In his country residence he studied almost constantly, and when on a journey was never without a secretary at his elbow, provided with a book and tablets. His nephew says of him that he thought all time lost that was not devoted to study, and was the most voluminous of writers, leaving, besides his completed volumes, one hundred and sixty rolls of closely written commentaries. He continues, "I cannot help but laugh when people call me studious, for, compared with him, I am the idlest fellow in the world."

It was by this incessant labor that he compiled his *Natural History*, the only one of his numerous works that is extant. This is as full of variety as nature herself, covering, in fact, all the sciences, and comprising everything

which is a product of nature. Indeed he does not confine himself to this, as he touches upon human inventions and the history of the fine arts.

The work is divided into thirty-seven books, and embraces, as we are told in the preface, twenty thousand matters of importance, extracted from about two thousand volumes. It is a great monument of diligence in study and persevering industry, being composed, as it was, in the brief intervals of a life otherwise actively engaged; and it is very valuable in supplying us with details on a great variety of subjects concerning which we have no other means of information.

But it has a very small scientific value. It is not a record of original research, but is chiefly a compilation, and shows, at once, a confused arrangement, and small discrimination in selecting the true from the false, the probable from the marvelous. He fails to give a correct view of the science of his own day, but reproduces errors, and gives to myths as much authority as to late discoveries. Thus he gravely tells us of men whose feet were turned backward; of others whose feet were so large as to shade them when they lay in the sun; and of others without mouths, who fed on the fragrance of fruits and flowers. Among lower animals he tells of horned and winged horses; and of the Mantichora, with the face of a man, three rows of teeth, a lion's body, and a scorpion's tail. The seas are peopled, not only with sea-goats and sea-elephants, but with real Nereids and Tritons; while fire produces an insect which cannot live except in the midst of the flames. We give some extracts showing his ready credulity.

His work commences with a theory of the universe, and a history of astronomical and meteorological phenomena; then follow geology, physical and political geography, zoology and botany. These are succeeded by descriptions of medicinal and mineral substances, with the uses of the

latter in the fine arts, and finally by anecdotes and a history of art and artists. This latter forms the most valuable and pleasing portion of the work.

In style Pliny is florid, yet is full of vigor and expressiveness. His meaning is often obscure, but this is less a result of style than of lack of knowledge, as he usually wrote of things with which he was personally unacquainted, and often missed the true sense of the authors whom he cited or translated.

His work has been translated into almost all European languages, and has been annotated by Cuvier and other distinguished French scientists.

SEA-MONSTERS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

But the most enormous and largest of all these animals are to be found in the Indian Ocean, among which are Balænæ, four jugera* in extent, and the Pristis, two hundred cubits long; here are also cray-fish four cubits in length, and in the river Ganges there are to be seen eels three hundred feet long. But at sea it is more especially about the time of the solstices that these monsters are to be seen; for then it is that in these regions the whirlwind comes sweeping down, hurled from the mountain heights, while the sea is stirred up from the very bottom, and the monsters are driven from their depths and rolled upward on the crest of the billows.

At other times, again, there are such vast multitudes of tunnies met with that the fleet of Alexander the Great was able to make head against them only by facing them in order of battle, just as it would have done an enemy's fleet. Had the ships not done this, but proceeded in a straggling manner, they could not possibly have made their escape. No noises, no sounds, no blows, had any effect on these fish; by nothing short of the clash of battle were they to be terrified, and by nothing less than their utter destruction were they overpowered.

There is a large peninsula in the Red Sea known by the name of Cadara; as it projects into the deep it forms a vast gulf, which it took the fleet of King Ptolemy twelve whole days and nights to traverse, by dint of rowing, for not a breath of wind was to be per-

* A jugerum measures 240 by 120 feet.

ceived. In the recesses of this becalmed spot more particularly the sea-monsters attain so vast a size that they are quite unable to move. . . . The commanders of the fleets of Alexander the Great have related that the Gedrosi, who dwell upon the banks of the river Arabis, are in the habit of making the doors of their houses with the jaw-bones of fishes, and raftering the roofs with their bones, many of which are often as much as forty cubits in length. At this place, too, they say monsters just like so many cattle were in the habit of coming on shore, and after feeding on the roots of shrubs they would return; some of them, which had the heads of horses, asses and bulls, found a pasture in the crops of grain.

THE PEACH.

The name of Persica, or Persian apple, given to this fruit, fully proves that it is an exotic in Greece as well as in Asia, and that it was first introduced from Persis. As to the wild plum, it is a well known fact that it will grow anywhere; as to the peach tree, it has been only introduced of late years, and with considerable difficulty; so much so that it is perfectly barren in the isle of Rhodes, the first resting-place that it found after leaving Egypt. It is quite untrue that the peach which grows in Persia is poisonous, and produces dreadful tortures, or that the kings of that country, from motives of revenge, had it transplanted to Egypt, where, through the nature of the soil, it lost its evil properties; for we find that it is of the "Persea" that the more careful writers have stated all this, a totally different tree, which cannot be successfully cultivated anywhere but in the East.

THE EVIL EYE.

There are some persons who have the power of fascination with the eyes, and can even kill those on whom they fix their gaze for any length of time, more especially if their look denotes anger. A still more remarkable circumstance is the fact that these persons have two pupils in each eye. Apollon'ides says there are certain females of this description in Scythia; and Phylar'chus states that a tribe of the Thibii in Pontus, and many other persons as well, have a double pupil in one eye, and in the other the figure of a horse. He also remarks that the bodies of these persons will not sink in water, even though weighed down with their garments.

Damon gives an account of a race of people not very much unlike them, whose perspiration is productive of consumption to

the body of any other person that it touches. Cicero, also, one of our own writers, makes the remark that the glance of all women who have a double pupil is noxious.—*Riley.*

PLIN'Y THE YOUNGER.

BORN 62 A.D.

C. Plin'ius Cæcil'ius Secun'dus, nephew and adopted son of the preceding author, and his superior in literary talent, though not in industry, was born at Como, the seat of the family estate of the Plinys. He was still young when he lost his father, and was adopted by his uncle, who gave the greatest attention to his education. Passionately devoted to literature, he wrote a Greek tragedy before he was fifteen years of age; studied eloquence under Quintilian; and became so famous for his literary accomplishments that he acquired the reputation of being one of the most learned men of the age.

He also gained celebrity as an advocate, beginning to speak in the forum in his nineteenth year. He afterward held many important official positions, obtaining the office of consul in 100 A.D., when he wrote his *Panegyrics*, a courtier's eulogium of the emperor Trajan, of little value to modern readers.

Our knowledge of Pliny the Younger is mainly derived from his *Epistolæ*, or letters, which form ten books. They were collected by himself, and probably many of them were written with a view to publication. These letters are very valuable for the insight which they afford into his own character, and into the manners and thoughts of his illustrious contemporaries, as well as the politics of his day. They hold a high place in epistolary literature, being charmingly written, lively in their descriptions, elegant and simple in style, and little, if at all, inferior to the letters of Cicero, his model.

He is always accurate and judicious, neat in manner, and has a decided taste for the beautiful, as also the talent of giving a peculiar interest to every subject about which he writes, a note of thanks being as skillfully written as an elaborate dispatch to the emperor. His descriptive power is shown in his account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which we quote. His letters are also of great interest in the knowledge they give us of the treatment of the Christians in his day.

Our acquaintance with the character of Pliny is derived solely from these letters, which present him to us as a gentle, liberal, refined and benevolent man, genial and philanthropic in disposition, and always an indulgent master to his slaves. He kept through life his early love of literary pursuits, and displayed a fondness for improving his estate by architectural ornament.

His naturally weak constitution was impaired throughout life by ill-health, but of the time or cause of his death we know nothing.

LETTER TO TACITUS ON THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

After my uncle's departure I spent some time in study (for that was my object in remaining behind). I then bathed and supped, and had some broken and restless sleep. For many days previously shocks of an earthquake had been felt; but they caused less alarm because they are usual in Campa'nia; but on that night they were so violent that it was thought they would not only shake, but overturn everything. My mother burst into my bed-chamber; I was just rising in order to arouse her, in case she should be asleep. We sat down in the court which divided the house from the sea. I know not whether to call this courage or imprudence, for I was only in my eighteenth year. I asked for a volume of Livy, and began to read it leisurely and to make extracts.

Well, a friend of my uncle came in who had lately arrived from Spain, and when he saw us sitting together, and me reading, he rebuked his patience and my "insousance." Still I was not the less for that absorbed in my book. It was now seven o'clock, and the

dawn broke faintly and languidly. The surrounding buildings were tottering; and the space in which we were being limited in extent, there was great reason to fear their fall. We then resolved to leave town. The populace followed in alarm.

When at a sufficient distance from the buildings we halted, and witnessed many a wonderful and alarming phenomenon. The carriages which we had ordered to be brought out, although the ground was very level, rolled in different directions, and even stones placed under the wheels could not stop them. The sea ebbed and seemed to be repelled by the earthquake. The coast certainly had advanced, and detained many marine animals on dry land. On the other side of the heavens hung a dark and awful cloud, riven by wreathed and quivering lines of fiery vapor, in long flashes resembling lightning, but larger.

Then our friend from Spain exclaimed, with eagerness and vehemence, "If your relative lives, he doubtless wishes your safety; if he has perished, he wished you to survive him. Why then do you delay to escape?" Our answer was, "We will not think of our own safety so long as we are uncertain of his." Without any more delay he hurried off, and was soon beyond the reach of danger.

Soon the cloud descended to the earth, and brooded over the sea; it shrouded Capreæ, and hid from our eyes the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, entreated, nay, commanded me to fly, by all means. She felt that, weighed down by years and infirmity, she should die contented if she had not been the cause of my death.

I, on the other hand, persisted that I would not seek safety except with her. I took her by the hand and forced her to go forward. She obeyed reluctantly, and blamed herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall, though as yet in small quantities. I looked back; behind us was thick darkness, which poured over the earth like a torrent.

"Let us turn aside from the road," said I, "whilst we can see, for fear we should be thrown down and trampled under foot by the crowd in the darkness." We had scarce time ere we were enveloped in darkness; not like that of a moonless night, or clouds, but like that of a room shut up when the lights are extinguished. Then were heard the shrieks of women, the wailings of infants, the shouts of men; some were calling for their parents, others for their wives, whom they could only recognize by their voices. Some bewailed their own misfortune, others that of their family; some even, from the fear of death, prayed for death. Many lifted up their hands to

the Gods; still more believed that there were no Gods, and that the last eternal night had overwhelmed the world. There were not wanting some to increase the real danger by fictitious and imaginary terrors; and some brought word that the conflagration was at Misenum; the false intelligence met with credence.

By degrees the light returned; but it seemed to us not the return of day, but the indication that the fire was approaching. Its progress, however, was arrested at some distance; again darkness succeeded, with showers of ashes. Every now and then we got up and shook them off from us, otherwise we should have been overwhelmed and bruised by their weight. I might boast that not a groan or unmanly expression escaped me in the midst of my dangers, were it not that my firmness was founded on the consolatory belief that all mankind was involved, together with myself, in one common ruin.

At length the darkness cleared up, and dispersed like smoke or mist. Real daylight succeeded; even the sun shone forth, but with a lurid light as when eclipsed. The aspect of everything which met our astonished eyes was changed: ashes covered the ground like a deep snow. We returned to Misenum and refreshed ourselves, and passed an anxious night in alternate hopes and fears; the latter, however, predominated. The earthquake still continued; and many, in a state of frenzy, made a mockery of their own and their neighbors' misfortunes by terrific prophecies.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO TRAJAN CONCERNING THE CHRISTIANS.

I have never been present at the trials of Christians, and therefore I do not know in what way, or to what extent, it is usual to question or punish them. I have, also, felt no small difficulty in deciding whether age should make any difference, or whether those of the tenderest, and those of mature years, should be treated alike; whether pardon should be accorded to repentance, or whether, where a man has once been a Christian, recantation should profit him; whether, if the name of Christian does not imply criminality, still the crimes peculiarly belonging to the name should be punished.

Persecution itself, as is generally the case, has caused the crime to spread, and to appear in new forms. Anonymous information was laid against a large number of persons, but, as they invoked the Gods, and offered prayers to your image, and besides cursed

Christ, whilst those who are true Christians, it is said, cannot be compelled to do any of these things, I thought it right to set them at liberty. Others confessed that they had been Christians, but had ceased to be years previously. They affirmed that the sum total of their fault or error was that they were accustomed to assemble on a fixed day, before dawn, to sing an antiphonal hymn to Christ as God; and that they bound themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but to abstain from theft and robbery, never to break a promise, or to deny a deposit when it was demanded back.

Many of every age, sex and rank are, and will continue to be, called in question. The infection, in fact, has spread not only through the cities, but also through the villages and open country; but it seems that its progress can be arrested.

SUETO'NIUS.

BORN ABOUT 75 A.D.

C. Sueto'nius Tran'quillus, was born probably a few years after the death of Nero, and was the son of a tribune of the thirteenth legion under Otho. He was a warm friend of the younger Pliny, by whom he is highly praised, and was probably a teacher of grammar and rhetoric. Pliny procured him the dignity of military tribune, which, at the desire of Suetonius, was transferred to another. He afterward received marks of special favor, through Pliny's interest, from the emperor Trajan, and served as secretary to the emperor Adrian. The date of his death is unknown.

His fame rests upon his historical and miscellaneous writings, his extant works being the following: *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, *Lives of Eminent Grammarians*, and *Lives of Eminent Rhetoricians*, the latter work being extant in part only. It includes lives of the poets Persius, Lucan, Juvenal, Terence and Horace.

The work by which he is most favorably known is his Lives of the Cæsars, from Julius to Domitian, which is replete with information to be had nowhere else, and

abounds with anecdotes which prove at once the profligacy of his characters and the impartiality of their chronicler. It manifests a diligent research into original documents.

Private letters of the emperors and their dependents, and anecdotes of their private lives, were then extant; of all of which he has freely availed himself, drawing a terrible picture of the times whose character is also revealed to us by Juvenal and Tacitus. He has no enlarged views or definite historical plan, being more of a biographer than a historian, and dwelling, as if with pleasure, on the gross profligacy of the emperors.

CARAC'TACUS.

In the interior parts of Britain the natives, under the command of Caractacus, maintained an obstinate resistance, and little progress was made by the Roman arms until Ostorius Scapula was sent over to prosecute the war. He penetrated into the country of the Silures, a warlike tribe who inhabited the banks of the Severn; and having defeated Caractacus in a great battle, made him prisoner and sent him to Rome.

The fame of the British prince had, by this time, spread over the provinces of Gaul and Italy, and upon his arrival in the Roman capital the people flocked from all quarters to behold him. The ceremonial of his entrance was conducted with great solemnity. On a plain adjoining the Roman camp the Prætorian troops were drawn up in martial array; the emperor and his court took their station in front of the lines, and behind them was ranged the whole body of the people.

The procession commenced with the different trophies which had been taken from the British during the progress of the war. Next followed the brothers of the vanquished prince, with his wife and daughter in chains, expressing by their supplicating looks and gestures the fears with which they were actuated. But not so Caractacus himself. With a manly gait, and an undaunted countenance, he marched up to the tribunal where the emperor was seated, and addressed him in the following terms:

"If to my high birth and distinguished rank I had added the virtues of moderation, Rome had beheld me rather as a friend than a captive, and you would not have rejected an alliance with a

prince descended from illustrious ancestors, and governing many nations. The reverse of my fortune to you is glorious, and to me humiliating. I had arms, and men, and horses; I possessed extraordinary riches; and can it be any wonder that I was unwilling to lose them? Because Rome aspires to universal dominion, must men, therefore, implicitly resign themselves to subjection? I opposed for a long time the progress of your armies; had I acted otherwise would you have had the glory of conquest, or I of a brave resistance? I am now in your power; if you are determined to take revenge my fate will soon be forgotten, and you will derive no honor from the transaction. Preserve my life, and I shall remain, to the latest days, a monument of your clemency."

Immediately upon this speech Claudius granted him his liberty, as he did likewise to the other royal captives. They all returned their thanks in a manner the most grateful to the emperor; and as soon as their chains were taken off, walking toward Agrippina, who sat upon a bench at a little distance, they repeated to her the same fervent declarations of gratitude and esteem. History has preserved no account of Caractacus after this period; but it is probable that he returned, in a short time, to his own country, where his former valor, and the magnanimity which he had displayed at Rome, would continue to render him illustrious for life, even midst the irretrievable ruin of his fortunes.

CIC'ERO.

Such were the literary productions of this extraordinary man, whose comprehensive understanding enabled him to conduct with superior ability the most abstruse disquisitions into moral and metaphysical science. Born in an age posterior to Socrates and Plato, he could not anticipate the principles inculcated by these divine philosophers, but he is justly entitled to the praise, not only of having prosecuted with unerring judgment the steps which they trod before him, but of carrying his researches to a greater extent, even into the most difficult regions of philosophy.

As a philosopher his mind appears to have been clear, capacious, penetrating and insatiable of knowledge. As an orator he was endued with every talent that could captivate either the judgment or taste. His researches were continually employed on subjects of the greatest utility to mankind, and those often such as extended beyond the narrow bounds of temporal existence.

The variety and force of the arguments which he advances, the splendor of his diction, and the zeal with which he endeavors to excite the love and admiration of virtue; all conspire to place his character as a philosophical writer, including likewise his incomparable eloquence, on the summit of human celebrity.

QUINTIL'IAN.

BORN 40 A D.

M. Fa'bius Quintilia'nus, the celebrated rhetorician, was, like Lucan, Martial and the two Senecas, a native of Spain, being born at Calagurris (the modern Calahorra). He came while young to Rome, and studied oratory under a distinguished teacher. He afterward revisited Spain, and came again to Rome in the year 68, attaining there considerable reputation as an advocate.

His principal distinction, however, was as a teacher, his instructions being eagerly sought for, while among his pupils were numbered Pliny the younger and the two grand-nephews of the emperor Domitian. He also received, as a special mark of favor, the title of consul, and was the first teacher to be paid a fixed salary from the imperial exchequer. His career as a teacher extended over a period of twenty years, he retiring into private life about the year 98, and dying a few years later.

The reputation of Quintilian is founded on his great work, *De Institutione Oratoria*, or Complete Instructor in the Art of Oratory. It was written after he had ceased to be a teacher, for the instruction of his eldest son, and embodies his life's experience in the art. This is a work of the greatest value, being as far superior to the work of Cicero on the same subject as Cicero was superior to Quintilian as an orator. One of its important features is its comprehensiveness, covering the whole ground of the art from the cradle to the rostrum, and elucidating its every branch and connection.

In his first book he discusses the preliminary training through which a youth must pass, from the nursery until he is prepared to take up the study of oratory. The second treats of the principles of rhetoric; the five following, of invention and arrangement, and the succeeding four of composition and delivery. The last book is devoted to the qualifications necessary to form a finished orator, such as manners, moral character, mode of conducting causes, etc.

In the opening of the tenth book he gives a brief but clear and decided survey of the whole course of Greek and Roman literature, which has been always admired for its correctness and animation. He draws the great authors of antiquity with the utmost ability, and this part of his work is unsurpassed in the annals of criticism.

The entire work, in fact, is marked by the soundest critical judgment, purity of taste, and perfect familiarity with the literature of oratory. The subject is exhausted, and his work a masterly text-book of the art.

Besides this production there have been attributed to him a series of declamations, one hundred and sixty-four in number. But these are no longer considered to be his, as they evidently belong to different authors, and even to different epochs.

The anonymous *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, usually ascribed to Tacitus, and printed in many editions of his works, is by some considered a production of Quintilian's.

As a man he was of a tender and affectionate disposition, and very strongly attached to his wife and children, all of whom he had the misfortune to lose while they were yet young, his wife being but nineteen. He married again later in life, but his pathetic description of the loss of his loved ones, of which we give a portion, is one of the most affecting passages extant in Latin literature.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

I had a son whose eminent genius deserved a father's anxious diligence. I thought that if—which I might fairly have expected and wished for—death had removed me from him, I could have left him, as the best inheritance, a father's instructions. But by a second blow, a second bereavement, I have lost the object of my highest hopes, the only comfort of my declining years. What shall I do now? Of what use can I suppose myself to be, as the Gods have cast me off? What tender parent would pardon me if I were able to study any longer and not hate my firmness of mind; if I, who survived all my dear ones, could find any employment for my tongue except to accuse the Gods, and to protest that no Providence looks down upon the affairs of men?

In my younger son, who died at five years old, I lost one light of my eyes. I have no ambition to make much of my misfortunes, or to exaggerate the reasons which I have for sorrow; would that I had means of assuaging it! But how can I conceal his lovely countenance, his endearing talk, his sparkling wit, and (what I feel can scarcely be believed) his calm and deep solidity of mind? Had he been another's child he would have won my love; but insidious fortune, in order to inflict on me severer anguish, made him more affectionate to me than to his nurses, his grandmother, who brought him up, and all who usually gain the attachment of children of that age.

Thankful therefore do I feel for the sorrow in which but a few months before I was plunged by the loss of his matchless, his inestimable mother, for my lot was less a subject for tears than hers was for rejoicing. One only hope, support and consolation had remained in our Quintilian. He had not, like my younger son, just put forth his early blossoms, but entering on his tenth year had shown mature and well-set fruit. I swear by my misfortunes, by the consciousness of my unhappiness, by those departed spirits, the deities who preside over my grief, that in him I discerned such vigor of intellect, not only in the acquisition of learning (and yet in all my extensive experience I never saw it surpassed), such a zeal for study, which, as his tutors can testify, never required pressing, but also such uprightness, filial affection, refinement, and generosity, as furnished grounds for apprehending the thunder-stroke which has fallen. For it is generally observed that a precocious maturity too quickly perishes; and there is I know not what en-

vious power which deflowers our brightest hopes, lest we soar higher than human beings are permitted to soar. He possessed also those gifts which are accidental—a clear and melodious voice, a sweet pronunciation, a correct enunciation of every letter both in Greek and Latin.

Such promise did he give of future excellence; but he possessed also the far higher qualities of constancy, earnestness, and firmness to bear sorrow and to resist fear. With what admiration did his physician contemplate the patience with which he endured a malady of eight months' duration! What consolation did he administer to me in his last moments! When life and intellect began to fail, his wandering mind dwelt on literature alone. O dearest object of my disappointed hopes! could I behold thy glazing eyes, thy fleeting breath? Could I embrace thy cold and lifeless form, and live to drink again the common air? Well do I deserve those agonizing thoughts, those tortures which I endure!

THE GENIUS OF HOMER.

As Aratus thinks that we ought to begin with Jupiter, so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer. For as he says that the head of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean, so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence: no man has exceeded him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones; he is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetical, but for oratorical excellence.

What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not, indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius. So much so, indeed, that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible), but with a just conception of them. But he has doubtless left all authors in every kind of eloquence far behind him, but the epic poets most remarkably, as in similar subjects the comparison is most striking.—*Watson.*

TAC'ITUS.

BORN ABOUT 54 A.D.

Ca'ius Corne'lius Tac'itus, who ranks among the greatest historians, of either ancient or modern times, has left scarcely any record of his personal history; of his parentage, and the time and place of his birth and death, we know nothing positively. He received marks of favor from the emperors Vespasian, Titus and Domitian, under whom he held important offices, and in 78 A.D. he married the daughter of the celebrated Agricola. Tacitus had attained distinction as an orator when the younger Pliny was entering upon public life; and in the year 99, in Nerva's reign, they were jointly appointed to conduct the prosecution of Marius, then proconsul of Africa. The two authors became very intimate, eleven of Pliny's letters being addressed to Tacitus. He probably lived till after the death of Trajan, 117 A.D.

The age in which he lived and wrote was a happier one than that of many of his predecessors. Under the genial and virtuous rule of Trajan the shameless licentiousness of Roman society was in a measure checked, and the city relieved of the savage tyranny under which it had long groaned.

The two great literary lights of this age were the authors just named, Tacitus and the younger Pliny. Though they lack somewhat the richness and grace of the Augustan age, they display a dignity, gravity, honor and truth of the highest merit. They seem to have been the warmest friends, being similar in tastes, and freely accepting criticism and correction of each other's works.

The extant works of Tacitus are the following: *The Life of Agricola*; a small portion of a large work called *Historiæ*, embracing the period from the second consulship

of Galba in 68 to the death of Domitian in 96; the *Annales*, a fragmentary work extending from the death of Augustus to the death of Nero in 68; *De Moribus et Populis Germaniæ*, a treatise on the manners and nations of Germany; and *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, one of his earliest works, if his at all.

The life of Agricola is not impartially written, as it is not probable that he was a man utterly without defects, as represented. It is, however, a splendid specimen of the vigor and skill in portraiture of the author, and one of the most attractive of biographies. It has been universally admired as a masterpiece of noble sentiment. It is especially interesting to modern readers, since Agricola was the first to penetrate the Highlands of Scotland, and sail around the northern extremity of the British islands.

The treatise on Germany is short, but full of valuable information, yet is trustworthy only in regard to those Germans who were in closest proximity to the Romans. Tacitus was never in Germany himself, and collected his information from others, being thus often vague and inaccurate, and quite unreliable in regard to the tribes beyond the Rhine. In respect to the extreme north, he transcribes much superstitious nonsense, describing a motionless, frozen ocean, from which a hiss is heard as the sun plunges into it at night, and where the forms of the Gods and the radiant glories which surround their heads are visible; where also are monstrous beings with the bodies of beasts and human heads.

Of his *History* but four books remain, and part of a fifth, though there must have been many more. In his historical narrative he is somewhat too ready to accept evidence unquestioned. These defects, however, are few, and he is in general a faithful historian. He goes into much important detail, investigating the political state of the commonwealth, the sentiment of the provinces, the ele-

ments of strength and weakness, and the causes of phenomena. The portion extant is from the second consulship of Galba to the siege of Jerusalem.

Of the sixteen books of the *Annales* about two-thirds yet exist. These are more a history of the emperors than of the people. They have an important biographical interest, describing, not the growth of political institutions, but the influence of tyranny for good and evil upon the people of Rome. He introduces orations, in the old style of historical composition; and many of these are perfect specimens of the art.

Tacitus, in some respects, stands at the head of Roman prose writers. In his love of truth and integrity of purpose, few men have equaled him; in conciseness of expression, and power of condensing much meaning into a brief phrase, no man has surpassed him. His works are full of sagacious observation and picturesque description, and of wise and dignified reflection. With him form is always subordinate to matter, and ideas of more importance than the language in which they are expressed. His brevity is that comprehensive condensation of a writer whose thoughts flow more rapidly than his pen can follow. Thus his sentences are full of hidden meaning. He makes a free use of poetically figurative language, and draws his characters with a dramatic vigor which is very effective. In short, Tacitus occupies the same position among Roman as Thucydides does among Greek historians.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Had I undertaken to write the life of Agricola immediately after his death I should have needed permission; but since I should have fallen on times so cruel and hostile to virtue, I would not have asked it. We read that the panegyric of Pætus Thrasea by Arulenus Rusticus, and of Priscus Helvidius by Herennius Senecio, was held to be a capital offense. Nor were cruelties inflicted merely upon the authors, but also upon the books, the officers of justice

having been required to burn publicly in the forum the memorials of these most illustrious men. They thought, forsooth, that in that fire would be consumed the free speech of the Roman people, the liberty of the senate, the common sentiments of mankind.

Philosophers and scholars had already been banished, lest anything of marked excellence should be found. We have certainly afforded a remarkable instance of endurance; and as a past age suffered anarchy,—the excess of liberty,—so have we the height of tyranny; for, by a system of espionage, the right of free speech was taken away. We should also have lost the faculty of memory had forgetfulness been as voluntary as silence.

Now, at length, courage slowly revives; although Nerva Cæsar, at the very beginning of this most happy age, united sovereign power and popular freedom, things formerly deemed incompatible; and Nerva Trajan daily increases the prosperity of the empire, and the public has assumed, not only hopes and wishes for security, but has seen these wishes arise to confidence and stability—yet, by a law of human frailty, remedies operate more tardily than evils; and as our bodies grow slowly, but may be instantly destroyed, so talent and literary zeal can be discouraged more easily than revived; especially because the delights of indolence imperceptibly steal in, and sloth, once scorned, is finally embraced.

What shall I say of those of whom, during fifteen years—a large share of human life—many have died natural deaths, and all the ablest have fallen victims to the emperor's cruelty? A few remain, survivors, not only of others, but, so to speak, of ourselves, having lost from middle life those years in which the young have advanced in silence to old age, and the old have almost reached the utmost limits of human existence.

ADDRESS OF GALGACUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Britons—all the previous battles that have been waged against the Romans, with varied success, were inspired by the hope of final aid from *our* hands; because, being the noblest born of all Britain, and, on that account, placed in the very penetralia of our fatherland, our state, never having beheld the edge of slave soil, is not blurred by the least glimpse of tyranny. Our very seclusion and our glorious retreat have guarded us to this day—the remotest of men and the last of freemen.

But now there is no other nation beyond us, nothing but waves and rocks, and the Romans more pitiless, whose haughty arrogance

you will in vain endeavor to appease by any cringing debasement. The thieves of the world! when lands fail to satisfy their rapacity that devastates all, they ransack the seas also. If their enemy be rich, they are greedy for his wealth; if he be poor, they are eager for his enslavement: a nation which East and West cannot glut; the only nation in the world which covets with equal ardor rich states and poor. Extortion, murder, rapine, in their false tongue, are known as *power;* and where they make a solitude they call it *peace.*

But all the incentives to victory are on our side. No wives inspire the Roman courage; no parents are with them to reproach their flight. The majority have either no native country, or some foreign one. Few in number; fearful through ignorance of their position; looking around with horror on these skies, seas and forests — all unknown, completely hemmed in, the Gods have given them up to us, as it were, already conquered.

There is nothing to fear behind these: ungarrisoned forts; colonies of old men; towns disaffected and torn with altercations between disloyal subjects and unjust governors. Here is your general, here your army; there exactions of tribute; drudgery in mines; and the other punishments of slaves. To choose these as our lasting portion, or at once to avenge our wrongs, depends on this field. As you rush into action, bethink you of your ancestors and your posterity.

MINOR AUTHORS OF THE SILVER AGE.

In addition to the foregoing, the principal authors of what is known as the Silver Age of Latin literature, there are others of minor importance, of whom we may more briefly speak. Among the earliest of these was Sil'ius Ital'icus, born 25 A.D. He left a ponderous work, which still exists, the dullest and most tedious poem in the Latin language. Its title is *Punica*, being an epic, in seventeen books, on the second Punic war. It is harmonious in versification, which is about its only merit.

Vale'rius Flac'cus lived in the reign of Vespasian. There is a poem of his extant, called the *Argonautica*, which is an imitation, and in some parts a translation, from Apollonius Rhodius. It is a work with no serious faults, being melodious, correct, and in good taste; but it is destitute of genius or fervor. It never rises above a dead level, and displays originality only in its most commonplace form.

Domitian, the emperor, like his predecessor Nero, also wrote verses. His extant work is a paraphrase of the *Phænomena* of Aratus, a production not without merit in language and versification, though not particularly poetical.

The earliest prose writers of this epoch were Aufid'ius Bas'sus and Cremu'tius Cor'dus. The former wrote a history of the German and civil wars. Of the works of the latter only a few fragments remain. They contained a history of the civil wars, and roused the wrath of the emperor Tiberius by an attack on his favorite Sejanus. Seeing that there was no hope of escaping condemnation from the cruel tyrant, the author starved himself to death.

Velle'ius Pater'culus was a supporter of Seja'nus, and was probably put to death on the fall of that base favorite.

He left a short historical work, being a history of Rome, in two books. It is skillfully performed, considering the great condensation required. The most striking events are selected, and told in a lively and interesting manner. But in his account of his own times he is partial and prejudiced. In fact, it was impossible to write true contemporary history in those days and survive the fatal crime of telling the truth.

Vale'rius Max'imus has left a work called *Dictorum Factorumque Memorabilium*, which consists of a collection of historical and biographical anecdotes. His object is to illustrate the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. Nothing is known of him, except that he probably wrote during the reign of Tiberius. His style shows evident marks of the decline of the language from its classic purity.

Arue'lius Corne'lius Cel'sus, who also probably flourished in the reign of Tiberius, wrote numerous works on philosophy, rhetoric, agriculture, etc., being a man of the greatest knowledge. The only work of his extant is one in eight books, on medicine. It is a work of great merit, showing a clear knowledge of surgery and practical acquaintance with disease. The highest testimony to its merits is that it is still in use as a text-book. His style has all the purity of the Augustan age, which has gained for him the appellation of the "Cicero of Physicians." He was followed by Scribo'nius, an obsequious court physician of the reign of Claudius, who wrote several works, one of which, a large collection of prescriptions, is extant.

Pompo'nius Me'la may be considered as the representative of Roman geographers. He lived in the reign of Claudius. He has left a work, called *De Situ Orbis*, which is learned and systematic. Its information, however, is all at second-hand, being taken from books, and is rendered entertaining by well told myths and lively descriptions. The style is simple and pure, but the work little more than a bare skeleton of the geographical knowledge of his day.

Ju'nius Modera'tus Columel'la has left the most complete treatise on practical agriculture, as it existed in the first century of our era. His work, *De Re Rustica*, is in twelve books, and embraces a great variety of subjects connected with farming life, as the choice of a farm, arrangement of buildings, rearing of stock, cultivation of fruit trees, household economy, etc. It is written in a fluent though too diffuse style, and is full of useful information.

Sex'tus Ju'lius Fronti'nus has left two works, still extant. The first of these is a treatise on military tactics, its doctrines being given in the form of precepts and anecdotes of celebrated generals. In this way the theory and practice of ancient warfare are elucidated in a straightforward, soldier-like style. His other work is an architectural treatise, descriptive of those wonderful monuments of Roman art, the aqueducts. Besides these there are fragments of his on surveying and the laws relating to landed property. These are valuable, as being the only reliable information extant on the subject. Frontinus lived in the reign of Vespasian, and held a military command in England.

Q. Cur'tius Ru'fus, an author of very doubtful date, has left a biography of Alexander the Great, which, though not pretending to historical truth, has all the interest of a romance. He never loses an opportunity to exalt his hero, nor are his talents as a story-teller checked by any undue attention to tactics, geography or history. His work is, however, deeply interesting.

L. Annæ'us Flo'rus has left a short historical summary, compiled from authorities extant in his time, probably in greater part from Livy. It is a mere dry skeleton, and very uninteresting.

These comprise the chief of the minor authors, of whom any works are extant; with them ends any active Roman literature which may strictly be called classical, though in the succeeding ages an occasional flash of genius appeared.

THE IRON AGE OF ROMAN LITERATURE.

With the death of Juvenal and Tacitus, of the younger Pliny and Suetonius, the classic literature of Rome may be said to have died also. Some sparks of the old spirit survived in its embers, and occasionally broke into a tempered glow, but as an active and valuable literature it had ceased to exist.

There were books enough written, abundance of them, such as they were. Many Christian authors used the Latin tongue as their vehicle, and a number of these attained literary celebrity. But they should be viewed as the commencement of a new epoch of literature — the Middle Age period — rather than as the close of the classic age, and therefore do not come properly within the limits of this work.

The public taste of the Roman people had rapidly and greatly degenerated, while the Latin tongue had lost its classic purity. Literary genius and independence vanished with the prosperity of the empire, history becoming panegyric or epitome, and poetry sinking into declamation. The language itself gradually ceased to be employed as a literary vehicle, Roman authors writing in Greek, as in the infancy of their literature. This partly arose from the long residence of the emperor Hadrian in Athens, which had a powerful effect in Hellenizing his taste, and that of Rome after him.

After Nerva the emperors of Rome ceased to be Romans, but came from all parts of the wide-extended empire. The literary influence of the capital declined in consequence.

We have already seen that some of the most prominent authors of the Silver Age were natives of the province of Spain. But now schools were established in the most distant parts of the empire, and the culture of the former age taught to the half-barbarian natives of the provinces. This, doubtless, had an important effect in disseminating learning, and in civilizing these rude peoples, but its effect on the Latin language and literature was the reverse of good, they being corrupted and debased in the minds of authors who arose throughout these newly civilized districts.

The language of the Romans, indeed, has pursued a very different course from that of the Greeks. The former has utterly vanished as a spoken tongue, flowing into the sea of modern thought like the Nile through its delta, in a series of separate channels, each widely different in character from the parent stream. The Greek, on the contrary, has manifested a wonderful power of self-preservation, flowing down through time in one undivided stream,—corrupted, it is true, but not transformed; its later authors, Lucian and Longinus, writing with the classic purity, and much of the genius, of the best writers of its palmy days.

To a modern Athenian the language of the days of Pericles is scarcely as difficult to read as is that of Chaucer to us; to a modern Italian the voice of ancient Rome speaks in a dead language. This difference in destiny springs, probably, from more than one cause. The histories of the two peoples are among the most powerful influences. The Greeks continued a compact, limited race, with a strong home feeling, and an unceasing pride in their old literature, and as ardent a pride in the language of these immortal works. The Latin tongue overflowed the world, was filtered through the minds of diverse barbarian races, and flowed back upon Rome in a changed and corrupted form. The conquerors of the imperial city and its provinces adopted it in part, diffused their own

dialects through it, and radically changed the pure Latin of the past into the early forms of the present Italian, French and Spanish tongues.

Another cause of this difference was the superior prominence of Greek as compared with Latin literature. The former was studied everywhere through the Roman empire in its classic purity, and its language escaped the degrading influences to which the Latin was subjected by being made the vehicle of common speech. Athens became, to a certain degree, a Mecca of pilgrimage for learned men, whose spoken Greek was the pure tongue of the old literature, and who must have exerted a powerful influence toward the preservation of this purity.

A third cause to which we may advert was the change in character of the peoples speaking the two languages. The Greek of to-day has much of the enthusiasm and imaginative force of his ancestors, and the soft, flowing language of the past is excellently adapted to his nature. But the hard, vigorous, practical mind of the Roman is not reproduced in his successors, and we perceive an accordant change in the language. Its hard, unmanageable character has been transformed into the liquid ease of the Italian, the rapid, sparkling French, and the sonorous Spanish; all significant of the mental constitution of the speakers, but markedly different from the tone of the original tongue. Probably the English, in its Latin component, preserves more fully the spirit of the old tongue than any of its more direct descendants; as the English race, indeed, preserves more of the hard, common-sense practicality of the Roman.

With a brief glance at the most prominent authors of this period of decline we will close our review of classic literature.

POETS OF THE IRON AGE.

NUMEROUS as these probably were, but few names survive accompanied by poems of any marked merit, and of several of the most noted of the latter the true period is exceedingly doubtful. We will here briefly glance at such as have the best title to be called classical, with an occasional selection from their poems.

First among them is Dionys'ius, the author of hymns which have by some been supposed to be nearly as ancient as the time of Pindar, but who was more probably an Ælius Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, who flourished in the reign of Adrian.

The Hymn to Apollo, however, from its splendid imagery, is worthy of the best age of Grecian poetry.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

"Hushed be all the space of air!
Mountains and woodland vales,
Earth, sea and rushing gales,
Echoes, and notes of birds, your sounds forbear:
Apollo comes; I see him nigh;
The God of flowing locks, the God of melody.
Father of morn! when, as her eyelids glow
Dazzling like driven snow,
Thou gladdened shakest thy locks of gold,
And drivest thy rosy car whose wheels are rolled
On foot-tracks light of winged steeds that fly
O'er the blue arch of yon unbounded sky;
Wreathed, as thou art, with many-circled beams,
Thou pourest abroad thy fountain streams;

Thy fruitful splendor's flowing tide
Bathes the round earth on every side;
And rivers of immortal fire convey
From thee, its fountain head, the lovely day.
The troops serene of stars on high
Where blue Olympus props the sky,
Confused in countless dance around
Chorus full their host of sound;
Rejoicing ever, as they sing,
Oh, Phœbus! to thy harp's symphonious string.
The azured moon majestic leads the quire
Of Seasons, dancing to thy lyre;
While in her car she journeys slow,
Drawn by heifers white as snow;
And her mild spirit feels thy gladdening ray,
While rolling on her many-winding way."—*Elton.*

Op'pian, who flourished 211 A.D., has left poems of considerable merit on the subjects of hunting and fishing. His works manifest the minute care of a writer on natural history, yet have in them the fire and life of poetry, being embellished with apt similes, and displaying a rounded, flowing style.

They are dedicated to the emperor Antoninus Caracalla, which cruel monster, in a spasm of good taste, recalled the poet's father from exile, and rewarded Oppian for the poems with a piece of gold for every verse; whence they acquired the name of "Oppian's Golden Verses."

EXTRACT FROM "THE ELEPHANT."

"None of the forest kind so vast arise:
When swells the elephant before thine eyes,
Like some broad mountain's brow he spreads his form,
Or moves on earth, a cloud of blackening storm.
Fierce and untamed amidst the shady wood,
But mild with men, and of a gentle mood.
This rumor, too, a miracle I deem,
That strongest elephants with prescience teem;

And in their minds prophetical, await
Approaching death and unresisted fate.
Not midst the birds alone, with last sad strain,
The swans, prophetic of their end, complain;
This thoughtful brood of beasts, on nature's verge,
Themselves, with conscious bodings, groan their dirge."

Neme'sian, who dates 281 A.D., was a native of Carthage, and the author of a poem on hunting, and also of Eclogues. He was a great favorite in the eighth century, being introduced into the schools in the time of Charlemagne as a regular classic. He lacks the boldness of Oppian, but has a flowing and easy style and an air of impassioned tenderness in his eclogues.

SONG OF IDAS.

"Wretch that I am! Behold, deprived of thee,
Dark is the lily, wan the rose to me;
No fragrant leaf the bay, the myrtle wreathes,
Nor blushing hyacinth its odors breathes.
Come thou! but come! the rose again shall glow
With crimson flush, the lily shine like snow;
Its fragrant leaf the bay, the myrtle wreathe,
And blushing hyacinth its odors breathe:
And long as Pallas loves the brown-leaved wood,
Where the green berry swells with oily flood,
While Pales meads and Bacchus owns the vine,
The heart of Idas, Donace, is thine!"

Ti'tus Calpur'nius, the Sicilian, was a friend and contemporary of Nemesian, to whom he inscribed his Eclogues. These are partly political, partly fanciful; they are classical in style, and have occasionally much picturesqueness and originality of imagery.

Quin'tus Smyrnæ'us, a writer of some epic merit, probably lived in the fourth century A.D., though everything concerning him, even his name, is involved in doubt. The poem ascribed to him is a "Supplement to the Iliad," which

has been very differently received by critics, some speaking of it as puerile, others giving it high praise. Elton discovers in it a dramatic energy which is lacking in Virgil, and views it as formed on a more ancient and vigorous school, recalling the style of Homer in its strong pathos and the fertility of its images, while others find it quite devoid of poetical ideas, pathos or power of characterization.

Its fable seems to be borrowed from those epic poets who continued the "Tale of Troy" after Homer, and who have been entitled the Cyclic Poets, from their poems forming an *epic cycle*, or circle of events, relating to the Trojan war.

The following simile has in it much of the Homeric ring:

"As when from some steep mountain's sky-capt ridge
A rock enormous rolls, which, high above,
Jove's untired arm with crackling lightning casts
Down headlong from the cliff: Shattering it bounds
O'er tangled thickets and long-clefted dells;
The hollow glens reverberate to the crash;
The flocks, low feeding in the wood, beneath
The rolling ruin, tremble and look up;
Or herds, or other living thing; and shun
The imminent destruction's furious shock;
So did the Grecians dread the charging spear
Of Memnon."

Auso'nius, dating 365 A.D., was a nat[illegible]l, and tutor to Gratian, the son of the emperor [illegible] He has left a number of poems, consisting of [illegible]dyls and epistles, which display a certain degree [illegible]nd elegance, but cannot be praised as giving an [illegible]i-dence of genius or correct taste in the autho[illegible]

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imagery. It has been assumed, from certain sacred poems attributed to him, that Claudian was a Christian, but it is doubtful if these poems are his.

Avie'nus, a contemporary of Claudian, is the author of some geographical poems, and of a spirited translation of the *Phaenomena* and the *Prognostica* of Aratus. A series of fables, too, in the Æsopian vein, have been attributed to him, but are probably the work of Avianus, a contemporary author. They are of no superior merit.

Rutil'ius, a native of Gaul, of date 417 A.D., has left an interesting poem, called the *Itinerary*. It gives the journal of a voyage from Rome to Gaul, and forms an easy and unambitious narrative, written with the simple elegance of style of an Augustan author.

Non'nus, an author of the fifth century, of whom we only know that he was born in Egypt, wrote an extensive poem, in forty-eight books, called the *Dionysiacs*, taking its title from Diony'sus, or Bacchus, who forms the central figure of its fable. He is also the author of an elegant poetical paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John.

The *Dionysiacs* forms an extensive collection of the emblematic legends of Egypt, the cradle of ancient mythology. It is, however, put together in a very confused manner, and with little idea of proper coherence of its parts. In style it is b bastic and inflated, yet is marked by good powers of im softness of tone and minuteness of description. In the ts it resembles Ovid. We extract the following de om the arrival of Bacchus and his followers on t the Hydaspes:

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; shouts of reveling joy
iads; and the river nymphs
r whirlpool-circled tides,
neath the rocks,
preludes sweet,

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"Earth around them laughed;
The rocks reëchoed; shouts of reveling joy
Shrilled from the naiads; and the river nymphs
Sent echoes from their whirlpool-circled tides,
Flowing in silence; and, beneath the rocks,
Chanted Sicilian songs, like preludes sweet,

has been very differently received by critics, some speaking of it as puerile, others giving it high praise. Elton discovers in it a dramatic energy which is lacking in Virgil, and views it as formed on a more ancient and vigorous school, recalling the style of Homer in its strong pathos and the fertility of its images, while others find it quite devoid of poetical ideas, pathos or power of characterization.

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Clau'dian, a writer of somewhat later date, is the author of a number of poems, partly composed of invectives and panegyrics, which fail to exhibit any superior poetic qualities. They resemble Ovid, but only in his faults, not in his facility or his imagination. He has, however, a gay fancy, and a command of agreeable, though somewhat gaudy,

imagery. It has been assumed, from certain sacred poems attributed to him, that Claudian was a Christian, but it is doubtful if these poems are his.

Avie'nus, a contemporary of Claudian, is the author of some geographical poems, and of a spirited translation of the *Phaenomena* and the *Prognostica* of Aratus. A series of fables, too, in the Æsopian vein, have been attributed to him, but are probably the work of Avianus, a contemporary author. They are of no superior merit.

Rutil'ius, a native of Gaul, of date 417 A.D., has left an interesting poem, called the *Itinerary*. It gives the journal of a voyage from Rome to Gaul, and forms an easy and unambitious narrative, written with the simple elegance of style of an Augustan author.

Non'nus, an author of the fifth century, of whom we only know that he was born in Egypt, wrote an extensive poem, in forty-eight books, called the *Dionysiacs*, taking its title from Diony'sus, or Bacchus, who forms the central figure of its fable. He is also the author of an elegant poetical paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John.

The *Dionysiacs* forms an extensive collection of the emblematic legends of Egypt, the cradle of ancient mythology. It is, however, put together in a very confused manner, and with little idea of proper coherence of its parts. In style it is bombastic and inflated, yet is marked by good powers of imagery, softness of tone and minuteness of description. In these respects it resembles Ovid. We extract the following description from the arrival of Bacchus and his followers on the banks of the Hydaspes:

"Earth around them laughed;
The rocks reëchoed; shouts of reveling joy
Shrilled from the naiads; and the river nymphs
Sent echoes from their whirlpool-circled tides,
Flowing in silence; and, beneath the rocks,
Chanted Sicilian songs, like preludes sweet,

has been very differently received by critics, some speaking of it as puerile, others giving it high praise. Elton discovers in it a dramatic energy which is lacking in Virgil, and views it as formed on a more ancient and vigorous school, recalling the style of Homer in its strong pathos and the fertility of its images, while others find it quite devoid of poetical ideas, pathos or power of characterization.

Its fable seems to be borrowed from those epic poets who continued the "Tale of Troy" after Homer, and who have been entitled the Cyclic Poets, from their poems forming an *epic cycle*, or circle of events, relating to the Trojan war.

The following simile has in it much of the Homeric ring:

"As when from some steep mountain's sky-capt ridge
A rock enormous rolls, which, high above,
Jove's untired arm with crackling lightning casts
Down headlong from the cliff: Shattering it bounds
O'er tangled thickets and long-clefted dells;
The hollow glens reverberate to the crash;
The flocks, low feeding in the wood, beneath
The rolling ruin, tremble and look up;
Or herds, or other living thing; and shun
The imminent destruction's furious shock;
So did the Grecians dread the charging spear
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That through the warbling throats of Syren nymphs,
Most musical, drop honey from their tongues.
Shouts rang through all the grove; instinctive oaks
Grew vocal, and an airy music breathed
Like murmuring flutes. The dryads mixed their cries
Of jubilee; and, midst thick-foliaged boughs,
The wood nymph, half appearing, looked from high
And carolled on the tree. The flowing brook
Turned white with snowy milk, though in itself
A spring of waters. In the torrent's bed
The naiads laved their limbs in milky stream,
And drank the snowy milk. The steepy rock
Was purpled; spouting must of rilling grapes
From the red nipple of the shrubless stone,
And founts of pleasant beverage; and distilled
From its spontaneous clefts the luscious gifts
Of honey-dropping bees, that wanted not
Combs in the rocks; and, from new-bursting shoots,
The downless apple started into growth
Upon the prickly thorn."

The beautiful poem of Hero and Leander has been fancifully ascribed to Musæ'us, the pre-Homeric Greek poet, but is in all probability the production of some unknown author of that name living in the fifth century, to which period its style seems to refer it.

It is a charming and impassioned production, combining the warmth and luxuriance of Ovid with the grace of Apollonius, and in the catastrophe rising almost to Homeric grandeur.

"None succoring hastened to the lover's call,
Nor Love could conquer fate, though conquering all.
'Gainst his opposing breast, in rushing heaps,
Burst with swift shock the accumulated deeps;
Stiff hung his nerveless feet; his hands, long spread
Restless amid the waves, dropped numbed and dead;
Sudden the involuntary waters rushed,
And down his gasping throat the brine floods gushed;
The bitter wind now quenched the light above,
And so extinguished fled Leander's life and love."

Colu'thus, a writer of the sixth century, and a native of Egypt, is the author of a poem of considerable merit, called the *Rape of Helen*. It is simple in its invention, and elegant and pathetic in its details.

Tryphiodo'rus, another poet of the sixth century, was also a native of Egypt. Nothing further is known of him. The poem by which he is known is called the *Sack of Troy*. It is formed on the classic models, but has little epic force. It gives in great detail the episode of the Wooden Horse, and the description of Helen's strategy with the Greek heroes concealed in the horse is its only portion that displays marked merit.

With this author the list of classic poets ends. There were many writers of ecclesiastical poetry, whose work, however, does not come within our scope.

PROSE WRITERS OF THE IRON AGE.

This period may be viewed as beginning with the reign of the Antonines, and as having for its first author of note the celebrated emperor Marcus Aure'lius. This monarch, the noblest and most liberal-minded of Roman emperors, and an impartial patron of literature and philosophy, was himself a writer of considerable merit. His *Meditations* contain as pure a code of moral precepts as is to be found in the works of any pagan author. They teach the immortality of the soul, not as a separate existence, but rather as a reunion with the essence of the Deity.

His liberal encouragement of science, philosophy and literature aroused to emulative efforts a host of writers, yet failed to bring forward any master mind to renew the fading glories of the past.

Among the chief authors of the period of the Antonines we may name Julius Pollux and Athenæ'us, the grammarians; Aulus Gel'lius and Apule'ius, the writers of miscellanies; and Galen, the celebrated physician.

Julius Pollux was a native of Egypt, being born at the city of Nau'cratis. His only extant work is the *Onomasticon*, a vocabulary of select synonyms. He is highly praised by Casaubon, being entitled "most excellent, useful and learned." He filled the rhetorical chair at Athens, and was the author of other works, now lost.

The extant work of Aulus Gel'lius may properly be called an ancient common-place book. It consists of a series of notes, from Greek and Roman literature, jotted down at random as he met them in the course of his read-

ing or social intercourse. He was probably a native of Rome, where, at all events, he studied rhetoric; while he spent some portion of his life at Athens in the study of philosophy. It was during this latter period that he wrote his *Noctes Atticæ*, whose professed object was to employ the minds of his children on innocent and pleasing subjects, and to relieve the tedium of the long winter nights in a country house in Attica —whence the title.

This work is divided into twenty books, the eighth being lost. It is composed of literary and historical anecdotes, old epitaphs, epigrams etc., grammatical disquisitions, and a great variety of such subjects, usually dry in matter and inelegant in manner. His book is valuable, however, as it abounds in quotations from older authors, many of them writers whose works are now lost. We append a short extract.

On our way from Cassiopia to Brundusium we passed through the Ionian, a sea violent, vast, and agitated with storms. During the whole first night of our voyage a very stormy side wind filled our vessel with water. At length, after much complaining, and sufficient employment at the pump, daylight appeared, but brought no diminution of our danger nor cessation of the storm. But the whirlwinds seemed increasing; and the black sky, and the balls of fire, and the clouds forming themselves into frightful shapes (which they called Typhons) appeared hanging over us, ready to overwhelm the ship.

In the company was a celebrated philosopher of the Stoic school, whom I had known at Athens; a man of some consequence, and rather distinguished for the good order in which he kept his pupils. Midst all these dangers and this tumult of sea and sky, I watched this man attentively, anxious to know the state of his mind, whether he was dauntless and unalarmed.

I observed that he expressed no fear nor apprehensions, uttered no complaints like the rest, nor gave into their way of exclamation. But in paleness and terror of countenance he differed but little from his neighbors.

When the sky grew clear and the sea became calm, a certain rich Greek from Asia approached the Stoic; his wealth was proved

from his expensive appearance, his quantity of baggage, and his train of attendants.

"What is the reason," said he, in a bantering tone, "that when we were in danger, you, who are a philosopher, were afraid and looked pale, where I was neither afraid nor pale?"

The philosopher, doubting whether it was worth while to make any answer: "If," said he, "in so violent a storm I did discover a little fear, you are not worthy of being told the reason; but that follower of Aristip'pus shall give you an answer for me, who, upon a similar occasion, being asked by a man much like yourself why, as a philosopher, he was afraid where *he* feared nothing, replied, that there was not the same cause for fear in one as the other, for the preservation of a worthless coxcomb was not an object worthy of much anxiety, but that he was concerned for the safety of an Aristippus."

With this reply the Stoic got rid of the rich Asiatic.

Lucius Apule'ius, who flourished about 160 A.D., was a Platonic philosopher, a native of Madau'ra, a Roman colony in Africa. He studied philosophy at Carthage and Athens, sparing neither time, health, nor fortune in his desire for knowledge, and writing works on almost every conceivable subject. He afterward practiced at the bar in Rome, and finally retrieved his fortunes by marrying a rich widow of his native place. For this marriage he was subjected to a trial, on the charge of having won his wife's affections by magic.

His speech in his defense on this occasion is still extant, and is curious as showing the kind of facts urged against him to sustain the charge of magic. These were: his personal attractions; his habits of versification; his possession of a mirror; his purchasing a rare fish and dissecting the same; and the circumstance of a youth having fallen to the ground in his presence. The charge was not sustained.

His extant works are *De Dogmate Platonis*, *De Deo Socratis* and *De Mundo*, with some extracts from his speeches, and eleven books of his best known work, the *Metamor-*[redacted], usually entitled the *Golden Ass*.

This is a collection of ancient tales, largely copied from Lucian, put together with little art, and, for the most part, with little pretension to character, invention, wit, or humor. Some of his circumstances have been borrowed by modern novelists, as Boccaccio and Cervantes. The most creditable portion of his work is the beautiful poetical legend of Cupid and Psyche, which is composed with delicacy of taste and a poetical imagination.

It is a "philosophical allegory of the progress of virtue toward perfection," and has furnished subjects for engravers, sculptors and painters, both in ancient and modern times. We extract the result of the fatal curiosity of Psyche, after she has been persuaded by her false sisters that her unseen husband is a hideous monster, and urged by them to slay him in his sleep.

"Now trembling, now distracted; bold,
And now irresolute she seems;
The blue lamp glimmers in her hold,
And in her hand the dagger gleams.

Prepared to strike she verges near,
The blue light glimmering from above;
The *hideous sight* expects with fear;
And gazes on the GOD OF LOVE.

Not such a young and frolic child
As poets feign or sculptors plan;
No, no, she sees, with transport wild,
Eternal beauty veil'd in man.

His cheek's engrained carnation glowed
Like rubies in a bed of pearls;
And down his ivory shoulders flowed,
In clustering braids, his golden curls.

Soft as the cygnet's down, his wings;
And as the falling snow-flake fair
Each light, elastic feather springs,
And dances in the balmy air.



She's wounded by the l

The red blood riots in her
Her feverish pulses wild
Whilst every wakened fibre
And throbs with palpitat

With eyes where sparkling
She contemplates his slee
Hangs fondly o'er his well-t
And joins to his her fervi

But as her views intent to fo
Or as that form it longs t
Dropped from the lamp the l
And roused him from his

Sudden loud thunders shake t
The enchanted palace sink
And sanguine-streaming fires
Meteorous from the trembli

And swift, as when in fury h
Jove's red right arm the fo
The wounded Godhead eddyin
Into the heaven of heavens

In vapory twilight, damp and
The languid star

passed all contemporary physicians, and gained a reputation, which he still retains, as the greatest of ancient professors of medicine.

Galen was a voluminous writer, and applied himself to a great variety of subjects. He thought very highly of Hippocrates, and availed himself of his works, reasoning and theorizing on the facts observed by him and others. His principal defect is his vanity respecting himself, which he very plainly displays.

A considerable number of his works is extant, and they furnish some warrant for the very high respect in which he was held by the ancients, being yet valuable additions to medical science.

Athenæ'us, a celebrated grammarian, was a native of Egypt, who flourished early in the third century. He has left a learned work, called *Eruditi Viri Cœnantes*, which is a storehouse of curious and valuable information.

Laren'sius, a rich and literary Roman, is supposed to collect at his table learned men of various professions, whose conversations are related by Timoc'rates to our author. The courses of the banquet suggest the subjects, in connection with which are introduced passages from historians, poets, philosophers, orators, and philologists, on an almost infinite variety of topics, as on fish, vegetables, musical instruments, wines, natural history, curious inventions, the customs and habits of private life, proverbs and anecdotes. His immense number of citations from ancient authors is, to scholars, the chief value of his work. We owe to him many of the extant fragments of the great dramatists.

The most extensive field of prose literature, after the period of the Antonines, is devoted to history. But it is not history in the old sense, being corrupt in language, unreliable, and lacking in interest. Most of the authors chose their subjects from their own times, concerning which

truth had become a very dangerous element, and investigation too perilous to be attempted.

Of the mass of these writers we know little more than the names, of which a large number are on record. The most celebrated historical work of the time is the collection of imperial biographies now extant, under the title of *Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores*. It extends from the life of Hadrian to that of Carus and his sons, and is the work of six different authors.

Among other historians is Aure'lius Vic'tor, the reputed author of *De Viris Illustribus Romæ*, a series of biographies. Fla'vius Eutro'pius wrote a *Brief History of Rome*, in a style unusually clear and simple for his time, and with a moderate estimate of his contemporaries that speaks well for his credibility. For these reasons his work is in request to the present day, as a text-book for schools. He died about the year 370.

Another historian of great value is Ammia'nus Marcelli'nus. He was of Greek extraction, served in the armies of Constantius and Julian, and afterward wrote a history of the empire from Nerva to Trajan, both inclusive. The first thirteen books are lost, but the most valuable portion, comprising the events which he himself witnessed, is extant, and is highly meritorious for its integrity, impartiality, observation and reflection. Its style is affected and the language obscure, but the work itself is marked by many of the merits of the best historians.

Justi'nus Fronti'nus (Justin), an author probably of the third or fourth century, though some assign him an earlier date, has left an epitome of the larger work of Tro'gus Pompe'ius, which gives us valuable information on some points, but, as a whole, is of no great merit. The work it epitomizes was a mere compilation, and only useful where it happened to borrow its materials from an able writer.

While history was thus degenerating virtually into pane-

gyric, oratory was becoming such literally and formally. We possess a collection of twelve of these panegyrics, dating from the end of the third to the end of the fourth century, and known under the name of *Panegyrici Veteres.* The most valuable of these is that by Drepa'nius, of Bordeaux, being a congratulation of the emperor Theodo'sius on the overthrow of Max'imus, spoken at Rome, 391 A.D.

There were also numerous rhetoricians during this period, but none who have left any works of value.

The art of letter-writing was likewise diligently prosecuted, and there are several collections of letters extant, which are, however, of more political than literary value. The most meritorious of these authors was Aure'lius Sym'machus, who died in the beginning of the fifth century. His letters are elaborate studies after classical originals, especially Pliny; their main value being in their discussion of legal and political matters, and the relations of Christianity to heathenism.

The only other authors remaining to be noticed are the philosophical writers. Of all branches of literature none had deteriorated more greatly than philosophy. This resulted from two causes: the general decay of literature itself; and the spread of Christianity, which, by substituting certainty for scepticism, and authority for conjecture, superseded the old philosophical theories. Several of the ecclesiastical writers indulged in speculation; but this was a very different thing from the old classic philosophy, and not to be included with it.

Of Roman philosophers there are but two names of importance. Macro'bius, a writer of the time of Theodo'sius the younger, has left two works of great value; a commentary on Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*, and seven books of *Saturnalia.*

The first of these works may be regarded as an illustration of the philosophy of the New Platonists, and contains

much curious and important matter on ancient cosmography and philosophy. The *Saturnalia* comes more within the province of the grammarian, resembling the work of Aulus Gellius. It yields us valuable information in regard to lost writers, and is especially curious in its display of the extensive plagiarisms of Virgil.

But the only writer of this period who can be properly classed with the ancient philosophers, and who is the latest of Latin authors of any merit, is Boe'thius, or, to give him his full name, Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boethius.

He was born about 475 A.D., of a distinguished family, and was highly educated, being deeply versed in Greek philosophy. He held the office of consul under Theod'oric, but, by the machinations of his enemies, he was condemned, imprisoned, and eventually executed. While in captivity he composed his celebrated treatise *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, which has been a comfort to many similar sufferers, being the bosom companion of the English king Alfred, in the vicissitudes of his life, and the study of Elizabeth when in prison. Both these sovereigns translated it into the vernacular of their day.

In this work Boethius himself holds a conversation with Philosophy, who shows him the mutability of all earthly fortune, and the insecurity of everything except virtue. The style of the work happily imitates the best Augustan models, and its poetical portions are marked by truthfulness of feeling and metrical accuracy.

We close with a short specimen of this latest of classical authors, from the translation by King Alfred, one of the earliest authors of the new dispensation.

THE INSTABILITY OF FAME.

And ye nevertheless care not whether ye do any good, on any other account than for the little praise of the people, and for the short fame which we before have spoken of. Ye labor for this, and

despise the excellencies of your mind and of your understanding and of your reason, and would have the reward of your good works from other men's report.

Ye look thereto for the reward which ye should seek from God. But thou hast heard what long ago happened; that a very wise man and very noble began to try a philosopher, and scoffed at him because he so arrogantly lifted himself up, and proclaimed this, that he was a philosopher. He did not make it known by any talents, but by false and proud boasting. Then the wise man was disposed to prove him, whether he was so wise as he himself thought that he was. He therefore began to revile and speak ill of him.

Then the philosopher heard the wise man's words very patiently for some time. But after he had heard his revilings he then retorted with great impatience (though he had before pretended that he was a philosopher), and again asked him whether he considered him to be a philosopher or not. Then answered the wise man to him and said:

"I would say that thou wert a philosopher if thou wert patient, and able to be silent."

How long was to him the fame which he before falsely sought? How did he not immediately burst because of one answer? What has it then profited the best men who were before us that they so greatly desired vain-glory and fame after their death? Or what does it profit those who now are? Therefore it were to every man more needful that he were desirous of good actions than of deceitful fame. What has he from this fame after the separation of the body and the soul? Do we not know that all men bodily die, and yet the soul is living? But the soul goes very freely to the heavens after it is set loose, and is liberated from the prison of the body. It then despises all these earthly things, and rejoices in this, that it may enjoy the heavenly after it is taken away from the earthly. Then the mind will itself be witness of God's will.—*King Alfred.*

WEALTH IS NOT WORTH.

It is the condition of the life of men that they then only are before all other creatures when they themselves know what they are and whence they are; and they are worse than cattle when they will not know what they are or whence they are. It is, therefore, very plain to you that ye are in error when ye think that any one can be made honorable by external riches.

If any one is made honorable with any riches, and endowed with any valuable possessions, does not the honor then belong to that which makes him honorable? That which is adorned with anything else is not therefore fairer, though the ornaments be fair which it is adorned with. If it before was vile it is not on that account fairer. Know thou assuredly that no good hurteth him who possesses it. Thou knowest that I lie not, and also know that riches often hurt those who possess them.—*King Alfred.*



